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HARPERS MAGAZINE

May 1925

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SHE COULD NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS IN SEARCH OF ANYTHING THAT WOULD MAKE HIM FEEL GENUINE—SIGNIFICANT

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CONGRESS INVADES THE WHITE HOUSE

Legislative Meddling with Executive Problems

BY CHARLES MERZ

WHEN Senator Chappelear arose in a recent session of the Ohio Legislature and introduced a bill to regulate the temperature—making it illegal for any thermometer in the state to register above 79° in summer or below 42° in winter—he denied that there was anything unorthodox about his measure. Laws had been used for everything else, he argued; why not a law to regulate the weather?

Legislatures work overtime, taking upon themselves responsibility for people's habits and the laws of nature. It is one cause, perhaps, of their unpopularity. People are indignant about Congress. Why? Not really because they suspect Congress of dishonesty. There have been fewer established cases of dishonesty in Congress in the last fifty years than there have often been in city politics, national banks, baseball, and the theater in a single season. Not because Congress accomplishes nothing and loafs at its appointed task. Certainly it can be proved statistically that no other legislature anywhere in the world passes so many laws, such far-reaching laws, or so many more laws than the country can keep pace with. Rather, I think, because Congress has gone too far in the direction of Senator Chappelear, tried too many times to tamper with the weather, taken upon itself too many burdens too troublesome for it to carry and too easily spilled along the way. One such burden is the attempt by Congress to take over certain of the chief functions of the Executive.

The degree to which Congress has invaded the White House and sought to establish itself as an administrative agency is not commonly suspected. The myth persists that ours is a government of three branches—legislative, executive, and judicial—and that three quite formidable barriers separate each branch from each of the two others. That is what is taught in civics classes—but taught, I think, with more attention to Constitutional theory than to what actually happens. Consider the record of the Congress which has recently adjourned:

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It was born, this Congress, on the 3rd of December, 1923. It died on the 3rd of March, 1925. It was in session nine months of the fifteen intervening between these dates. It enacted into law some five hundred bills and referred to one committee or another the amazing total of some seventeen thousand others. And during all this time, and amid all this avalanche of legislation, its energies were devoted largely to two kinds of problems: either to the routine appropriation bills which supply spending money to the Departments, or to details of administration which are theoretically the last affairs in government to make laws about.

Take the War Department measures. Congress not only debated at some length, as the theory of representative government requires it to debate, the annual supply bill furnishing the Army with its guns and rations. In addition, a long list of bills of an administrative character were introduced with a view to helping the Army run itself a little better. There was a bill, for example, to promote certain officers and retire certain others. There was a bill to regulate the promotions of first lieutenants to the grade of captains. There was a bill to make available an officer of appropriate grade for service in charge of public buildings in the District of Columbia, and another bill to define the status of that officer. There was a bill to classify, in the proper War Department pigeonhole, those retired officers who had been detailed as professors of military science at civilian colleges and training schools. There were more bills helping the Army administer this detail and that detail. Not one of them was concerned with any broad policy of legislation. Each of these questions, from the detail of an officer for specific duty to the question of which officer to promote, and how and when and why to promote him, was a matter of administration: properly the business of administrative offices and not of a legislature. The Army, however—and fifty other executive agencies in Washington as well—can testify that no such considerations keep these questions out of Congress.

Take the same matter from another angle. What is the chief activity of the members of Congress individually? There is Representative George W. Johnson of West Virginia. I have chosen him at random as one of the quieter members of Congress not often in the headlines. Any one of several hundred members could be chosen in his place. Mr. Johnson, in the first session of the Congress which recently adjourned, introduced a total of twenty-seven bills. Nineteen of these bills were pension bills: that is, they were administrative bills in the sense that they sought to settle with a law the entirely administrative question of consulting records to discover whether certain soldiers, or the families of certain soldiers, merited a pension—a question which Congress will refer to a proper bureau of investigation once it is really ready to be rid of detail, and itself rest content with voting or not voting funds. Seven more of Mr. Johnson's bills were for adjusting claims against the Government—the same sort of administrative question which is raised by pensions. And the one remaining bill, the twenty-seventh, proposed a public building in the town of Spencer—this government still being run on the theory that no commission of engineers would be qualified to study the distribution of public buildings as a whole, and recommend each year a balanced program, but that each Congressman must plug for post offices if he wishes to be re-elected. This was the total of Mr. Johnson's legislative activity for the year 1924, except that he voted "yes" or "no" when the roll was called, and upon one occasion (and one only) arose to contribute a set speech to the real and fictitious debate which runs on endlessly. The Fourth District of West Virginia—in company with a good many other first, second, third, and fourth districts elsewhere—did not really

have a legislative delegate at Washington. It had a jobbing agent.

Nor would the story be materially different if, instead of one of the obscurities in Congress, one of its celebrities were chosen. Take Senator Curtis of Kansas, the present Republican leader of the Senate. Mr. Curtis has to his credit in this same session the impressive total of 243 bills introduced. Upon examination, however, the list turns out to include 185 pension bills, 40 private claim bills, and a scattering of 18 others chiefly concerned with such administrative matters as repairs for national roads in Kansas parks and the jurisdiction of courts over the affairs of Kansas Indians.

I am not arguing—it would be an unwary man who did argue—that the proportions indicated here should be reversed: that we should all be better off if, instead of trying to enact 225 private pension and claim bills and only 18 measures in any way concerned with public policy, Mr. Curtis had confined himself to 18 private bills and introduced 225 new public bills each year—while every other member, with the same zeal for public service, introduced 225 others. Probably most of us are agreed that what we need is not more laws but more attention to the laws already written. I cite the activities of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Johnson (there are exceptions on the other side) simply to suggest an emphasis which does unquestionably exist in Congress. How real that emphasis is, and how deeply Congress has become involved in administration, is suggested also by the list of administrative appointments which the Senate insists upon considering: a list including not only Cabinet officers, Supreme Court Justices, and the like, but Coast Artillery second lieutenants, captains in the Signal Corps, junior aides in the Coast Survey, circuit judges in Hawaii, consuls in Jerusalem, receivers of public moneys everywhere, collectors of customs, commissioners of immigration, doctors in the Public Health Service, delegates to the International Commission on Electrical Communications, members of Farm Loan Boards and Railway Labor Boards and War Finance Corporations.

There is a concentration upon administrative detail which runs through the calendar of bills and marks the high point of most debates. Congress hurries tirelessly from one administrative problem to another: from technical details of reforestation to causes of the hoof-and-mouth disease; from the right way to protect fish in Alaskan waters to the regulation of left-hand turns in the District of Columbia; from the proper temperature for a botanical garden to the loan of the Marine Corps Band for a centennial in Florida. It is a common practice nowadays for Congress to spend days debating such administrative questions as which gun shoots best, how long paint lasts, how mail tubes are operated, why somebody ought to be made a captain in the Navy.

We have reached a point where the traditional separation of powers in government no longer exists, and in its attempt not only to write laws but to administer them each Congress is more insistent.

One reason for this state of affairs lies in the average Congressman's resentment of Executive encroachment. There is, and has been for several decades, a steadily developing belief in Congress that the Executive is usurping legislative powers, taking the lead too much in drafting the year's legislative program, issuing too many orders from the White House.

Mr. Coolidge, for instance, is accused by farm-bloc Senators of capturing his adversaries in the Senate, spiriting them away for a week-end aboard the steamship *Mayflower*, exposing them to suggestions of what a President can do in the way of federal appointments, and bringing them back his converts. Mr. Coolidge is accused of using his prestige and appointive power to coerce Congress, and Mr. Wilson was so accused before him. Senator Gore had a favorite phrase which he applied to the Administration leaders on the floors of Con-

gress—"White House parrots." Mr. Mann, Republican floor leader in those days, alleged that the Democratic committee chairmen did no thinking until Mr. Wilson gave the word. And Representative Campbell of Kansas was often so disturbed by Mr. Wilson's power over Congress that he foresaw the dawn of Kaiserism on these western shores.

These are somewhat spectacular expressions of opinion, but they are expressions none the less of a genuine and widely shared concern, and a concern which really does not need an aggressive President of the Roosevelt type before it sets Congress worrying. Even a mild-mannered President has so much advantage over Congress in that he has only one mind to make up instead of five hundred minds, and in that he is often voicing a single popular proposal instead of struggling desperately to catch up with an overburdened and impossible program, that Congress finds his single-mindedness and his prestige menacing. The Executive has the departments with him. He has the findings of no end of trained lieutenants to supply him with facts and support the legislation he approves. Congress, on the other hand, is better supplied with opinions than with facts, has more surmises than substantial data. Disgruntled, jealous, resentful of the popularity which the Executive often enjoys, and seeing in each new departmental move a plot to thwart the authority of Congress, that body retaliates with restrictions hobbling the executive departments; it attempts to administer the laws it writes. It is thought neither safe nor democratic to leave to the departments the details of government. Congress must put its own servants at the head of soldiers' homes, make certain for itself how well the newly shingled roofs at Leavenworth are lasting.

Here, then, in the determination of Congress to stand upon a certain set of rights and refuse to yield before the encroachments of the Executive, is one reason for the present attention which Congress devotes to the business of administration. It is clear, however, that all this is only a by-product of a much wider change in politics: an incidental result of bringing more and more power into Washington.

For if Congress does so much more administrating than it ever used to do, the principal reason is because it has so many more compelling opportunities. The scene in Washington has changed since the authors of the Constitution first divided government in three and placed each third in separate compartments. At that time Congress was an annual gathering of statesmen who arrived by stagecoach for a decision upon a limited number of questions of legislative policy, and who then dispersed to their own localities without either having appropriated three billion dollars for federal activities or pushed federal authority one stage nearer to complete assumption of all local duties and responsibilities. Congress, in those days, was not regarded either as a possible source of funds for every local public enterprise or of possible correction for every local public vice. To a much larger degree the States and cities then ran their own affairs.

The scene is vastly altered. New and enormous powers have come to reside in Washington. Congress, through such media as its control of interstate commerce, reaches out to regulate intercourse between the States and decide what will and will not pass as fair practices in trade. We have Congress determining what foods are pure, what drinks intoxicating, what freight-rates fair, what crops worth saving, fish worth breeding, lands worth irrigating. We have Congress voting, in the form of direct subsidies to the States, the impressive sum of one hundred and forty-five million dollars annually—whereas, even so short a time as ten years ago, federal subsidies were not a twentieth of that amount. We have Congress being asked for good roads, better schools, smaller trusts and the abolition of monopolies, surplus

crops, and weevils. We have Congress going into the money market and loaning American farmers in a few years sixty times as much as it cost to run the whole federal government when it started. We have Congress buying wheat and settling strikes and weighing babies; running ships and equipping schools and debating formulas for nitrates.

It is a natural enough consequence that, with Congress doing literally ten thousand things which no author of the Constitution dreamed of Congress doing, this branch should find itself buried under burdens of administrative detail. There has been heaped up in Washington a host of administrative problems which either did not exist a few generations ago or else existed as the strictly local business of decentralized communities.

Congress goes in for administration. One consequence is a very substantial waste of time. For it is neither log-rolling nor oratory nor the play of partisanship which eats up the energies of Congress so much as this desperate attempt of five hundred and thirty-one many-minded men to constitute themselves a single-minded executive.

Only the committee system, of course, enables Congress to keep going. There are committees for everything from Foreign Affairs to Railway Mileage, and from Flood Control to the Disposition of Useless Papers. Everybody is on several committees; many committees are almost constantly in session. Each is a little Congress in itself. It meets, studies, wrangles, legislates. And, so long as the rest of Congress goes its own way in peace, its members severally occupied with committees of their own, the system works. It works because the classical idea of Congress as a single great legislative body has been abandoned and the admission tacitly made that on nine-tenths of the detail before Congress, nine-tenths of its members are, and must be, ignorant. Once let the system break, however—and it breaks continually—once let either house actually attempt to give first-hand attention to its legislation, and Congress can lose weeks. The system is wholly undependable. You will find the Senate moving so swiftly on certain occasions that in a single day it will pass one hundred and thirty-seven bills—while the House (this occurred in the last session) meantime disposes of the greatest peacetime appropriation measure in the history of the country. And on other occasions you will find both houses devoting days of debate, leading nowhere, to such matters as the proper size of rooms for embassies abroad, the efficiency of pneumatic mail tubes, the superiority of one type of repeating rifle to another, the restoration of five retired army officers to the active list, and the refund to some private creditor of $108.75.

Time is an important factor in any assembly which of its own choice volunteers for as much work as does Congress. But time is a minor item and its loss of small importance to the public compared with a second waste which all this attention to administrative detail involves. And that is waste of opportunities for good government.

Congress muddles many of its chances because it is ill-equipped with fact-finding agencies and obdurately resolved to handle to the last detail questions which only specialists have facts enough to settle. Perhaps the long tussle which Congress had with Muscle Shoals will serve as an illustration.

Rightly, of course, Congress took note of the fact that it had invested one hundred and forty million dollars of public funds at Muscle Shoals, and that any decision about dams and nitrate plants was ultimately a legislative matter. Congress, however, was not content to legislate. It chose to take up mechanics and turn engineer. It scorned the most direct method of procedure which would have been to constitute a commission of engineers, instruct that commission to prepare several alternate

plans—one based definitely on the theory of government operation, one on the theory of private operation; one stressing manufacture of nitrates, one stressing development of water power, and so forth—plans which would have left the final choice of policy to Congress, where it belonged, but would have equipped Congress with a number of alternatives all sound in their engineering. Instead, Congress chose to do its engineering for itself. It spent days debating formulas for fertilizer. It spent more days debating kilowatts and how many tons of water power make them. It devoted months to extensive committee hearings whose purpose was to produce a committee bill; and once that bill was reported in the Senate, promptly scrapped it and began all over again with a bill written out of committee and based on a totally different set of facts.

Meantime, for all this engineering, both houses watched the postman for a layman's tip from home. For after the lower house had voted Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford, and after the Ford bid had been subjected to a drumfire of criticism in the press which cost it much of its popularity, the upper house lost interest in Mr. Ford even before Mr. Ford lost interest in the Shoals. In the end we had the spectacle of the Senate accepting and rejecting three totally different plans for Muscle Shoals within as many hours—and then sending the first of these plans to a House and Senate conference: where six men who knew nothing special about the subject, but happened to be members of the right committees, did their best to unscramble everything that had been done to date.

All this is repeated, with endless variations, whenever Congress gets beyond its depth in detail or in engineering. And the result is to invite bad legislation because the process begins with blind legislation and ends with a compromise which is less often an attempt to fit policies to facts than to jockey a belated measure through the jam of bills which always clogs the end of every session.

Nor is that the story's end. For once a bill is passed, once a law is finally written on the statute books, Congress continues to tinker with its administration. It continues also to quarrel with all those various administrative and fact-finding agencies—Tariff Commission, Trade Commission, and the like—which in moments of desperation it has created for the express purpose of dealing with these complicated problems of the modern scene. The record of government in Washington is written in successive stages like the record of early man in successive layers of telltale rock. Congress confesses that in the matter of tariff legislation, for example, it needs the counsel and co-operation of a commission of tariff experts; it creates that commission; it begins to be jealous of the authority and prestige of its own offspring and to suspect deep plots; it ignores the findings of its experts and with inadequate appropriations starves them into silence; in the end, repenting its own foresight, it is back again in the neighborhood of the point from which it started.

Only over the dead bodies of its chief committeemen, apparently, will Congress surrender its vested interest in administration. And the result is this: we have, at home, what we should have abroad if all 96 Senators and all 435 Representatives attempted suddenly to constitute themselves an expert Dawes Committee, went to Europe, sifted the intricate detail of European finance through 500 minds unaccustomed to that detail, and then attempted to construct a Dawes Plan. We have, on occasion, pandemonium.

To some such point as this an insistent interest in administration has brought the affairs of Congress. It is not a reassuring situation, nor does the moderate success with which Congress achieves a small part of an impossible program

disguise the fact that Congress could attempt less and do it better.

If there is a turning-point ahead it will come, probably, with a turning-point in the whole course of American politics. For fundamentally there is no way out of too many laws, too much detail, and too many attempts at administration except—through some degree of decentralization—to break into smaller and more manageable units the problems of government which Congress now attempts to handle in huge blocks. It will be difficult to effect any basic change in the present order of affairs, regardless of which party controls Congress, or whether it is controlled by some new party, so long as new powers continue to pile up in Washington and one new federal activity succeeds another. Inherent in the process of centralization is the invitation to Congress to overreach itself in executive affairs for which it is not fitted.

It may be, however, that the present stampede in the direction of centralizing all power in Washington—a stampede which finds Representative Brand now urging Congress to weigh everybody's loaf of bread, and Representative McLeod proposing that Congress fingerprint everybody's baby—will run its course as other over-stimulated tendencies in politics have run their course and bring us around to the business of decentralizing government. Given a healthier balance between Washington and the States, a greater readiness on the part of local communities to accept the responsibilities of government, a partial recovery of home rule, accompanied by a willingness to bear its costs—and the problem of a federal Congress overwhelmed with administrative detail resolves itself into simpler terms.

Meantime, pending such a change, and with Washington still absorbing powers at the expense of local governments, it is possible only to tinker with the Congressional system and not touch the heart of the problem. Yet such tinkering, if it is done in the right places, is of course worth doing. And perhaps the best opportunity lies in the development of agencies subordinate to the will of Congress, which can supply it with those facts for which it gropes and relieve it at least in a small degree of its burdens of administration. Congress, as this outline has suggested, is suspicious of the committees and commissions it creates. It can all too easily ignore them. Yet the fact remains that, in certain limited fields of legislation, Congress has equipped itself with fact-finding agencies and detail-debating agencies very largely of the sort it needs. That is true, for instance, in the matter of damage claims against the government, which are referred to committee and never trouble Congress again save for a *viva voce* vote.

Certainly it is possible, even without decentralization, that experiment might equip Congress with better tools of government than it possesses to-day. These tools are pretty much the tools of 1796. They have been resharpened but Congress has never brought them up to date. And few people have ever cared whether Congress did or didn't. We are interested in experiments with tetra-ethyl lead—they may reduce the price of gasoline. We are very little interested in experiments with Congress.

If we were, it might make the task of reorganizing Congress seem a more adventuresome and worth-while undertaking to the average Congressman. Certainly it would be a good thing if we could get away from the conventional picture of Congress as an assembly of second-raters perpetually seeking opportunities for unimportant graft, and could understand more realistically the problem Congress confronts. The problem of a legislature struggling with administration, of Congress attempting to function as a new wing of the White House, is a problem which has never interested us, in spite of its importance. We really know as little of Congress as the average westerner knows of Vishnu. We are annoyed, and let it go at that.

HOW BIG IS THE UNIVERSE?

Notes on Recent Measurements of the Milky Way

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

Director of the Harvard College Observatory

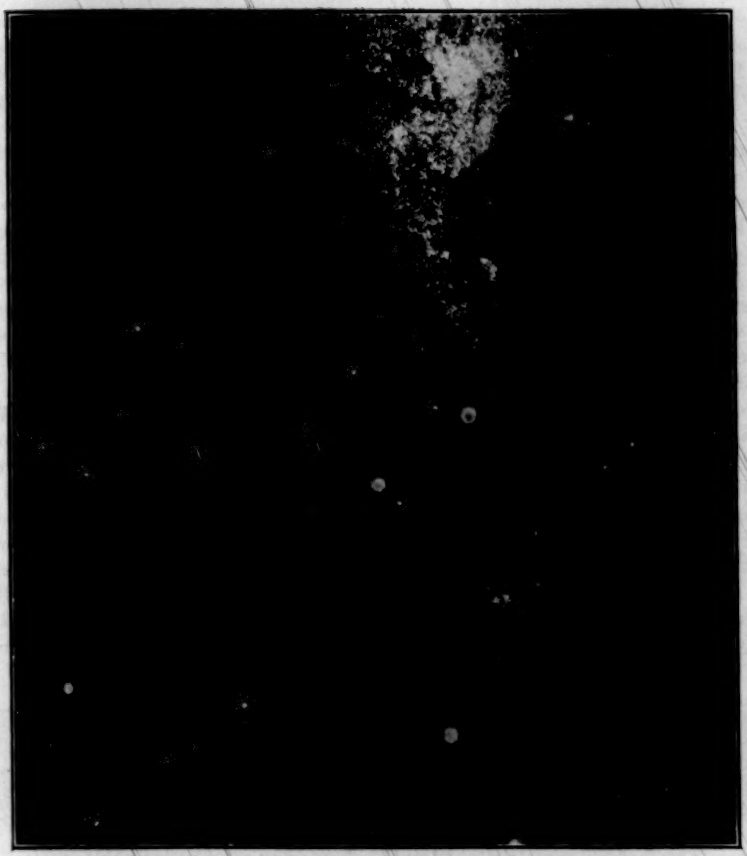
One of the most significant scientific events of the present day has been the discovery that the universe—the visible, measurable universe—is immensely larger than it has ever previously been thought to be. No astronomer has played a more important part in this discovery than Professor Shapley. At our request he now contributes what we believe to be the first authoritative and comprehensive article written in terms intelligible to the layman, on the new methods of measuring astronomical distances and their staggering results.

This article does not deal with the speculations on the extent of space that arise from the theory of relativity, or with universes beyond the bounds of the Galaxy or Milky Way. It is a statement of the size and shape and measurements of the Galaxy—the stellar system of which our solar system is an infinitesimal part.—*Editor's Note.*

THE methods and tools required for measuring stellar distances are for the most part remarkably simple in principle compared with the technic necessary for the analysis of bacteria or the mensuration of electrons. The essentials of the astronomical procedure can be described with a minimum of technicalities. In the following account of modern methods, and of the striking results they have produced, we shall begin by outlining the problem of the Milky Way and dealing briefly with variable stars, stellar clusters, and the star clouds of Magellan. These interesting classes of stellar objects are of fundamental importance in the recent work of sounding space. They disclose a way of measuring distance that far transcends the power of the surveyor's method of triangulation, which for many years has been successfully used for finding the distances and arrangement of stars comparatively near the Sun. Later we shall discuss the form, nature, and origin of the Milky Way, in so far as the newer astronomy can safely guide us.

First, to define the Milky Way, or Galaxy. Originally the term indicated only the band of celestial light which, passing in a great circle around the sky, is clearly visible in some parts as silvery clouds. Until recent years it has generally been maintained that these galactic clouds are structurally distinct from the scattered naked-eye stars which immediately border them. Some of the Milky Way star clouds, it is true, appear to be isolated from their surroundings. They are now and then sharply delimited—either actually, by the absence of stars beyond the visible borders, or apparently, by the intervening masses of non-luminous dust and gas, called dark nebulæ. But the galactic clouds in part represent the greatest number of objects that can be seen when an observer, situated in a flat watch-shaped stellar system, looks out in the direction of greatest extent. And even though there are occasional well-defined clouds of stars along the Milky Way, the gradual concentration of all faint objects toward the central galactic plane is responsible for most of the silvery band and indicates definitely the disc-like form of our system.

To us who live in northern latitudes, the part of the Milky Way in the constellations Cygnus, Aquila, and Cassiopeia appears to be brighter than the



A PORTION OF THE SOUTHERN MILKY WAY

This photograph, made at Arequipa by Miss Harwood, shows the dark "Coal Sack" (near the center). Just above it are four stars, two bright and two faint, forming the constellation of the Southern Cross.

regions in Taurus, Orion, and elsewhere. Some astronomers have believed that the high frequency of stars in Cygnus indicates that the center of the Galaxy lies in that direction. But observers in lower latitudes, or in the southern hemisphere, point out that we northerners underestimate the brilliancy of the southern Milky Way. The great star clouds of Sagittarius and Scorpio are partially lost for northern observers in the haze near the southern horizon, and the rich star fields of Vela and Centaurus are rarely seen at all. When the Galaxy is studied through star counts, or examined visually from a point on the equator, the superior brilliancy of the southern Milky Way stands clearly forth.

The existence of this sidereal band of light, disclosing a central plane in the stellar arrangement, signifies that nearly all the stars we know are organized into one dominating system. Our Galaxy is, in fact, a collection of systems, a group of groups, with intermingling random stars. We readily see many of the suborganizations—groups of stars of similar color and motion—such as the Hyades, the Pleiades, the bright bluish-white stars of the constellation Orion, and that

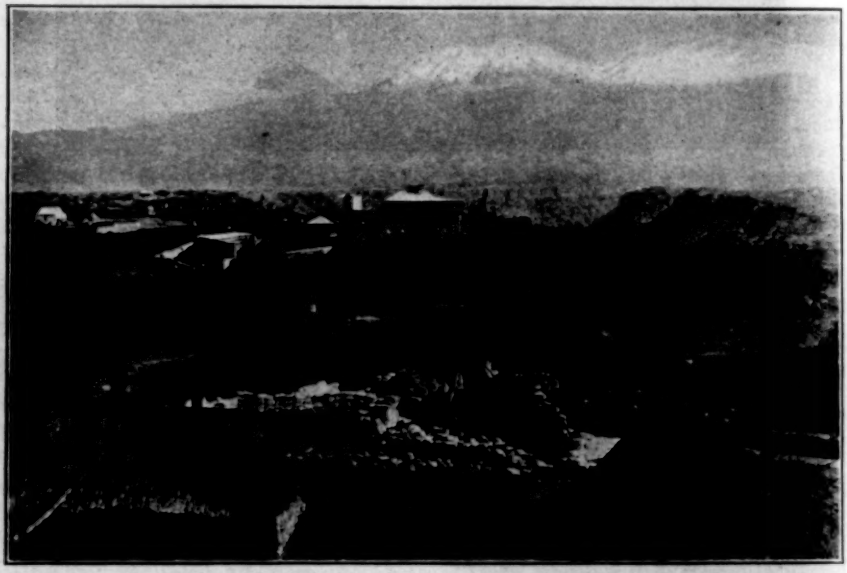
large scattered group which contains the dog-star Sirius and most of the stars of the Big Dipper.

With a small telescope we are able to pick up numerous small open clusters along the mid-line of the Milky Way. Obviously, clustering is a prevailing stellar tendency. Remembering also the lesser organizations—multiple stars like Castor and Polaris, double stars like Algol and Spica, and even our own planetary system composed of a primary star surrounded by a bevy of secondary bodies—we infer that independent and totally isolated stars may not be the sidereal standard.

Each star, and group of stars, evidently must move under the gravitational direction of all the others in the universe. Our Sun, no doubt, moves in some complicated orbit, though we are yet far from predicting its future path. The Pleiades, two hundred strong, are moving rapidly along the plane of the Milky Way; but undoubtedly the whole cluster, though remaining within the galactic system, will gradually change its direction of motion and continually influence the masses of neighboring stars and be influenced by them.

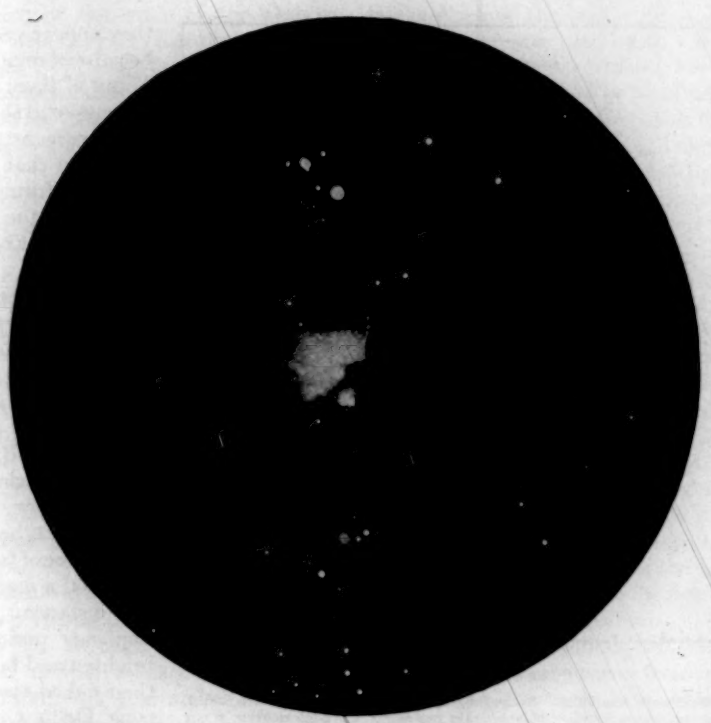
We are led to consider such questions as how this controlling body, the Milky Way system, may have come into existence with its thousands of millions of stars, and how extended it is along the galactic plane and at right angles thereto; how thickly its stars are scattered throughout the space it occupies, and how rapidly they move.

None of these inquiries can be finally answered. We are, however, more competent to answer partially the questions concerning extent. The work on variable stars and globular clusters has contributed during the last ten years something to our knowledge of the remoter parts of the stellar universe. Before then it had long been recognized that the stars are distributed around the Sun



WHERE THE SOUTHERN SKIES ARE MAPPED

The Harvard station at Arequipa, Peru. This station has for thirty-five years collected photographs, with several specially adapted telescopes, of the stars in the southern Milky Way, the Magellanic Clouds, and the southern hemisphere in general—supplementing the work done with similar telescopic equipment in the northern hemisphere at Cambridge, Massachusetts.



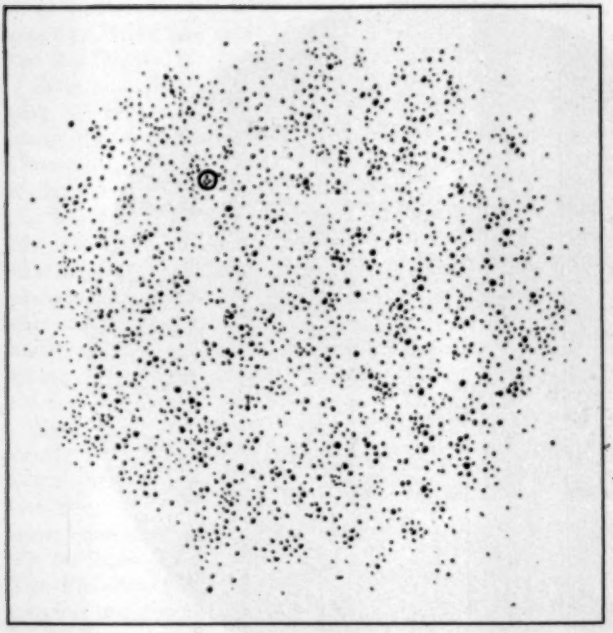
THE FAMOUS ORION NEBULA

Professor Shapley calls this photograph, recently made at Arequipa by Paraskévopoulos, "the best we ever have had of the Nebula." The whole of the "sword" of Orion is shown—that is, the three stars iota, theta, and C, all of which are multiple and are confused with the luminous and dark nebulosity of the Orion region.

in a discoidal system, the central plane of which coincides with the galactic girdle. Estimates of the greatest diameter of the Milky Way varied from a thousand to thirty thousand light-years (light travels about six trillion miles a year), but no great weight was placed on any of these guesses. They rested on untried assumptions and indirect methods. They were not founded on the extensive modern results on star distances and luminosities.

Naturally, the Sun was then considered to be the center of the stellar system. There are two reasons for this erroneous deduction. In the first place, the Milky Way divides the celestial sphere into nearly equal halves (its uneven brightness was overlooked or considered irrelevant). In the second place, the stars become less frequent in all directions as one goes out from the Sun. At present, however, we attach more importance than formerly to the inequalities of the Milky Way, and we explain the uniformly decreasing frequency of stars as a local phenomenon. We are more willing now to believe the evidence of our eyes and mathematics that the solar system is not centrally placed. And this concession with regard to the center leaves us open-minded also in our revaluations of the scale of the stellar universe.

The writer's interest in the dimensions of the Galaxy began with the study, with Professor Russell at Princeton, of the distribution of the eclipsing variables. Algol, in the constellation Perseus, is the best known of these eclipsing double



THE GALAXY OR MILKY WAY

Our stellar system, according to Professor Shapley, is approximately of a flattened, disc-like shape, like a watch. This diagram represents the conformation of our "universe" when viewed from the position in which one looks at the face of a watch. The circle in the upper left-hand portion indicates the position of our solar system and includes all stars visible to the naked eye from the earth.

stars which vary in brightness because the light traveling earthward is periodically intercepted. Eclipses occur as the two components of the double, in their orbital motions about the center of gravity, cross the line to the terrestrial observer and block each other's light. The light variations can be measured with special instruments and analyzed mathematically. The nature of the variation depends on the sizes of the stars, their relative intensities, and the kind of orbits they follow. Two or three years' work, spent on the computation of the orbits of nearly a hundred eclipsing binaries, led finally to the deduction of their distances and their distribution in space. Most of them are giant stars of high candle-power, with surface temperatures of ten thousand to twenty thousand degrees, and central temperatures of millions of degrees. But they appear very faint because of remoteness. Many of them proved to be several thousand light-years distant and suggested that the dimensions formerly assigned to the stellar system might be much too small.

Another type of star that varies systematically in light power is the Cepheid variable, and it also is now known to be of high luminosity. If apparently faint when seen in a telescope, its distance must be great. The degree of faintness is indeed a measure of the distance. These Cepheids periodically brighten and fade, like their naked-eye prototype Delta Cephei, from which they derive the name. Polaris, the north pole-star, is a Cepheid variable with a small range in light variation. Periodic pulsations—or tremendous eruptions—in the stellar atmosphere are the most probable cause of such variations.

The high luminosity of the Cepheid variables and their usefulness in measuring the Milky Way was not generally admitted until recently. But now astronomers agree that the typical Cepheid is from a hundred to ten thousand times as bright as the Sun. About twenty years ago Hertzsprung first called attention to the remoteness of some of the Cepheid variable stars. Ten years later the same problem was investigated by the present writer, extending the methods and deducing the individual distances for a hundred and fifty of these stellar giants. Some were found more distant than the limits formerly assigned to the whole stellar system, and

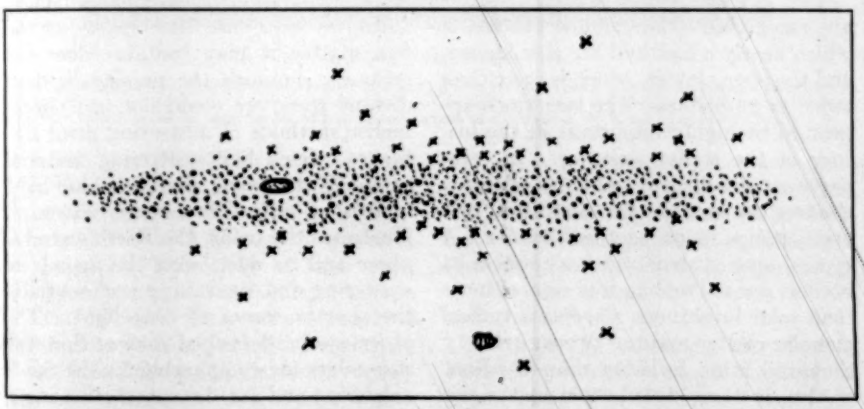
a revision of the scale of the Galaxy became necessary. Thus both kinds of variables—eclipsing stars and Cepheids—led us beyond the domain of nearby stars and indicated the technic we should use in fathoming the Milky Way.

The derivation of the absolute magnitude, or total candle-power, of Cepheid variables is not difficult. It can be briefly described in two paragraphs, and merits the description because of its important place in modern consideration of these problems of distance.

A dozen or so Cepheids are visible without a telescope, and their positions have appeared in the star catalogues for a hundred years or more. From a comparison of old and new catalogues, the proper motions of bright typical Cepheids—that is, their angular movement across the sky—can be determined with considerable accuracy. Now this proper motion is largely the reflex of the motion of the Sun through space. The four hundred million miles covered by the solar system in a year makes the nearer stars appear to shift backward with respect to the faint and distant stars. The amount of the shift, called parallactic motion, obviously depends upon the position of the star—the nearer the star, the greater the shift. For the naked-eye Cepheid variables, the parallactic motion is found to be abnormally small compared with other stars that appear equally bright. This can only mean that they are, relatively, far from the Sun and the total light emission of each must be enormous to make them visible without a telescope.

The problem stated here qualitatively can be treated numerically, and it is then found that the average distance of the naked-eye Cepheid variables is a thousand light-years, and their total light emission is, on the average, six hundred and fifty times that of the Sun. Hence, if a faint star cluster contains similar giants, it must be exceedingly remote. We shall employ the Cepheids to measure distances in clusters and Milky Way clouds that are too great for the ordinary triangulation procedure which serves only for the nearby stars.

The two star clouds of Magellan, which can be studied only from observatories of the southern hemisphere, contain hundreds of Cepheids that vary periodically in brightness. A careful study, begun at Harvard and extended at Mount Wilson, has revealed among



THE GALAXY AS SEEN EDGEWISE

Here the "watch-shaped" stellar system is presented edgewise to the observer. The small ellipse (at the left of center) shows the relative position of the "local cloud"—that is, the stars which are visible to the naked eye. The crosses indicate the position of globular clusters—outside the central part of the Galaxy but most numerous near it. The dark patch below is a Magellanic Cloud. The diameter of the system here represented is some 300,000 light years.

these variable stars a striking relation between the total light power and the interval of time between successive pulsations of light. If, for a variable star, the period between successive oscillations of brightness is twelve hours, the star is found to be about one hundred times as luminous as the Sun; if its period is twelve days, the brightness excels that of the Sun two thousand fold. The relation between period and candle-power is so definite that, wherever the variable may be, a study of its periodic variations in light yields readily the absolute value of its luminosity, and from that value a simple computation leads to the distance. In other words, knowing from its period of variability the actual light power of a star, the measurement of its apparent brightness indicates the distance from the observer. This method of measuring space is called photometric, in distinction from the trigonometric method used for nearer stars, planets, and comets. Fortunately for the problem of measuring the Milky Way, the Cepheid variables are widely distributed; they appear among the bright and faint stars of the Galaxy, as well as in the crowded population of remote star clusters and clouds.

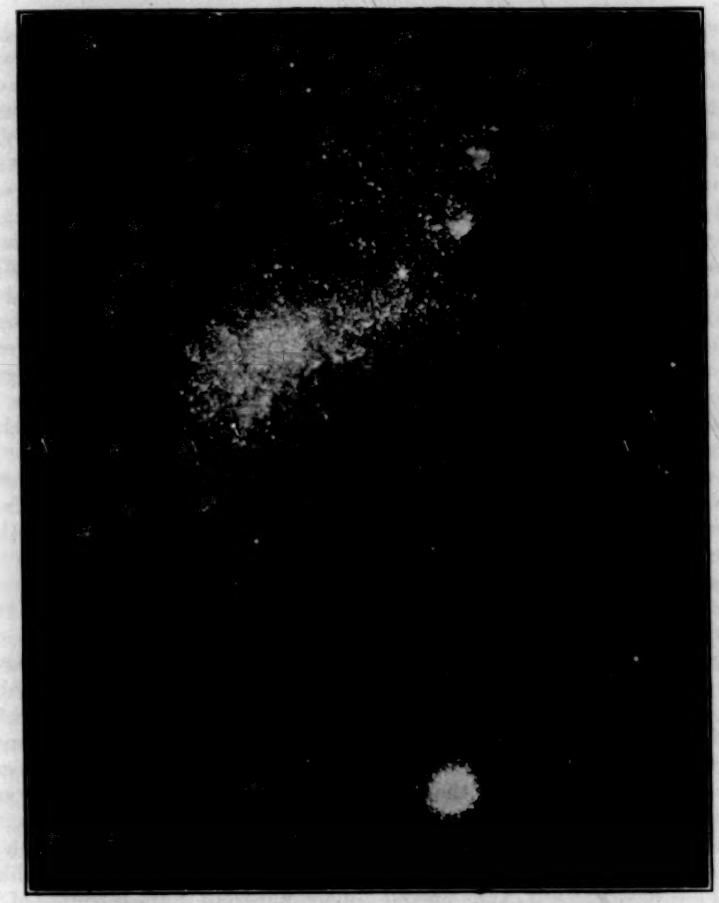
Two distinct types of star clusters are recognized—the globular cluster, of which nearly a hundred are now known, and the open cluster, which is more than twice as numerous. The two kinds appear to be highly important in the history of the stellar universe. In compactness and quantity of stars, globular clusters are sharply differentiated from open groups, such as the Pleiades. A typical open system may have within its borders one or two hundred stars of more than solar brightness, whereas a typical globular cluster contains twenty or thirty thousand stars brighter than the Sun.

Also, in their distribution in the sky the globular clusters differ from open groups in a way that is significant for theories of the origin of the Galaxy. The open clusters are found along the Milky Way, but not outside its central girdle. The globular clusters, on the other hand, avoid its central line and avoid also most of the northern constellations. They are, however, in the southern sky concentrated *toward* the Milky Way from both sides, becoming more numerous up to its very edges and then suddenly disappearing.

These facts of distribution show that both the open and globular clusters form a part of our own stellar system; they are controlled by its forces, governed by its mightier mass. In measuring their distances we are measuring the extent of our Galaxy.

My photometric study of the familiar globular cluster in Hercules, Messier 13, led to the detection of many blue-tinted stars. The colors when quantitatively measured were quite comparable with those of giant blue stars in the solar neighborhood. It seemed reasonable to assume these bluish stars in the cluster also to be giants, about one hundred times as bright as the Sun. On this assumption Messier 13 was computed, by simple formulæ, to be at a distance in excess of thirty thousand light-years.

A second deduction from these first determinations of color is that no evidence appears of the scattering and absorption of light in interstellar space. Until we were sure that space—or the fine matter it may contain—does not seriously diminish the passing light of distant stars, we could not use photometric methods of measuring great distances. Such light-scattering material would, if it existed, diminish blue light more than red. The orange-red sunset illustrates the point, the Earth's atmosphere and its dust being the agency of scattering and weakening preferentially the shorter waves of blue light. The observations described above, that the star colors are comparable for the Sun's neighbors and for distant cluster stars, is adequate assurance that the space beyond our shallow atmosphere is essentially empty and that our new method can be applied.



WHICH LOOKS FARTHER AWAY?

The Small Magellanic Cloud and the globular cluster 47 Tucanæ. The Cloud, although it appears much larger in the photograph, is five times as distant as the cluster. The new methods of determining star-distances from the study of Cepheid variables were developed from investigations of the stars in the Small Magellanic Cloud.

In the Hercules cluster, in addition to the useful blue stars there are two Cepheid variables which help in the problem of distance. The study of their variability with the great refracting telescope at the Yerkes Observatory enabled Barnard to find the periods of variation. Later I used these periods and my measures of the apparent magnitudes in estimating the distance of the cluster. The result was the same as given by blue stars.

Similarly, red giants were found in the cluster, and their study led to similar estimates of distance. Thus blue stars, Cepheids, and red giants agreed in yielding for this sub-system of our Galaxy a distance greater than we had previously set for the outermost bounds of the stellar universe.

Some of the other globular clusters have many variable stars of the Cepheid type. Notably is this true of the bright Omega Centauri of the southern sky, and the more northern globular systems which bear the catalogue designations of Messier 3, Messier 5, and Messier 15.

Long studies of their light variations at Harvard and Mount Wilson have produced the periods, and finally yielded accurate determinations of the distance. But the periods of the Cepheid variables are known for only a small number of the clusters. For systems devoid of Cepheids, other methods of measuring distance had to be devised.

By assuming, for instance, that all globular clusters actually have the same size and absolute brightness (an assumption that has been found to be justified) we can compute distances from measures of angular size and apparent brightness, and thus be independent of Cepheid variables. Using these indirect methods it was eventually possible, a few years ago, to get the distances of all known globular clusters. It then appeared that the Hercules system is one of the nearest. The most remote so far on record is N.G.C. 7006, which probably does not differ materially from the cluster in Hercules, but because of its great distance appears to us as diminutive and very faint. Its angular diameter is so small that only the largest telescopes can distinguish it from a single hazy star, or from a nebula. With the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson, Cepheid variables have been found within this distant object, and the analysis of their magnitudes has checked and proved correct the values of distance we had previously derived from comparing its angular diameter and apparent magnitude with the same properties for nearby clusters of known distance.

It is interesting to reflect that when we study the periods of Cepheids in N.G.C. 7006 we are photographing and analyzing waves or pulses of light that were emitted from the hot stellar atmospheres more than two thousand centuries ago. But the radiation, after its long interval in space, shows no measurable effects. It is identical, in natural properties, with the radiation from the Sun that has had an experience of only five hundred seconds with the rigors of space and time.

Considered as a whole, the globular clusters form a system of higher order—an organization that is equally divided by the galactic plane, and is about three hundred thousand light-years in greatest diameter. We can, for the present at least, take this organization of clusters as coincident with the general galactic system. Most of the thousands of millions of stars of the Milky Way are confined to a relatively thin and extensive segment—five or ten thousand light-years in thickness and two or three hundred thousand light-years in greatest diameter.

The center of the system of clusters, and presumably the center of the whole galactic system, lies in the direction of the constellation Sagittarius—the direction of the rich star clouds that so greatly enhance the brilliance of the southern Milky Way. The unequal intensity of the Milky Way may thus be explained in part as the result of our eccentric location. The same cause also accounts for the one-sided distribution of the globular clusters, which are nearly absent from northern constellations. It accounts, too, for the greater number of novæ found in the southern star clouds. Planetary nebulæ, which are known to be objects of high luminosity and of great distance, are likewise more numerous in the direction of Sagittarius, for in the opposite part of the Milky Way the limits of the system are too near.

To give some numerical values: The remotest of all known globular clusters is about two hundred thousand light-years distant. Twenty globular clusters are more than one hundred thousand light-years away. The center of the galactic system is sixty thousand light-years from the Sun, or farther.[1]

The numerous dark obscuring clouds in the constellations of Ophiuchus, Sagittarius, and Scorpio may conceal clusters and star clouds still more distant than any we have as yet measured. If

[1] A light-year—the distance which a ray of light will travel in one year—is about six trillion miles.

so, the galactic system may extend farther in some directions than we now have methods of estimation.

The prevailing conception of the physical universe has gradually evolved in close correlation with the mental evolution of man. To the primitive man the cosmos, of course, was anthropocentric—a natural deduction from the circularity of the horizon and the concentric character of the dome of heaven. At a subsequent stage of intellectual progress the universe was, no doubt, centered in restricted areas on the surface of the Earth rather than in the individual, and man adopted a lococentric or topocentric idea of the world. In this later stage the cosmos was perceived to be larger than formerly; and with each subsequent step in the widening of mental horizon, greater physical dimensions have been found. To Ptolemy and his school the universe was no longer lococentric but geocentric; and since the time of Copernicus the Sun, as the dominating body of the solar system, has been considered to be at or near the center of the stellar domain. We have in general accepted the heliocentric view of the universe for the last four centuries.

The researches of recent times have again changed the conception of the scale of the visible universe, and of the position of its center. Neither the individual, nor his abode, nor his earth, nor his sun has now the dignity of a central place. For one thing, the solar system is slightly to the north side of the central plane of the Galaxy and is increasing the distance from that plane as time goes on. In addition, as previously noted, we are at least six hundred centuries of light-travel from the central region of the Milky Way.

We have already mentioned the differences in distribution between globular clusters and the open systems which lie along the Milky Way plane. The explanation proposed for this difference is that the Milky Way was originally formed, and is still forming, out of clusters—in part if not in whole. The various open clusters, moving groups, and star streams are believed to represent transition stages in the dismantling and dispersing of large systems, once external. Many of the globular clusters, whose motions have been investigated, are coming into the galactic system. They now move in orbits inclined to the galactic plane, in which they travel to and fro across the star fields of the Milky Way; but with each crossing they lose somewhat in stars and in compactness. Dynamical theory indicates that the inclinations of their orbits will gradually decrease, their motions will become confined to the denser stellar regions along the Milky Way, their dwarf stars will be slowly scattered and, in the course of the trillions of years that are available for cosmic evolution, the star fields of the Milky Way will be further enriched by the members of the globular clusters which are now extant.

Perhaps many of the external systems which anteceded the present groupings in our Galaxy were globular clusters, similar to Messier 13; or possibly the ancestral systems had already developed into miniature galaxies (such as the star clouds of Magellan) when they came under the permanent control of our ever-growing system. The present discoidal form of the Milky Way might be explained as a result of a gradual growth through the absorption of clusters, each addition from the outside increasing the dimensions, the flattening, and the total mass.

There is some evidence that the whole galactic system is moving through space. Possibly it will reach distant regions and absorb other globular clusters which as yet we have not seen. The future of the Galaxy may involve much growth, but already the scale of space, time, and members transcends our powers of full appreciation. Its stars are now numbered by the thousands of millions, its dimensions measured in hundreds of thousands of light-years, and the probable past duration in time is inexpressible in its immensity.

WHEN HELL FROZE

Awarded First Prize in the Fourth Harper Short Story Contest

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

IT was the biggest farm on the Footstool: it had smooth swelling fields, like waves; well-tended woodlots, and clean fat cattle. Addie Joslin was part of it. The strength of her eighteen years of married life had gone into it; season by season she had served its needs, spending much on the land and little on herself.

The only really hard time was the week in the fall when her husband was away in New York on his year's business, and especially now that he was taking Ray with him. But it was time their firstborn should be learning those other things, remote, but apparently as essential to the growth and well-being of the soil as the things that lay in her knowledge—tillage, drainage, and manure. And after all, no matter how long a week may seem on double and treble duty, it is only seven days.

She had the church, the grange, the Daughters of the Morning Star; she had her diversions if she cared to take them. This she seldom did. Her life had little in it that was separate from the farm. Even Frankie, the four-year-old, her baby, was not separate; little that was not of her or of the fields or cattle was in him. He was made of her and the earth, and she was made of the earth.

She was slow of speech and reason, a slow woman. This was because she saw all things moving in unalterable sequence. Seed, sprout, full stalk, threshed grain—as simply as that unfolded all the thoughts she needed. So her hair stayed brown and there were no wrinkles about her eyes.

This evening she was a little tired. But to-night John and Ray would be home; perhaps in time for the milking. The week was all but done.

A little tired, yes. When she had started the cows up from the lower pasture, instead of following at once she rested her weight on the fence in the shriveled shadow of an aspen and stood dreaming up the land, her eyes moving slowly from field to higher field, reaped and brown.

It all did look pretty, with the sun setting behind the mountain.

It had done well this year; well.

Would they be home in time for the milking? First there was Heather to be milked, then Sally, then Dapple, then Princess, then Snow. She must be getting lazy, she guessed. She had better be starting her boots.

But now there was a sound of music. It was strange to hear music down here. Forgetting the cows for another moment she turned to look. There was a path beyond the fence, leading up from southwest of the mountain, and a man came along it playing a harmonica. He was tall, red-headed, and lank; under one elbow he gripped a pack while with the other he beat time, a perfect vagabond. Observing Addie he halted and took off his hat.

"How d'you do? Good evening."

Not being much with strangers Addie kept her mouth shut, nodded slightly, and looked beyond him at the ridges, powdered pink with sunset. The man came and got up to sit on the fence. He played softly a few more bars. Addie turned to go. He whacked the

instrument on his thigh and said: "Excuse me, but do you know a town called Twinshead up this way, lady?"

"Yes." She stopped and eyed him. "I ought to, I was raised there."

"You was? Know a man named House there? Garage man?"

"I ought to, he's my brother-in-law."

"Well, I swear! He's the man I was figuring to work for."

"He is? Well, he's my brother-in-law."

"How far would you call it from here?"

"Over down in the next valley. Around six mile."

"Six mile, eh? Some step! Listen; any place around here a man could get a shakedown for the night, lady? I'm not much chopping wood, but if you got any Lord's kind of a gas-engine wants tinkering. . ."

"Well, if my husband gets home as I'm expecting them, there's the seedan's been knocking lately. Though I don't know certain he'll come. But then if he don't there's Hurlbut's, a half mile on down."

He got over the fence. "Well, what do you say we see?"

He came along a little at the trail, busy again with his tunes, as, climbing and clucking, she got the cattle through the successive gates. When they had come up into the last lane she said: "You play pretty. Although I must say I don't know those tunes."

"Latest things. I don't suppose they're up this way yet."

"I don't know. I'm not much on town. When I was a girl though, in town, I used to know all the songs going."

"I bet. Know this one? '*I thought it was a kiss, but it was just an idle dream.*' Remember?"

"Yes, certainly . . . Frankie!" she called to her child, who, halfway down from the house, had stopped at sight of the stranger. "Come walk with Mama, come!" And as the boy, pouting, edged a few shy steps nearer: "Yes, certainly, I know that and a lot of others; the 'Merry Widow' and '*Come, come, I love you only,*' and all those."

"It's funny how those old ones stick by you. The ones nowadays—though now and then you'll find one—listen to this."

Cupping the toy in both hands he lifted his brows and drooped his lids. He breathed softly among the reeds. He loved it. When he reached the end he recited the ultimate phrase with the throaty husk of the devotee, watching her eyes for approbation: "*Kiss me, kiss me, aga-i-n . . .*"

She gave her thumb to Frankie.

"What's the matter with *you*, for Heaven's sake?"

"Is he my uncle?" The boy pulled around behind her. She laughed.

"Uncle? Land, no! He's nobody you know."

"What you been givin' him kisses fer then?"

Addie's mouth fell open. "Don't say such things; the idea!" She gave his hand a shake. "I—well,—you don't understand, that's all."

The stranger grinned, his amused eyes going from one to the other.

Frankie persisted. "Did you kiss him fer playin' so nice, Mama?"

The man laughed outright, arms akimbo, head up. "Look-a-here," he cried, bending suddenly and holding the harmonica out on his palm. "What you say to that, sonny? Like play moosic? Well, take that with my regards; that'll keep you busy, won't it now?"

"Oh, he shouldn't," his mother muttered, as the small fingers edged around her skirt. Once he had hold of it the boy was away like an Indian's shadow, through the fence and into the cover of the dogwood hedge beyond.

The man chuckled. "Oh, no, he didn't care for it at all; couldn't find house-room for it, Oh, no!" He shifted his pack and began to whistle.

When Addie came up to the yard after impounding the cows she found the

man sitting on the kitchen stoop, still whistling.

"I guess my husband ain't coming to-night after all," she said, looking up and down the darkening road. Entering the house she came out again with some pie and cheese and a cup of milk. "Though I shouldn't feel like turning you away without a snack. Then 'tain't far down to Hurlbut's."

As he sat munching, the man began to study her with a new obliquity.

"How long's your husband away for?"

"He goes a week every fall on business to New York City."

"Aren't you ever kind of lonesome?"

"No time for lonesomeness. I ought to be milking right now."

"Still, up here by yourself, everybody away." He took out a cigarette and lit it. "Eh? Don't you ever wish—well—there was some man around the place, nights?"

Addie shook her head. "There's nothing to harm a body up this way."

The man shook his. "I give it up." He wiped his mouth and got to his feet. "Then I guess I'll be on my way. Now I've had supper, thanks to your kindness, I guess I might's well go on through. Is it around this way out?"

She showed him, walking down as far as the gate.

"Still," he mused, "the men have all the fun, don't they. I suppose your hubby always tells you everything he does while he's in New York?"

"I don't see what you mean. If you mean he carries on, then you don't know John A. Joslin. And moreover, he's got Ray along; that's our oldest."

"How old?"

"Going on seventeen. But he's big for his age."

The man slapped his thigh. "I bet!"

"Well," he said, when he was done chuckling, "I suppose if you're dead certain you're not going to want protecting to-night—I might's well be on my way. Thanks very much for the bite, and if you're ever in Twinshead this winter, look me up . . . . Good night."

For another moment Addie leaned there watching him off into the dusk.

What was all that talk of his? Who was he? Where had he come from? From as near as the nearest town? From as far as China? A strange irresponsible fellow riding his legs across the mountains, whistling across the world.

"I want my supper." It was Frankie at her elbow, whining.

"Heavens and Earth, what am I thinking of! Those poor cows!"

The men came that night after all, when the chores were done and Frankie in bed. Hearing the car turn into the yard, Addie put a piece of meat in the spider and began cutting up some cold potatoes to brown, so that by the time they came in their supper was half ready.

It always gave her a queer turn for a moment when they arrived, like two strangers with their good clothes and their suitcases, and the way, for the first instant, they looked around, as if it were a new hotel. She would have been glad if it could have lasted longer. That was why she had hurried to get things under way and their chairs drawn up to the table.

"If you'll set right down your supper 'll be on in no time."

"Well, no." Her husband gave her a kiss on a cheekbone—one of the year's two—and adding, "Might's well be comfortable," passed on upstairs.

She wondered if Ray would kiss her too this year. But just as he was on the point of it he remembered something more important.

"Oh, Ma, d'you know what? We bought you a present to bring home, a couple of nice aprons, and then what 'd we go and do but leave 'em in the train. Wasn't that a bright one?" And he too went upstairs.

Above the sputter of the frying meat she could hear their voices, Ray's mostly, fragmentary and muffled. Once Ray laughed. He came down in his corduroys and brown sweater, and in pulling off his shirt he had spoiled his

Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"YOU PLAY PRETTY," SHE SAID, "ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW THOSE TUNES"

hair. His father was in his nightshirt, over which he had drawn a pair of overalls. They might neither of them have been away.

They ate in silence, chewing like tired men, their elbows guarding their plates and their eyes centered in the flame of the lamp between them. They seemed to be dreaming. Once Ray chuckled, his eyes passing to his father. The old man cast him a dour look. "You calm down."

Addie opened some pears. "Everything all right in the city?" she inquired as she helped them. Joslin nodded at the lamp, protruding his lower lip. "I'd say so, yes, all right. . . ."

She went and got the new *Sentinel*. Joslin wiped his mouth, opened the paper, cast an eye over the deaths, and yawned.

"Frankie all right?" he asked by and by.

"Yes, Frankie's all right."

"Stock all right?"

"Yes, all right. Except a funny thing about Snow's calf —"

"What's wrong with Snow's calf?"

"Nothing, only the way she acts about the red rooster. It was the day you left—" Addie drew up a chair and put her elbows on the table. "No, it was the day *after* you left, I guess; yes, Wednesday morning—"

Joslin's lids drooped. His chin was sinking into his neck. He straightened up when Addie's voice stopped, and muttered: "Been a hard day."

"Been a hard week," Ray added facetiously, staring at the lamp.

His father got to his feet. "You be up and down by four sharp, son, that's all." He took a match and went upstairs. Ray leaned back and began to play a harmonica. It was "The Sidewalks of New York."

"Where'd this thing come from?" he demanded, stopping in the middle of a bar. "I had one like it, but it was an 'A'."

"It's Frankie's." Addie began to scrape the plates.

"Where'd he get it?"

She didn't feel like talking any more; all that explanation. So she said: "Somebody or other give it to him, I guess."

Ordinarily she would have washed the dishes, but this was the night her husband had come home, so she stacked them and, asking Ray to put out the light when he came she went upstairs, taking off her apron. Just before she reached their bedroom she had a start. Then she could have smiled, for it was only Frankie, out of bed, half awake, in the dark hall.

He resisted her hand. "I wan' my thing; ut's mine."

"What thing? You're dreaming. Go back to bed."

"Who's 'at uts got ut, playin'?"

"Playing what? Oh, I see, yes, your ——"

"My moosic thing, ut 'at man gin me, ut you kissed."

"Shhh!" Addie stood back on her heels. "Hush your mouth!" It was absurd but she felt helpless.

Frankie turned sullen. "No, but I wan' ut; ut's mine."

"Yes, all right, yes. You be still and run back to bed like a good boy, and I'll go straight and get it for you." She returned below stairs.

"Ray, gi'me that. Your brother's woke up fretting, and it's his."

The child was waiting at the top. She led him back and tucked him in.

"Here it is, Frankie, but listen, you shouldn't say that about that man. It's bad—naughty, because I never did. Now go bye-bye and forget it."

Smoothing his hair she left him. At the door, however, she vacillated. It was so laughable, yet it made her feel so helpless. She was used to dealing with things that had some logic in them. It exasperated her.

Returning to the bedside she got down and put her lips to his ear.

"If ever you say that again about my such a thing as kissing that or any other man, I'll spank you. I'll take

down your panties and spank you with the hairbrush, hard; you hear?"

Then she went to their room. The lamp was turned low. Her husband was in bed, asleep.

Well, he'd had a hard day, this traveling. He'd had a hard week.

She undressed and blew out the light, and, going to the window, stood there a while. The moon was up, sailing in a cloudless sky; under it the farm lay, sloping away; gently swelling smooth fields in the pale light, like pale breasts on the mountain, against the black hem of the woods below.

Her thoughts were in two layers. In the top layer there were these: now they've come home we can get the manure started out on the west plowing and we can decide if we'll change it to rye; we can weed out the pullets, and we can get to work and ditch the waste piece before it freezes.

In the bottom layer, the buried one, was this: They are not part of it, as I am; I am part of it and it is part of me. The deep reason for her being, the long, habitual, fruitful identity with the soil and its creatures, filled her unconscious thoughts. Who, to this dark Amazonian tenant of her soul, were those two men of whom she was a little awed; those two who went away and had a time, and left her alone at last with the autumnal land, at rest after the summer's travail, at peace for a little while? They owned the farm. Yes, but it was hers. . . .

What she was thinking as she crept under the blankets beside the sleeper was: "I wonder what color aprons they were.". . .

The men were cutting out brush in the waste piece, preparatory to ditching. It was the day which last night had presaged—perfect autumn, chill in the shadows, glassy clear. The mountain stood solid and separate; the sky, no longer weighing on the horizons, showed itself detached and whole, going on around. Beast and fowl made themselves heard, sounds reiterant, monotonous and good, bawling of young cattle, ruffle and cut-cut of hens, pigs grunting, and Frankie marching to his harmonica, a suck and a blow, a suck and a blow, soul-satisfying, around the barn, around the orchard, around the sheds.

"Mama, kin I go down see Ray yet?"

"Not yet, you'll be in the way; run try and find Speck's nest."

Another circuit. "Mama, kin I go yet?"

"Not yet."

Even the apples Addie was sorting seemed to fall in with the cosmic rhythm: a cider, a cider, a cider, an eating, a pie. Under her breath, inattentively, she hummed fragments of old tunes. "*I thought it was a kiss, but it was just an idle dream.*" For her and for the farm it was the beginning of another year.

Clear reddening sunlight. Cut-cut! Mooo-ugh! A loudening harmonica.

"Mama, kin I go down see Ray yet?"

"Yes, pester you, run along; I'll be down in a second for the cows."

Joslin was just coming up as she entered the lane, an axe over his shoulder and his one remaining forelock plastered on his brow. He was a lean wiry man, a hard worker, as faithful a worker as there was.

"Where's Ray?" she asked. He told her Ray was coming along. "Stopped a minute to set down. Trot Frankie. Hurry him up and hurry up them cows."

Crossing the upper pasture she heard music. It came from the brush in the corner of the waste piece, and it was "The Sidewalks of New York." In the midst of it there arose a disturbance. Howls. Yowls of young rage. Words exchanged, high, low, unintelligible at that distance. Addie halted in the bare field. She felt distracted. It was that sudden rent in the fabric of the day; the break in the smooth great throb of all creation.

She fingered her cheeks. "I'll show 'em!" She started that way. Before she had gone far the squabble had

quieted and her older son, pushing out of the thicket, climbed over the fence twenty yards away. At sight of her he fetched up, his head ducked a little and his mouth half open.

"Where's your brother?" she demanded with a hint of sharpness.

No answer. Ray looked queer. He looked fascinated, embarrassed, and sullen, and his face was turning a mottled red. He was large for his age and hardly knew how to handle himself.

Addie's feeling of distraction deepened.

"What's ailing you? Why don't you answer me?"

Ray closed his mouth, opened it, closed it again. Turning at right angles he started walking heavily and swiftly.

Frankie had appeared now, harmonica in hand. He too stopped short at sight of his mother. Then with a gulp of terror he scuttled back through the fence. She called after him into the brush: "Frankie, you come straight here!" The whole thing shamed and scared her in an unaccountable way; there was nothing to get hold of, no beginning, no why, no wherefore.

Lowering her eyes and pretending to think of something more important than naughty children, she turned back toward the lower lane. At the bars she couldn't help peeping. On the stony profile of the pasture Ray had stopped to watch her, a hulking, sulking silhouette; Frankie, sneaking out of the waste piece farther down, was scuttling up the hill to join him.

But why? But why?

As she brought the cows up in the gathering dusk her feet felt heavy. Nothing any longer kept time; the animals' hoofs clattered on the stones till the wooden jangle got on her nerves and she picked up a stick and drove them.

"Frankie wouldn't come to me; he ran went with Ray. Why? Why?"

She tried to throw it off at supper, talking more than her habit and laughing at nothing, so that Joslin began to study her, a little puzzled. But it wouldn't work. Ray wouldn't look at her. Chewing to himself he kept his eyes on his plate, his face sallow and dark red by turns. And Frankie lay as low as a mouse in a corner, an uneasy good little boy.

After his dessert Ray went upstairs. When his father had gone to the barn he came down in his serge suit and began hunting for his hat. Addie stood watching him. For the first time in her life she wanted to scream.

"Where you aiming to go to?"

He had his hat in his hand and the door open, his back to her.

"Down to the store, see some life; that's where I'm going to."

"Did your Pa say so?"

"What diff's that make to me?" He spit out on the stoop. Then as though that act had fortified him: "What the hell's it to me? If he says anything you can fight it out with him; it's up to you, see? It's up to you!"

Was he turning crazy? Was the boy sick? When Addie tried to get her mind to think she began to grow frightened. Frightened of what?

She went at her dishes. Joslin came in by and by.

"Was that Ray I see going out? Where's he think he's going to?"

"Well, I wanted a spool of cotton down to the store."

"Cotton! Cotton, eh? And him having to be up and down at four!"

Where was Frankie? Addie went upstairs. She found the boy in bed. Gone of his own accord, undressed without a whine, and fast asleep. When she had been standing there a moment she saw he wasn't asleep at all.

"Please, please," he wailed of a sudden, "please don' spank me wuth no hairbrush!" He pulled the sheet over his head. "I never said ut, honest; I never tol' Ray ut; I never says you kissed 'at man; I never, I never!"

He screeched. But she was only sitting down, weak as water.

So that was the secret. She felt like laughing. Poor Ray! Poor mixed-up fellow, hurt and scared and scandalized! No wonder! Yet what a relief it was to know the why and the wherefore!

She couldn't spank the child; that was too much to ask of her. Giving him a pat and a tuck she returned to the kitchen to wait for Ray. She could almost see his face when she should tell him.

She sat with her hands in her lap and waited. Half hypnotized by the still flame of the lamp she thought and thought. She remembered Ray as a baby; then as a little boy of Frankie's age following her around; then his going away with his father last year on the trip. She hadn't realized till now that from that trip he had never come back. Nor ever would. She remembered him standing there to-night, spitting out, then swearing in a new angry audacious bass. She began again to have that feeling of helplessness. Little by little it crept and claimed her; why, she couldn't say.

Ray was in and had the door closed before she saw him. Studying his narrowed, bloodshot eyes she got up with a sudden misgiving.

"Come here, le'me smell your breath; you gone and been to Hearn's."

He rubbed a sleeve over his mouth and made for the stairs.

"Ray! Wait!"

Oh, she had never been afraid of anything—of tramps, of bulls, not even of death. But it was this helplessness.

"*Wait!*" she cried in her deep panic. "You listen to me, I know what's ailing you, don't you think I don't!"

He paused on the stair, glowering back. "I betcha."

"Well, you been listening to your brother, I know that, and I know just precisely what he's been feeding you."

"I betcha do." He went on upstairs and slammed his door.

Well, he wasn't himself. Addie sat down on the nearest chair.

Well, she would tell him in the morning.

She didn't tell him in the morning. How to bring it up; how to begin? She was so slow. Nor in the afternoon. She began to find she couldn't get near him except when his father was there. Well, why not with his father there? She was so confused, so helpless about it—so worn out by it—well, why rake Joslin in?

Time grew. It grew from hours to days. Five of them.

"What's ailing Ray?" her husband asked her. "He eats light and he goes around like he's swallowed a pill. Suppose he's coming down with something?"

If only she could have said then, matter-of-fact: "Well, he's got it into his head from something his brother said that a man that was here while you were away, that I kissed him —" But just there something in her rebelled.

"I don't know," was all she could say.

Another time: "I'm getting uneasy about that boy. Couple times to-day I caught him looking like he wanted to murder somebody. What's ailing him?"

"I don't know."

That was true. What did she know any longer about that brooding fellow, that averter and avoider, stranger than the strangest stranger? What did she know about anything? It used to be you plant a seed and reap a crop; you commit a crime and go to prison. Now she had done nothing, yet here she stood from day to day and held her breath. Every time Ray looked at his father, every time Frankie so much as passed his father, blowing that infernal toy, she held her breath.

Yet after all it wasn't to come directly from either Frankie or Ray.

Addie was sorting the last of the apples one afternoon. Joslin had been to the store. She heard the car return and a moment later he came into the shed. He sat down and began to eat an apple, a thing he never did; after a bite or so he threw it on the ground

and rushed out, only to return, his face contorted and his eyes narrowed. He stood with arms folded.

"Wife, what's all this talk I hear down to the Crossing?"

"Who?"

"I want you should tell me what you got to tell me, plain out."

His voice was obstructed. He spoke slowly, evidently determined to get to the bottom of this thing in a cold-blooded, judicial way. It was worse than any rage. It took all Addie's wits out of her.

"Wh-why, I don't know wh-wh-what —wh-wh-what talk?"

All right. He had done his part, given her her chance, fulfilled his obligations as a reasoning man. Let unreason have its way.

"Who was he? You tell me that, or goll-damn it!" Then he gave her no time. Pointing a fist at her he lifted his lip, showing the points of his teeth. "I want you to tell me, wife; how long was he here with you, on my farm?" All of his teeth became visible, brown at the bases. "I want you to tell me; what else did you give him besides your kisses?"

Addie wouldn't have known him; he wouldn't have known himself. Wheeling, he walked out of the shed and around the corner of the barn.

No one could blame him. It's terrible enough to ferret such things out in the home: but to get the first inkling at second-hand outside—common property, common gossip bandied over a counter or around a stove!

Addie nailed up the last box of the "Selected." She walked across the yard. Frankie came out of the kitchen door with doughnut crumbs on his cheek and, seeing her, began to play furiously on his rusting instrument. She took it and threw it on the steps and stamped on it. The child opened his mouth; presently the howl came out. Still knowing as little what she did, Addie grabbed him, sat down, held him in her lap, and patted his arm.

"There, there; but now see what you gone and done."

Ray came across the yard. She turned her voice on him.

"Now see what you done. Hearkening to foolishness; running to the store and gabbing lies. Now see what you gone and done."

"What *I* done!" Ray sunk his head between his shoulders. "*I* done! That's a good one, that is." He spit to his left and went on in.

The first half of supper passed in silence; it took all that time for Addie to get her words in order. She got up and stood by the sink.

"Listen, the whole lot of you's just going on something Frankie took into his head, and I should think it had come to a pass when you'll swallow for gospel what a baby his age says, and won't even hark to a grown woman you've lived with going on nineteen year."

Joslin raised his eyes for the first time. He looked lined and gray.

"That just the damn part of it. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklin's". He leaned heavily on his elbows and drummed with a knife. "For instance; if I and Frankie there, we'd been to town, and you was to ask me who I'd seen, and I says nobody, and he was to chirp in, 'Oh, no, papa, I guess you're forgetting that woman in the red hat you followed out back of the church shed and put your arm around her' — which 'd you take for the gospel, Addie?"

Addie turned and screamed at Frankie: "Tell 'em the truth! Tell 'em everything happened! Go on tell 'em every last thing you seen!"

Joslin pointed the knife. "Yes, Frankie, now, everything. Mind now, *everything!* Or else, you know, you could go be put in prison."

The child looked at this mother, then at his father, then at his brother; and his brother too was scowling at him in the same silent, awful way. He began to quaver: "I don' want 'at ol' mouf-organ—I never—I never—" and then

he was under the table in a heap of fright and woe.

Joslin looked at his plate. He pushed it away from him and got up.

"It tastes dirty." He took his hat and went out. Ray followed.

If Addie could have seen anything she might have been able to see red. But for a while she saw nothing. She stood at the window that night looking out; there was no moon and the stars were clouded and she couldn't even see the farm. Joslin's farm. "How long was he here with you, on *my* farm?" Was the reason she couldn't see it from the window that, in the super-human violence of his anger, he had torn it up and taken it away?

Her mind had been knocked down; it lay stunned and subservient to the beliefs of others. What was this sin she had committed? How had she, Addie Shoemaker, ever come to do it?

Addie Shoemaker! As she crept in between the blankets, chill with emptiness, the one thing she knew was nostalgia. The house had grown frightening in its silence, hung there over the mountain void from which the farm had been torn away in a shamed man's wrath. If she could only have heard Mama Shoemaker's voice downstairs, reading the *Sentinel*, or Papa Shoemaker's horses stamping in the livery stable out back.

Joslin slept with his son. Addie, coming down half-drugged with a snatch of sleep, found they had got their own breakfast and were gone about their business. She heard their axes across in the waste piece when she took the cows down.

The forenoon grew. With each hour that passed she sank deeper and deeper into the lethargy of the lost. Habit worked her hands. She got a good dinner—home sausage, mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, squash pie, baking-powder biscuit last. It was ready to the minute. She let Frankie ring the bell.

Ray was in the yard but he didn't come. Then she remembered Joslin had gone off in the car at eleven. He was returning just now. They came in together, the father carrying two paper bags and a can.

"Well, dinner's on." She fastened Frankie's bib and sat down.

The men went to the sink. Joslin opened his can of pork and beans. In one bag there were crackers, in the other cup-cakes. Standing there by the drain-board they made their meal.

Addie sat and stared. There was something about this act that took away what little she had left of her powers. Her husband's face fascinated her. Under its stubble the skin looked hot and dry. But never a word.

Ray wasn't the man his father was. His mouth full of cracker paste, he couldn't keep his eyes from slipping to the fleshpots on the table. Caught by his mother he reddened and lost his poise. "Taste dirty, 'twould."

His father gave him a look to slay him. "Hush your mouth!"

Then Joslin hushed his own; he stopped chewing. He stared at the pump. He had suddenly envisioned the years to come. His mouth still full, he went outdoors, to return presently with a peach-butter can he had found in the dump. Bringing from the pantry a jar of concentrated lye he emptied it into the can, which he then proceeded to fill from the pump. All his movements were deliberate. He turned to his wife.

"See this? This is lye-water. Well, if so be you want to go on cooking for this family, come wash your hands."

"Come—what?"

"Come wash your hands."

Addie didn't "see red," she saw white. Where the other blow had stunned her mind, this cleared it. Clear as zero ice. Her voice sounded flat.

"You say you want I should wash my hands in that?"

Joslin inclined his head. Her eyes left his and played over the table, resting for a moment on the heavy castor, for another on the broad blade of the meat-

knife. Strange, rushing impulses. Fearful speculations. Lusts.

She heard her husband's voice: "Here 'tis; I'll leave it here."

"You can leave it there till hell freezes over."

Frankie gasped at the word. Joslin went to the door. "If it takes that long, so be it, wife."

When he and Ray were gone she got Frankie from his chair. She couldn't keep her hands from shaking. She pushed him out of the door, away from her. "Go with 'em! Catch 'em! Stay with 'em! Play down there!"

She put the knife away in the drawer. Then she scraped the untouched plates, carried the food out to the sows, and watched them swill it.

She went to her room and lay down. She remained there staring at the ceiling till she was exhausted with the muscular strain of rigidity, then she got up and prepared supper. She worked all around the peach-butter can but did not disturb it. She set the table with cold meat, potato chips, pickled beets, raspberry sauce, cookies, pie, doughnuts, cheese, and put the kettle on for tea. Into the kettle she stuck her thumb.

Frankie was eating all alone when she came in after milking and the others had gone to the store. She took all the food to the sows, put Frankie to bed, and went to bed herself after bolting the door. Once in the night a terrible loneliness came over her. She went on tiptoe and got Frankie. Almost as soon as she had him in bed, however, she began to shake all over again with the murderous license of her thoughts, and returned him to his room. When she awoke in the morning it was broad day. What matter?

So it went.

Hitherto, even when the men were away she had been surrounded by, and one with, the multitudinous life of the farm: the fields, the stock, the child. But now she felt so queerly about Frankie that she grew afraid; and as for the farm, she hated it. It *was* Joslin's farm; it had been his before she came; it believed what he believed and looked at her askance with its hundred kinds of eyes as she went up and down—the foolish town girl, the wicked one.

She was alone on the farm. She hadn't had time yet to think of the outside world. One afternoon, however, two separate parties of her friends drove that way along the road. They didn't stop at the gate, only slowed down, necks craned and eyes slanting back at the house in morbid fascination.

And that evening at dusk when she went for the cows there were three men at the bottom of the pasture. They climbed in as she approached and when she would have turned back and avoided them, one took hold of her arm. Though it wasn't cold they had on overcoats with collars turned up, and their hats pulled down, so she could make nothing of their faces.

It was so fantastic she wasn't actually frightened. When the first one spoke, she said: "You're Albert Pease, from Lower Falls."

"You're mistaken," he growled. "We're more-less strangers this side of the county. But we know Joslin by reputation; we know what he's done with this farm; we know what he stands for in this community; and there's times outsiders can do more'n neighbors can. What we want to say is, this here's always been a God-fearing, law-abiding community, and it ain't going to begin winking at goings-on behind husbands' backs at this late date, nor at homes going to rack and ruin and men interfered with in raising this nation's crops, by no stubborn, unholy, un-Christian goings-on."

The second man broke in. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The third: "Get along in the home, or get out of it."

When they let her go and went back toward the fence she looked about in a sort of daze. There was a chunk of rock near her feet; picking it up she threw it. It struck one man in the small of the

back. With the shock and hurt of it he wheeled and started for her, fists clenched, but the others caught him, expostulating in whispers. He puffed at her: "You—you—we'll get you yet, you—" But then one got a hand over his mouth.

She left the cows and ran home. With every step it grew darker and the footing steeper; her chest ached with the bursting of her lungs. When she came into the kitchen her face was red, her lips white, her hair in strings; she looked drunk; she had it in her mind to scream, scream, scream, and nothing more. Then she didn't. Flopping down on the nearest chair, she surveyed the room. Of the supper she had left on the table not even Frankie's portion was touched, and the boy himself hid in shadow halfway up the stairs. Joslin sat against the farther wall with his hands in his lap and his best coat on over his overalls. Ray wore his too, and sat with his hands folded. And in a third chair, with his hands folded, sat the minister.

Addie had never been so embarrassed. She tried to stop panting and she couldn't; her face flamed; she dropped her eyes to the table-legs.

"How d'you do," she mumbled. "please to see you."

"I'm pleased to see you, Sister Joslin, I'm sure. As I was saying" . . .

He was a hard-working fellow, their minister, a lean man on a meager living, a little worried head and a big worried heart.

"As I was saying to Brother Joslin, I just dropped in going by. I often drop in on one or another of my people's homes, just simply without any fuss to kneel down in the family circle for a minute and talk with God, as you'd talk with your neighbor. It seems to me there's no prayer in any great tabernacle with stained glass and gilded steeple so helpful, so curative, nor so acceptable to our Father in Heaven as that." He got up suddenly and straightened his vest. "Might we pray?"

Addie couldn't budge; something held her. Tears burned her eyes. She choked: "I never done a thing—it's all lies, I keep telling you, telling you!" The minister's hand fell on her shoulder, firm and kindly.

"You and God know the truth of that, Sister, surely. But anyway, what about just talking it over with God? That's never harmed a living soul since the world was made. . . . Well, men?" He looked at the others who, appearing sober, impressed, and scared, got down with him by their chairs.

Still Addie couldn't budge. The minister popped up again, darted at the stairs and, catching Frankie with a reassuring chuckle, brought him down and planted him on petrified knees with his elbows in his mother's lap. Then he got back to his place and began: "Oh, God, our Heavenly Father" . . .

Those backs! It was too queer and too awful. Freeing Frankie's elbows she slid to the floor. She didn't kneel, just hunkered there, her arm on the chair-seat. The good man's voice, husky with the habit of supplication, filled the room with its immemorial sedative phrases. From beyond it, beyond the walls, came the supplication of the unmilked cows, lowing at the bars. Addie's muscles slackened. Under the influence of the harmonious repetitions her thoughts slackened too, lost focus, and became a hodgepodge.

"In Thine infinite mercy". . . "Mooo-ugh! Mooo-ugh!" . . . "goings-on behind husbands' backs". . ."Mooo-ugh!" . . ."Vouchsafe that whichever of us is in darkness". . . The lamp was smoking. . . . The kettle was singing. . . . Somebody was sobbing. . . ."Mooo-ugh" . . . She had hit him with a chunk of rock. Good! . . . "Father be good to us, we little children that don't know their A-B-C's. Teach us, Oh, Great Teacher". . . Somebody was sobbing. . .

Addie lifted her head. Something had happened. What had happened was that a spirit had come into the room. The minister had forgotten in his wor-

riment what he was doing; forgotten his calling, forgotten his husk; his voice had grown strident, insistent: "God, let's wipe it clean; let's look each other in the eye and see the truth and tell it and have the dirty business over with and begin all new again. There, that's right, that's right."

It was Ray sobbing. Frankie blubbered. Addie put her hand on his head. Little Frankie, little baby! And all of them! All gathered around the table again discussing the fields, the smiling fields, the fattening stock. All straight in the loving light of God again; all new.

"Amen."

They got up, all new. Joslin blew his nose. How worn to the bone he looked. It was funny to see his face wet with tears. He walked to the sink, still blowing his nose. He looked at the peach-butter can, still there, still full. Was he going, was he going, Oh, Glory, was he going to dump it out?

"There, yes brother, vengeance is mine saith the Lord, there, there. . . ."

"Mooo-ugh . . . Mooo-ugh." . . .

Joslin didn't dump it. Before they knew what he was about, there went both his own hands into it, right down to the coat-cuffs.

"There's for anything I may've done ever," he whistled through his teeth as he withdrew the hands, gray with the caustic that dripped on the linoleum. "Son," he said, turning to Ray, "if so be you got anything ——"

The overgrown boy had been through an overgrown hell these weeks. His diaphragm collapsed; he too ducked his hands to the cuffs; he too stood with them streaming. What deliverance! What brightness! Supper to-night!

And Addie was thinking, her eyes blind with water: "Supper to-night!"

"Well, wife?"

Through the blur she saw them watching, waiting. Their eyes went to the peach-butter can and came back to her again. Well, Ma? Well, wife?

While she stood there trying to fathom it the minister came softly and, taking one of Frankie's hands, curled its fingers around her thumb.

"'A little child shall lead them.'"

"*Not on your life!*"

For an instant after that their faces looked so blank it was comic. Then the heavenly bubble that filled the room was shattered and the air was thick.

"You won't, won't you!" Joslin spread his smarting hands on the table. Ray bawled: "You double-crosser, you!" And Joslin again: "*You won't, eh?*"

"*Not till hell freezes over, I won't!*"

Before the distracted arm of the minister could catch her she had the door opened, and slammed again behind her as she ran.

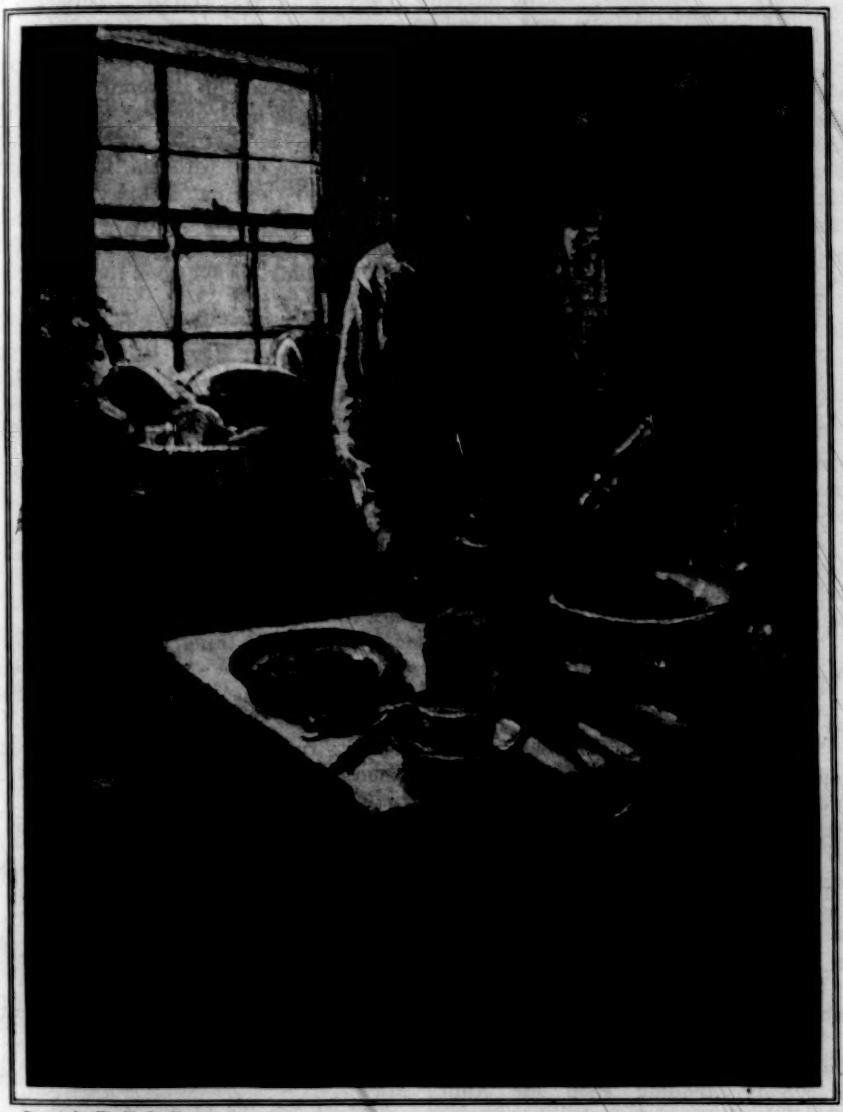
She stood panting in the middle of the yard, her knees half bent. A crescent moon in the west threw a phantom light across the world. She saw the white faces of the cows all staring at her across the bars at the lane, their black mouths all gaping at her. "Mooo-ugh!"

Turning, she fled around the corner of the house and down the path and out the gate and down the road that led to the valley of the Twinskill where she was born. . . .

Winter came and covered the mountain. In the short days the sun shone and there were occasional sounds. The long nights were silent. For a while in the early evening there was a light in the farmhouse on the ridge, but by eight it was gone. In the town of Twinshead, miles away but distinct in the bodiless air, lights burned in clusters till nine and ten and eleven.

November, December, January, February, March.

In late March a snow flurry met a cross wind and fell as rain. Another week and the gulleys were running water. Around the rags of drifts the earth seemed visibly to puff up, reawakened and wishful. One evening when Ray had got a mock of supper huddled together on the table and was about to light the lamp, he looked and blew out the match instead; a shaft of



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

RAY HAD GOT A MOCK OF SUPPER HUDDLED TOGETHER ON THE TABLE

pale magenta standing in at the windows from the west was enough to eat by. Spring had come.

With the coming of spring and the prying of light, the ravages of winter began to show themselves—to the eye, the nose, the cheated palate; even to the ear. When the beasts began to bawl, Frankie, who had been stupid all through the cold like any little animal that hibernates, began too. First to sniffle and then eternally, causelessly, to wail. Threats did no good.

His wailing wasn't the worst. He began to talk about his mother.

"When's my Mama coming home?"

"Hush your face and eat your supper."

"When's my Mama coming home?"

When nothing else served they sent him to bed. But next night as soon as it darkened he was at it again: "When's my Mama coming home?"

His father was a man; he could set his face like frozen leather and sit quiet behind it. But Ray couldn't. His nerves set him on the child.

"Your Mama? You ain't got no Mama, didn't you know that?"

"Ray," said his father, "eat! Think we want to be up all night?"

"Nothing I'd like better." Ray hulked over his plate for a few mouthfuls. But his nerves only got worse. An embittered restlessness pushed him to bravado. "Nothing I'd like better'n staying up all night once. I betcha one thing; I betcha Ma ain't going to bed no half-past seven or eight these nights in Twinshead. Huh-huh! Not Ma."

It kept at him. Doing the dishes later he resumed the attack.

"Not her, no sir! She knows when she's well off, I warrant you. Seeing everybody, tending shop for Aunt Hattie in the hat store, hearing everything going. And Aunt Hattie gives parties, too. Know what I heard to the store? Aunt Hattie give one party that Uncle Albert had every car from his garage lining the sidewalk to take the folks home. Don't you forget it, Pa!"

His father was reading the *Sentinel*.

"I won't forget it," he said in a steady careful voice, "if *you will*."

Forget it! Ray had planted the wind in his own soul; the whirlwind had him. Parties and cars, bright lights and goings-on. He couldn't sleep for thinking of them; all next morning was wishful bitterness. Springtime! It was he that ought to be out with the fellows and girls, and looking well, instead of penned in this makeshift life of two-legged pigs. With the afternoon a wild and weakling resolve took form. Well, he didn't care.

He got away; ran away, he didn't care. He went down to the store at the Crossing where there was a telephone booth. He got his aunt's house. His mother was at the hat store. He got the hat store. He didn't care.

"Ma, it's Ray. Ma, you having a good time?"

"Oh, Ray—yes, Ray; how are you, and how's Frankie?"

"He's all right. Ma, you having a nice time down there?"

"How's everything? How's the hay holding out? How's the cows, and have any of 'em come in yet? How are the hens for eggs?"

"All right, yes, O.K.; but you wouldn't fancy it up here, the good time you're having."

"Your Pa still got the lye-can waiting?"

"Ma, listen here, I'll dump it. I will! I will!"

"Your Pa wouldn't like that."

"I'm bigger'n Pa, Ma. I'm stouter'n Pa."

"Where's the use? Maybe you might see me dropping in, though."

"Ma! No! No, honest, Ma! Say, Ma—"

"Maybe it might be soon. Soon's to-night, maybe."

Ray got home breathless, praying his father hadn't yet come in. Luck was with him. For the last time he pawed together the leavings of things for their evening meal. The last time. Last time.

Frankie was at it again. "When's my Mama coming home?"

Ray paled. "Didn't I tell you you hadn't got no Mama?" His breathlessness wouldn't go. He made a saving to-do of getting his brother to bed, pulling the soiled blankets over him for the last time, for the last time.

His father was reading the *Sentinel;* he had read it seven times through in seven nights. Ray didn't wait to be told, he went at the dishes with a clatter. Puddling in the pan, he hadn't a thing in his mind but one—and that was as big as a mountain. A mountain at his elbow. There it stood, the peach-butter can, still in the same ring of dried slosh on the drain board, still full, each week's loss by evaporation made good with a dipper from the pump, as sure as church.

Hurry! Time was passing; no time to lose. At last he touched it with an accidental thumb. But not yet. He felt blown up like a Fair balloon.

"Pa," he tried at last, his face hot red, "this here can of slop here, it smells. How long we going to keep it, for Goll sake?"

Joslin turned a page and coughed. His bald spot looked sweaty but his voice was dry. "You heard her say herself. Till hell freezes over."

Time was passing. Ray thought once he heard a car in the distance. He looked at his father over his shoulder. "I'm bigger'n him, and stouter."

It was true, and he had never realized it till to-day. His father there was an old man. An old man with stooped shoulders and only a few hairs left, and they white, all in a season. A big bluff. He cleared his throat.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do; I'm going to dump it."

He laid hands on the sacred can. Then he let go, wheeled, and swallowed.

His father was halfway across the floor. He stopped with his feet wide apart and his jaw out. He began swearing in a low voice, words Ray had never heard. His veins stood out on his temples and his eyes looked crazy. Where was Ray's bulk and muscle now? He hadn't figured on this. He hadn't seen what his father looked like till to-day; he hadn't seen what his father *was* till now. He went around the other way of the table, wiping his hands on his pants, and sat down; and still he couldn't get away from those crazy eyes or from that low-toned, almost whispering voice.

"You meal-mouthed sissy; you son of something—no son of mine; you white-gutted skunk; you—you—"

At the full of it the door had opened and Addie stood there in it, a suitcase in either hand.

"Well?" she said.

In the silence, in the dark of the yard there was the sound of an engine and a crackle of frosted mud as tires backed, turned, and gathered way, and at the last a dying hail: "So-long, good-by."

"Well?" She set the suitcases down, closed the door, and faced them.

Ray sat there like a lump. He hadn't emptied the can; what could he do or say? Then there came a new dread. If she were to let anything out; if ever his father were to know about that telephone! He sat up. He tried to wink. He began to stammer, "How'd you c–c–come, Ma? If you'd 've told me I could 've dr–dr–drove down."

"Oh, no bother about that. A friend kindly offered to bring me up. Mr. Hedge, a gentleman that works for your Uncle Albert in the garage, he was so good as to drive me up. He's been very good to me this winter, Mr. Hedge has."

She returned her eyes to the wooden image of Joslin.

"Well?"

She looked so queer. So strange. She had on a nice dress that fitted her, a nice hat, and brown kid gloves which she began now to pull off, her hands looking white under them as they appeared. She seemed to have lost some flesh but she had good color, high color, and her eyes were bright.

"Well?" she said for the fourth time. "Where's Frankie, in bed? I brought

him a present; isn't it pretty?" She had it out in her hand, a bright, brand-new harmonica. "I hope he'll like it and be satisfied."

Joslin stirred. He ran a sleeve over his mouth and backed away two or three stiff steps till he stood by the drainboard. His eyes still looked crazy and his voice was still low, almost a whisper.

"Well, you keep on saying 'Well?' Well what? Has hell froze over?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, long ago."

If there was anything on her face it was like a smile.

"Well, wife?"

"Oh, yes." She walked to the drainboard and, laying her gloves and the harmonica among the dishes, she dipped her hands into the lye, then drew them out and held them away to dribble on the floor. A spot of pink lay on either cheek-bone and her eyes were as shiny as dry diamonds.

"Now," she said in a queer light voice, "I hope we're all satisfied."

It was too sudden for Joslin and too complete; the strain of being adamant when he was only flesh-and-blood had been too long. All he could do was blow his nose and mumble: "There, Addie my girl, good girl. . . ."

Ray went to pieces too. With him it was all the winter's bitterness. His face down in his hands, he cried: "Aw, if you was going to do it, why for Goll sake couldn't you've done it last fall and had it done with, Ma?"

Addie had a slow brain. She stared at happy Joslin, then at Ray.

"Why couldn't I—" She stopped there. A slow brain, but it arrived.

Another moment and the room was filled with a soft sound of laughter.

She left them and went upstairs. She passed into Frankie's room and stood looking down at him in the little moonlight from the window.

The thought came to her: "You'd say I ought to kneel down." But she didn't; she sat on the bed's edge. "I oughtn't to give him this, or at least I should think I'd think I oughtn't." But she slid the new harmonica under his pillow. "I'd always have supposed I'd have cried for shame." She bent and kissed his hair and went to her own room.

She stood at the window gazing out. Under the moon the farm sloped away, gently swelling smooth fields like pale breasts on the mountain against the black hem of the woods below.

The thought that came to her in the top layer was: We'll sow it in rye this year; I like the green of rye growing; the oats can go in the waste piece. But that's so, there isn't any waste piece any more.

In the bottom layer of her thoughts was this: I'll make it yield because it belongs to me; it's part of me—the land, the stock, the men. But I'm not part of it. I'm not its property; I'm my own. I can go have a time in town with George and them, or I can stay here. And because I want to stay here, I'll stay, and I'll make it yield.

"How 'd you like some buckwheat cakes to go to bed on?" she called down presently from the top of the stairs. . . .

A FATHER OF THE REVOLUTION

Portrait of the Amiable Lord North

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

THERE is a sadness about statues. One commends it to those sensitive observers who distill their finer feelings from the aspect of old buildings, from bare trees seen against evening skies, from the slow lunging flight of swans across still Irish lakes. They might do worse sometimes than spare attention for the depressing qualities of statues. Some, perhaps, are sadder than others. Statues in gardens have a neglected air which makes an irresistible appeal.

Memorial sculpture on consecrated ground has, possibly, an unfair advantage. But saddest of all are those strange effigies of public men with which all civilized communities love to punctuate their open spaces. They dispense a melancholy which challenges and baffles analysis. Perhaps it comes from the sad fact that their originals are almost always dead. For the statuary is never far removed from the monumental mason. Or it may derive from their appealing stillness in the midst of movement. They stand, those mournful watchers of the traffic, so motionless in their rigid draperies. Strangers disagree about their identity; birds alight upon them; shifting tides flow round their pedestals. The hand is half-raised in its eternal gesture; the blank eyes look down beneath the marble hair, through which no wind can blow; and the dismal effigy rides its spirited horse in a perpetual attitude of immobile triumph. One sometimes wonders that few passers stop to weep at the sad spectacle. For there is nothing frivolous about a statue: sculpture is, perhaps, the only art which has no humor.

But there is possibly a deeper reason for the sadness of statues. The sites for these depressing objects are selected with an exquisite perversity; and almost invariably they are erected in the wrong place. Statesmen at crossroads may have a vague significance. But soldiers should not prance in palpably civilian streets; economists are out of place in gardens; and there is a positive discourtesy in placing royal persons just outside exclusive clubs. This ineptitude is not confined to the blunder which erects statues in the wrong quarter of the town. For quite often they are in the wrong country, too. Thus Lord Beaconsfield, whose main achievement was the preservation of the Turkish Empire, broods in bronze above the traffic in Parliament Square; while his effigy is almost unknown at Angora, and even in Constantinople that stately silhouette is strangely unfamiliar. Columbus, by the same wild inconsequence, adorns a quay-side at Genoa where a grateful Italy repays in bronze the debts of America; and Mr. Gladstone, whom thankful Greeks might have crowned with olive, confronts the indifferent Strand. A well-meaning committee, which ministers patiently to the exquisite misunderstanding of two continents, has even deepened the confusion by erecting in the ungrateful heart of London memorials to two benefactors of the United States. For one may venerate the work of Washington and Lincoln without desiring to see it so irrelevantly commemorated in the capital which one injured deeply and the other never affected in the least.

The place of statues is dictated too

often by the accident of birth or the far stranger hazard of a subscription list, too rarely by the truer test of a man's real achievement. His image, if we must have it, should stand where he leaves benefits behind him. The place for Napoleon is far less in France, which he helped to weaken, than in the grateful squares of Germany and Italy, which he united. That work should have earned him a throne in every *Siegesallée*, a marble niche in every Valhalla ever hewn from the colossal quarry of German gratitude. King George III is out of place in Cockspur street. That neat military figure, when America pays her historical debts, will ride down Broadway. For he helped, more than most men for whom the claim is made, to found the United States. A similar piety should impel every town in the Union to erect a statue of Lord North. With that monument in view these notes may serve, perhaps, as a foundation for the public appeal. A modest pedestal might proclaim that, though not strictly a Son of Liberty, he was yet a Father of the Revolution.

This embarrassed man, who was (with his sovereign and General Washington) the official architect of the Republic, was a person of family. He had an ancestor whose rare political agility enabled him successively to support Lady Jane Grey, to take office from Queen Mary, and twice to entertain Elizabeth. Another fought at Blenheim and had a sister—the marvel of her age—who "emaciated herself with study" and, becoming by these drastic means familiar with the Latin, Greek, and Oriental tongues, died of a sedentary distemper. As King Charles followed King James and King James succeeded to King Charles, the Norths married judiciously and throve at Court, while younger sons embraced the Church, the law, and even letters. A pious North preached before Charles II at Newmarket and raised (it is to be hoped) his hearer's thoughts from that low environment. Another, fortified by the precept that a glass of wine is the equivalent of exercise for sedentary persons, even scaled the Woolsack and, sedentary there, kept his sovereign's conscience. That aphorism was perhaps the family's chief contribution to medicine, just as its highest achievement in physical science was the discovery of the springs at Tunbridge Wells.

This little nest of pensioners twittered happily through the first sunny years of the Eighteenth Century. The reigning North took the head of the long dining table at Wroxton; and attendant Norths admired the pictures (the Lord Keeper was extremely fine, and there was a lively portrait of Prince Henry "about twelve years old, drawing his sword to kill a stag") or enjoyed the noble prospect of a lake which tumbled obligingly, with due regard to the laws of perspective, over "a fine cascade." The seventh Baron served his country in the Bedchamber of Frederick, Prince of Wales. He added a library to Wroxton, built a new chapel "in a pretty Gothic taste," and erected an obelisk in the park to his royal master *in loci amœnitatem et memoriam adventûs ejus*. Such loyalty was hardly too well rewarded when the Prince stood godfather to his companion's heir and the happy child received the name of Frederick.

Thus early was the young brow of North fanned by the breeze of royal favor. His father was assiduous as Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, rose to be Governor to his royal son, and dreamed of an earldom. The accomplished Baron (had he not built a library?) directed the studies of Prince George; and by a queer conjunction the father of Lord North played tutor for five months to George III. But the dreadful tennis-ball removed his master; he died in French and, with a corresponding elegance, there were cards in the next room. But as the busy candles moved about Carlton House his Lord of the Bedchamber was sent through the spring night to take the news along the Mall to the King. There were cards at

LORD NORTH

"Below the powdered regularity of dressed hair his eyes stared hard."

(From a painting by N. Dance)

the palace, too, that evening; and the sovereign, who was looking over a table, received the sad announcement with mild surprise. The little Prince became a Prince of Wales; and his noble Governor was superseded by an Earl, although Mr. Walpole thought that "there was no objection but his having a glimpse of parts more than the new one." But he got his earldom.

So the latest North breathed an exalted air, while his father was away at Kew in waiting; and the little Frederick bore the proud burden of his royal name through the big rooms at Wroxton. There was a strange look of his Han-

overian godfather in the vague, protruding eyes; and as he aged he even seemed to carry loyalty to the odd length of reproducing his sovereign's profile. An arch whisper gave him credit for royal blood. But there was no ground for the scandal beyond the faint surviving flavor of Prince Frederick's reputation. His little godson was indeed to serve the royal House, which he so resembled.

But the boy was not yet in the King's service. His mother died; and his father, a frequent bridegroom, married two more for him. A small stepbrother shared his chicken pox; and the young mind was sent to Eton, to be formed for seven years upon that anvil of true sagacity, Latin verse. A candid tutor called him "a blundering blockhead, and if you are Prime Minister, it will always be the same"; whilst more graceful pens commended his blushing parents upon his judgment, taste, and scholarship, adding (more credibly, perhaps) that he was extremely popular. From these scholastic triumphs and the performance of a small part in Addison's *Cato* before the Prince of Wales he passed to Oxford, still whispering from her towers (so Gothic, yet so refined) the last enchantments of the Middle Age. An ornament of Trinity College, he was rewarded almost at once with a Master's degree in recognition, no doubt, of his noble birth and of that "uniform attention to the minuter points of duty," which so impressed his tutor. The course of his studies is unknown; but there, or in private reading, he acquired that graceful familiarity with stray fragments of dead languages which marked him for public life. The boy was capable and witty; although upon one occasion he wrote, with rare ineptitude, to congratulate his father on having the gout. This ill-timed felicitation earned a stern denial that gout was "a matter for congratulation when it comes to a healthy person, though it may be a great relief to a person labouring under worse distempers," together with the more suitable reflection of his suffering parent that "the Christian religion . . . seems to be the only solid foundation for constant cheerfulness."

But Latin tags and Court connections were not his sole equipment. He trod, with rare persistence, the long road of the Grand Tour, posting industriously about Europe in pursuit of learning. He visited Leyden in search of the Law of Nations; he lay at Leipzig and was distressed by a "want of good butter"; he found an Italian master at Vienna and a ball at Milan; parties in Rome were more frequent than in Mr. Walpole's day, when he had disconsolately watched the nobility "mope in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori"; and there was still, there was always Paris. But he brought home with him something more than the usual catalogue of inns and post chaises. His French was fluent; he danced "the most graceful minuet of any young man of his day"; he could be agreeable in Italian; and he possessed the rarer accomplishment of German recitation, including within his range an invocation which began *Komm, Doris, komm.* So this cheerful young man, whose *ton* was perfect in spite of a poor appearance, came upon the town. He had a turn of wit, a fund of classical quotation, and a father. The choice of a career was plain; and at twenty-two he entered Parliament.

His rise was discreetly slow. At twenty-five he seconded the Address; at twenty-seven he got a place. He roared with agreeable impartiality for Mr. Pitt, Lord Bute, and Mr. Grenville. He vindicated the cause of order against the atrocious Wilkes. He raised what Mr. Walpole termed his *bellow* in defense of ministers; and for political principles this vociferous understrapper, whose thick voice "rumbled" like stage thunder at the Whigs, seemed to share the strange ideal of Mr. Pitt and his sovereign. For both men (and with them Lord North) believed that England should be governed by national ministers, uncontrolled by faction. That belief, which was challenged by the stricter

Whigs, united the queer trio. It lighted in Mr. Pitt an unwavering faith in the non-party dictatorship of Mr. Pitt; it sent the King groping vaguely after Bolingbroke's ideal of a *Patriot King*, who should "espouse no party"; and it kept Lord North in command of an odd crew of King's Friends at the national helm, where (like the incautious Palinurus) he not infrequently slept. Thus the same road which had led to Minden and Plassey and the Heights of Abraham, ended at Yorktown and Saratoga; and North was, in many ways, the heir of Chatham. Indeed this queer political paternity was almost acknowledged when he urged an angry King in later years to increase Pitt's pension. The sage disciple kept his place while the King conducted his first experiment in national government. But when the Whigs returned in force and the blameless Rockingham made him an offer, Frederick "goggled his eyes, and groped in his money-pocket; more than half consented; nay, so much more, that when he got home he wrote an excuse to Lord Rockingham"; and so preserved the chastity of his ideal. The Whigs were tried and found even themselves wanting. Faction had failed; and Chatham marched back to place behind the national banner.

Remembering North's patriotic ideals the King offered him a minor office in a letter of tremendous courtesy. The efficiency of the King's service, the political life of his Government, and the continued happiness of Chatham appeared to depend upon Lord North's acceptance of the post of Joint Paymaster-General. He complied; and the world went on again. But the stout young man had higher prospects. His gifts were scarcely meretricious; but the House of Commons forms strange attachments, and he was undeniably liked by that queer assembly. Twelve years in Parliament had made him a sound debater. His manner, as Burke observed it—"the noble lord who spoke last, after extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes and moving his ponderous frame, has at length opened his mouth"—was deplorable. But an easy wit and his unfailing temper saved him; the solemn Grenville talked gravely of his "great promise and high qualifications," and even Townshend could cheerfully point out "that great, heavy, booby-looking seeming changeling" and prophesy with rare precision that "if anything should happen to me, he will succeed to my place, and very shortly after come to be First Commissioner of the Treasury." Brilliant as ever, Townshend fulfilled his own prediction; he died, and left the Treasury to North, who was promoted Chancellor of the Exchequer at thirty-five. Three years of apprenticeship remained in which he displayed once more that "uniform attention to the minuter points of duty," introduced judicious Budgets, and earned a reputation for sober qualities. But the King was growing restive as ministers became more Whiggish; and at last, on January 23, 1770, at "40 minutes past 10 a. m." he turned to North, and North accepted.

They were an odd pair, the two young men with their smooth faces and protruding eyes. Friendship and official duty had united their fathers; but the sons, with a rarer unanimity, seemed to share a single profile. Both brows, both chins receded with a common design; and below the powdered regularity of dressed hair each pair of eyes stared hard in the comic fierceness of weak sight. The King was thirty-two and knew his mind. The minister was thirty-eight and, more judicious, knew his place. For, inclined to compliance by his natural good manners, North held a doctrine which rendered his sovereign almost irresistible. Sharing Lord Chatham's queer *marotte* that party was less than country, he added a yet stranger notion of his own that the country was personified in its King. For him the voice that spoke in jerks was England's; an embodied nation showered minute

instructions upon him; and when his country issued its orders from the Queen's House at "2 min. pt. 5 p. m." and "57 min. pt. 11 a. m.," disobedience was almost treasonable. Such a minister was unlikely to defy the Crown.

Indeed, since he firmly denied the existence of his own office, it was doubtful how far he was prepared to dominate his colleagues. For his daughter remembered how "he would never allow us to call him Prime Minister, saying, there was no such thing in the British Constitution"; and he once told the House of Commons that "he did not think the constitution authorized such a character. He stood responsible as one of his Majesty's Cabinet Council, but not as that animal called a Prime Minister." Some vague duties of leadership were performed by a functionary termed "Minister of the House of Commons." But Dr. Johnson, ever avid for authority, could complain that "there is now no Prime Minister; he is only agent for Government in the House of Commons." Cabinets were intermittent; ministers rarely shared responsibility for the acts of their colleagues; and the King was steadily becoming head of his own Executive. So, in his duties as well as in himself, the new minister was hardly such stuff as Pitts are made of.

This obliging person, who managed the House of Commons with his monocle and his little jokes, brought in a reputation for "very good parts, quickness, great knowledge, and (strangest praise of all) activity." His virtues, and to a large extent his work, were those of a party Whip. He smiled; he promised places; he sometimes threatened; but he offended no one. Argument was mainly left to his Law Officers—to the terrifying play of Thurlow's eyebrows and the painfully precise articulation of Wedderburn, still striving to repress an irrepressible Scottish accent. But majorities obeyed the bland persuasive man who sat between them and seemed to sleep as dreamlessly as though the Treasury Bench had been a Chinese summer house at Wroxton. Mr. Gibbon might quote Virgil upon the fate of Palinurus; writers of catches were mildly disrespectful about *Boreas;* and caricaturists reveled in the cosy outline of "the Badger" who (with the Fox) was their delight for a generation. But North's tellers always brought back a majority from the lobby. Political management was his art; and for four years his sovereign rarely corresponded with him upon larger topics. The ministry was engaged upon a solution of the problem of Indian government which displayed a real sense of responsibility for Indian welfare. Its Canadian policy, with toleration for French law and Catholic worship, startled the neighboring Protestants of Philadelphia into illiberal protests against its bold treatment of "a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." But the King's frequent minutes to his minister dealt with the more immediate problems of division lists, incumbencies, Court vacancies, and Regius Professorships; until, at "46 min. pt. 6 p. m." on a winter evening in 1774, he discussed "the mode of compelling Boston to submit to whatever may be thought necessary." General Gage had used heroic language at the palace about "lyons" and "lambs"; and his delighted sovereign, flown with these lively metaphors, presented Lord North with the American question.

The prospect was uninviting. Other problems might be solved by an application of common sense. North and his colleagues had shown a real capacity for imperial matters; the India Act and the Canadian settlement were just and intelligent. For in both cases they had been free to determine policy without regard to past errors or old commitments. But America, in 1774, had a long and awkward history. Almost every group in English politics was committed by some former action to oppos-

ing the Colonial claims. Mr. Grenville had taxed; the Whigs had repealed the tax but, with unhappy pedantry, reserved the right; Mr. Townshend had taxed again. North himself at the Exchequer maintained the tea duty; and as Prime Minister he "heartily wished to repeal the whole of the law, from this conciliating principle, if there had been a possibility of repealing it without giving up that just right which I shall ever wish the mother country to possess, the right of taxing the Americans." That dismal point of law, upon which he conceived "the controuling supremacy of England" to rest, was common ground in almost every quarter of the House. Whigs, King's Friends, and Tories were equally committed to it. No Ajax could have defied that collective lightning. Even Lord Chatham, by the intermittent glare of his suburban Sinai, had desired somehow to assert "the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies"; and Mr. Burke still praised the fatal pedantry of the Declaratory Act.

Boston was out against taxation; and North's problem in 1774 was to determine the direction of British policy. But he was hardly free to choose. For his main concern was to keep a majority for the King's government; and if he wavered upon taxation he could not take ten members with him into the lobby. That factor was decisive. Nine years of tangled politics had created a permanent majority for American taxation; and North, whatever his opinions, could not defy it. The King, the Whigs, the Tories all dictated his decision; and, upon grounds within the comprehension of any party Whip, he settled the future of the Colonial Empire. So with a failing heart he resolved to break the will of Boston. Another factor must, one feels, have inclined him to the same inevitable choice. The Colonial cause had, unfortunately, become the cause of disorder. It mobbed, it tarred and feathered, it fired revenue cutters and boarded East-Indiamen at anchor. England had lived, was living through an awkward phase of popular tumult in which the sinister grimace of Mr. Wilkes seemed to preside over a whirling Brocken of Middlesex electors. The sawyers rose; the sailors marched on Westminster; the coal heavers "robbed in companies and murdered wherever they came." Gin and torchlight flared together in the London streets; and a cool observer of the English scene in 1774 must have predicted that the mob would fire the Tower of London long before their friends in Paris ventured to storm the Bastille.

In this uneasy stir ministers were unnaturally firm. North, always steady, watched a mob break up his carriage, heard the crash of glass when the stones came through his windows, and saw his postilion reel in the saddle as a pistol shot cracked on Hounslow Heath. But the stubborn mood in which they rode out the storm was unfriendly to quiet negotiation with popular risings. Seen from three thousand miles away, Boston was not unlike the London mob. So, both in London and overseas, North and the King held firm. They turned on Boston as they had turned on Southwark; and Boston made the war.

From that point the slope dropped steeply away. In '74, when the Revolution seemed an affair of street fighting in a single town and the Boston Port Act was to save the Empire, he still hoped that "four or five frigates will do the business without any military force." In '75 he was for non-taxation, "ready to punish, but . . . nevertheless ready to forgive"; insisting only that the Americans should tax themselves, and scandalizing strict patriots by his disgraceful willingness to "treat with rebels." But the repression of Boston had done its work. The shots at Lexington deepened, after eight weeks, into a steady roll of musketry on Bunker Hill—and North had unintentionally made the United States. His conduct of the war lacked fire. His sovereign might exclaim that "blows must decide" and cheerfully announce that "every means of distressing America must meet

with my concurrence." The royal pew was full of plans and angry Admirals gathered in every corner of the House of Commons.

But the Prime Minister had little taste for strategy. With an intelligence rare among civilian statesmen in time of war, he left the war to soldiers. His distaste was deepened by a vague foreboding of the result. While the official imagination of 1777 watched Burgoyne and Clinton racing for laurels along the Hudson, North could write that a despatch "is very unpleasant and begins to make me feel rather uncomfortable"; and even before the news of Saratoga he was half inclined to "take advantage of the flourishing state of our affairs to get out of this d——d war." The flavor of defeat depressed him; his health was poor; he broke his arm in a riding accident; and money worries (since he was an honest steward of the public corruption) weighed on him. After Saratoga the French, with ostentatious chivalry, joined the winning side; the fleet was unready; the armies fumbled vaguely about New England; and North, in a final effort for peace, seemed to acknowledge independence "not *verbally* yet *virtually*." He turned, as men in danger always turned, to Chatham. But the King, who had a steadier nerve and detested unruly genius, clung with embarrassing affection to Lord North; and Chatham sat muttering at Hayes until the day when, led in by two young men, he limped on crutches to his place, made his last strangled speech, and fell gasping in the House of Lords.

The war dragged on; and North interminably tried to escape from office. But his inexorable correspondent at the Queen's House pointed to duty, appealed to friendship, alluded to desertion in the hour of danger, referred with touching frequency to the Constitution —"the most beautiful combination that ever was framed"—and even, with rarer condescension, to the feelings of a man. "Year after year," as North said later, "I entreated to be allowed to resign, but I was not allowed." He played like an actor who dislikes his part. "I hate," he wrote, "my situation." Indeed the emotion was not surprising. Most men would have been broken by those years. Revolution in America; war with France, Spain, and Holland; a growing menace in Ireland; and a new war in India composed the picture. The soldiers failed; even the sailors were only intermittently successful. There was an alarming interlude when for four days the town was mad for "No Popery" and Lord George Gordon. The sky was red over London with the dull glare of burning houses, and strange figures crouched and ran with blue cockades and broken railings carried at the trail like pikes.

As the prospect darkened even Parliament found its voice and North's majorities began to dwindle. British defeats are the most sustaining nourishment of British Oppositions; and the Whig murmur deepened in the gathering gloom. The pack was after him. It charged "the noble Lord in the blue ribbon" with incompetence, treachery, stupidity, even (on a day when he had lost a son) corruption. But he struggled on until the news of Yorktown came and North took it "as he would have taken a ball in his breast, opening his arms and exclaiming wildly, 'O God! it is all over.'" Four months later he was out and subsided with a smile into private life, while Dr. Johnson grimly entered in his little book: "The Ministry is dissolved; I prayed with Francis and gave thanks." The Colonies were free; and North had earned his statue.

PREVENTING BUSINESS DEPRESSIONS AND BOOMS

The New Method of Scientific Planning

BY CARL SNYDER

THERE is varied evidence that long before any written history the trade routes, of Europe and Asia at least, were almost as extended as, say, in the days of Columbus and Vasco da Gama. They ranged from the Baltic to India and even beyond. But it was largely barter and in small sailboats and galleys; and a year's volume of it probably would not equal a day's movement of goods between New York and Buffalo. So vast has this trade become under the ægis of steam that even in this country alone its extent transcends the imagination.

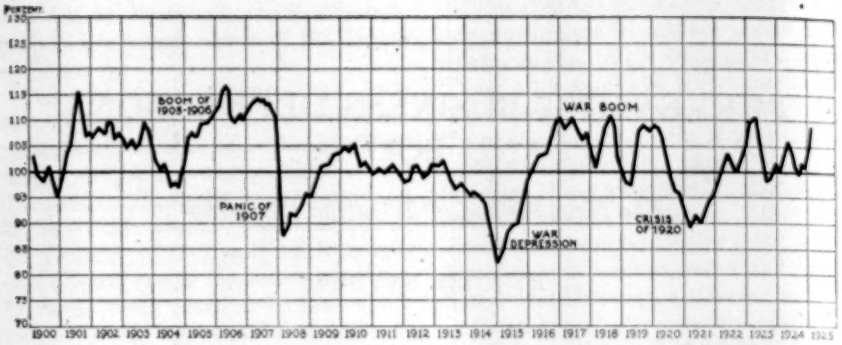
Very recently we have attempted a measure in the only unit that will serve every variety and kind. The larger part of trade and commerce is now carried on by means of bank checks; actual cash transactions have come to count for relatively little. This year the total of bank checks drawn in this country will probably amount to close upon 600 thousand millions of dollars—600 milliards, or as we say so incorrectly, "billions." Payments in actual money would probably run to fifteen per cent more, possibly beyond this, so that the gross total of transactions which the trade of the country involves would undoubtedly run very near to or over 700 of our "billions." To our old friend the standard "average family" this would mean transactions to the amount of over twenty-five thousand dollars each year for every family unit.

It is from this incredible volume of exchanges that our livelihood or national income is derived. This income, according to estimates made by the National Bureau of Economic Research, now amounts to something like 60 or 70 "billions" of dollars; so that what we call business, or trade, means a turnover of something like ten dollars for every dollar of actual income. There exists no similar measures of trade for other countries but we can get a rough idea of them from their national income; and we know that, measured in terms of money, our national income is somewhere near three times that of either Great Britain or Germany or France and probably more than all three of them combined.

This of course does not mean "real" income because the scale and standard of expenditure, and in general the cost of things in other countries, is not nearly so high as in the United States; so these estimates are, in a sense, quite misleading. But if we want to enjoy our Bigness—and evidently a great majority of us do—it is quite safe to say that the total trade of the United States is at least equal to that of the next four most important commercial nations of the world.

But what is of very real interest to us, far beyond any question of positive measures, is how this fabulous volume of trade varies from year to year (and also how it grows), for it is the changes in this volume which so deeply affect our income and make up what we call prosperity and "hard times"—at least this was what we used to call them; "depressions" is the word we use now.

It is singular how this phrase of "hard times" has almost dropped out of our



THE TREND OF AMERICAN BUSINESS IN THE PAST QUARTER-CENTURY

The line at 100 represents the normal growth of business, and the peaks and valleys in the wavy black line show the booms and depressions during this period.

popular and newspaper vocabulary. And yet these "hard times" were once a very real thing, celebrated in familiar songs, and often of quite regular occurrence throughout the last century and more. What is still more notable is that up to the end of the last century these long grinding depressions seemed, to those who observed them and considered these matters very carefully, to be steadily growing worse. It is quite interesting now to reflect upon the quantity of literature, or whatever one may care to call it, that used to appear about these matters and the confident predictions that were made. These vaticinations have failed so signally that it makes one wonder whether any guesses now of the future can be any more reliable. But there is one great difference between the discussions of that day and of this: that the writers of this former day dealt largely with what the chemists would call qualitative rather than quantitative knowledge.

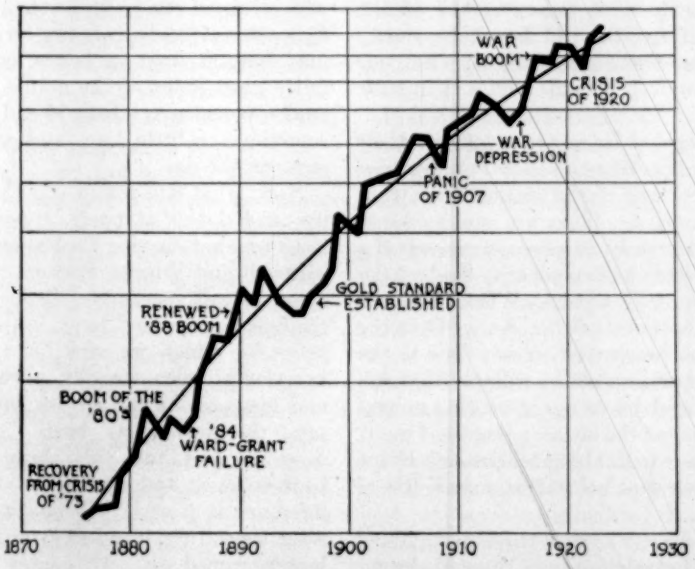
They were largely newspaper reports of things, for the chances for accurate measurement were few. We now know very definitely that instead of these depressions or hard times getting worse they have been steadily growing milder, until in the last quarter-century the old phrases have become outworn. And we know too that even while all these bold and often fervid prognostics were being made, foretelling "the collapse of our modern civilization" and all the rest, this steady amelioration was going on, and probably had been going on for a long time.

We now have careful and reliable measures of this volume of trade, and of its ups and downs, running back a full half-century; and what a study of popular accounts and ordinary talk of the day would then suggest can now be depicted in charts and graphs and even closely measured in actual percentages of variation from what we call the normal line or rate of growth. So one thing that is quite new and definite is the proof that our modern industrial civilization is not going to the bow-wows any more than it is being destroyed by the foolish "class wars" of Karl Marx and his followers; but is steadily growing more strongly and highly integrated, more stable, and more efficient, meaning thereby that the average livelihood is becoming surer and the chances of starvation, even for the most poorly equipped members of society, growing less and less, and that we may confidently look forward to a day when what we call poverty will be practically extinct. A highly remarkable prospect! But how do we know this, and how can we be so certain?

It seems a rather far cry from these questions of social misery and social well-

being to problems of banking. But we have learned in the late War, and especially in its aftermath, what the economists have long suspected and some of them have preached—that a knowledge of these matters is quite as vital to good banking and to the proper use of our credit machinery as it is to the students of social questions. So an investigation was begun several years ago towards obtaining those definite measures which alone could yield sure knowledge, and this work is now largely completed. The methods that were followed were the same as those of any other scientific inquiry, and these in turn do not differ very greatly from the methods of everyday life—for example, surveying. If you wish to buy a piece of land you ask the surveyor to come and measure it. And how does he do it? Largely by the simplest methods of triangulation, that is, actually measuring a little piece, or sample, and then by means of his telescope or theodolite, as he calls it, comparing and measuring all the rest. So also does the astronomer when he measures the distance of the moon or the sun or the infinitely distant stars.

We have done the same. The War gave a quite remarkable stimulus to every kind of industrial and commercial numeration—what is so clumsily called "statistics"; and Mr. Hoover, since his accession, has encouraged this idea in every way. So that for the last five or six years at least we have had an astonishingly wide sampling of business activity in almost every form. In a new index of the Volume of Trade we were able to include, for this period at least, some fifty-six independently calculated series, sampling almost everything in the way of business measures from all our old friends such as bank clearings, pig-iron production, employment, and imports and exports, to new measures of wholesale and retail trade, the most diversified forms of industry: car loadings, electrical power production, and even such things as the volume of new life-insurance written, advertising, amounts paid for amusements, and speculation in stocks and cotton and grain.



THE RISE OF BUSINESS IN FIFTY YEARS

The heavy line depicts the ups and downs of the irregular course of business in the United States in the last half-century. The light line shows the trend or average rate of growth.

All these were combined into what is known as a weighted index, that is, one giving each of the fifty-six items a weight according to its importance and representative value; and this composite index is now available by months from January, 1919. Each of these series was calculated in terms of its normal rate of growth or computed trend of past years.

Thus if the amount of cotton consumed by the cotton mills in this country has shown, like the population of the country during the last eighty years, a very definite and characteristic rate of growth—interrupted only by the Civil War—then we may compute this rate or trend, as the mathematicians call it, and then measure the variations from this trend, in any given month or year, in percentages of the normal or expected amounts. Practically every industry and form of trade activity, taken separately, shows such a characteristic rate of growth; but almost always, if you take the period long enough, this shows a steadily decreasing tendency.

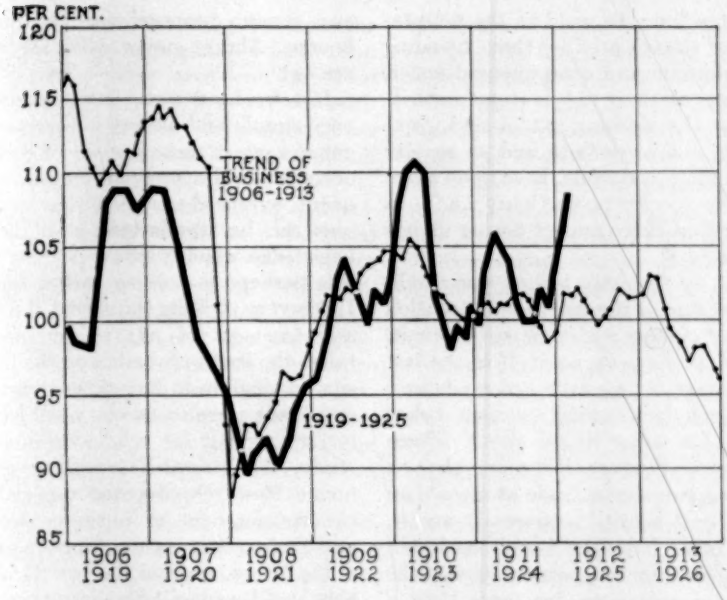
All this corresponds closely to our rate of growth in population, which was very high in the first enumerations of the Young Republic and has been slowly declining ever since, forming what our mathematical friends call a parabolic trend.

Obviously, if we can put in their proper importance all these monthly percentages, and if the sampling is truly representative, then we can compute very accurately in percentages what a change from high prosperity to deep depression really means. What this composite shows is that the change from the fictitious prosperity of war-time to the deep depression of the collapse that followed, and back again to the general well-being of the last two years and more, is a change from about ten per cent above to ten per cent below this normal line of growth.

As a matter of fact these percentages are the outside limits of the real change for the whole country, since almost all the material or "data" which we possess relates to urban activity and large-scale production, and very little to the small-town and farm activity and small-scale production. Actually the change from the peaks of good times to the troughs of bad times may be something on the order of five or eight per cent above or below this normal line. How does all this compare with former days?

Building on the foundations of the last five or six years of business it was possible to construct other measures, by months, running back fifty years. One of these was bank clearings, after allowance was made for the wide changes in the general level of prices which have occurred within this period. Another was the variations in the so-called rate of turnover of bank deposits—the amount of checks drawn each month against the average amount of deposits in the banks of various cities. Another was the output of pig iron each month, making allowance for the fact that as the oscillations of actual trade have been growing steadily less, those of pig iron production have been growing rather wilder than before. And still another was the stock market, which turned out to be no such reliable forecaster of trade as many have imagined but, at least in latter days, is a fairly good index of the actual state of trade—sometimes a little ahead of time, sometimes a little late, and at others right on the dot.

Now, what was found was that these ups and downs of trade, these oscillations which, following Professors Wesley Mitchell and Warren Persons, we have come to call (perhaps a little hardily) the business "cycle" have, in these fifty years for which we now have definite knowledge, been steadily growing less and less; or, as the electricians would say, the wave has been "damping down." And, as this damping has been so even and continuous, the clear inference is that it will continue until what we call the business cycle has been largely ironed out. Of course we shall always have wide variations in different industries and lines of activity as the



THE STRIKING RESEMBLANCE OF TWO PERIODS OF BUSINESS

The two lines showing the course of trade from 1906 to 1913, and from 1919 to 1925, reveal how similar were the tendencies of the two periods.

leaders in these different groups make good or bad guesses as to what the demand or consumption will be in their particular lines. But these bad guesses or overestimates will scarcely be so synchronous and general as to prostrate the whole country in grinding periods of distress such as we had in the Nineties, in the Seventies, and so often in earlier times. Now that we know definitely and in numerical terms just what the business cycle is and what it means, there seems much less likelihood of a return to those prolonged periods of workless millions that we used to have. If we should it would seem like the stupidest of all crimes—that of needless ignorance.

This seems like saying that we really know definitely just what causes these waves or "cycles" of business activity and therefore may anticipate them, but this would be an overstatement. Of theories there is no end. We find a Sir William Petty writing on cycles of Dearths and Plenties away back in 1662, a generation before the Bank of England was founded. And, for that matter, we know that Joseph in Egypt was utilizing the cycle idea to forecast economic conditions perhaps two thousand years before Sir William.

In more modern times we have had Professor Stanley Jevons' famous "sunspot theory" to account for the varying fertility of the earth, and the very latest developments in astrophysics have given a far greater plausibility to this idea than most economists are aware, although the cycle of crop yields may not have any more distinct regularity than we find in the actual measurements of business. Similar thoughts of some definite physical causation have been the basis of some interesting work in our own day by Professor Henry L. Moore who, like the ancient Greeks, looks to the influence of Venus as an inciting cause!

More widely accepted are the views of those who, like Professor Mitchell, seek the mainsprings in the mechanism of business and trade itself and, if you please, in human nature and the tradi-

tional tendency to yield to the temptations of large profits—thus breeding overexpansion and consequent disaster. The force of these observations is obvious, but the working out of such principles is not so definite and so regular that we may, as a rule, base upon them any very specific predictions; and it is evident that there are yet deeper underlying factors.

What we formerly lacked was a reliable measure of the extent and duration of these cycles, and now we have it. And so we may say now: If in the last quarter-century we have had no depression which has carried business below normal for more than about fifteen months, and never for more than a month or two shown trade at more than ten per cent below this normal; and if, on the other hand, no boom has lasted much more than two years or carried the volume of exchanges for more than a month or two much beyond this same ten per cent above the line of normal growth; and if, further, the waves or cycles of the last twenty-five years have been distinctly less in amplitude, as the physicists would say, than in the previous twenty-five years—then it seems as if we might have reasonable assurance that the next twenty-five years would show no more violent ups and downs than the last twenty-five and in all probability would show less. So for our purpose here we need not needfully indulge in the pleasant pastime of spinning ingenious theories to guide us on our business way.

If every business man were fully informed of the facts which are now available, the chances are large that we should have no such wild booms as we have had in the past and even as late as five years ago. And with no booms —no depressions and no hard times. This at least seems certain. The singular thing about all the theories and "cures" for depressions and hard times, which appear like flocks of croaking ravens whenever these waves of distress come, is that there has rarely been any serious proposal for the cure of booms. Almost never when the booms are on!

But we have now, it would seem, a very simple and almost automatic safeguard against these periods of excessive optimism and overexpansion and consequent overproduction—if our business men can be familiarized with the new knowledge which we now possess. And this perhaps is coming rather quickly. It is a very striking thing that the oldest and foremost of our universities has taken the lead in broadening the university curriculum to include even business and trade phenomena as a subject not for trifling but for intensive university study. The Harvard Committee of Economic Research, devoted especially to the development of business statistics and their use as means of anticipations of the future, and the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration which has recently acquired an endowment of over five millions of dollars, are probably the most outstanding educational developments of this generation; finely maintaining the spirit and tradition which has characterized that institution since the advent of its great remolder and President emeritus.

Hardly less remarkable have been the enlightened undertakings of some of our most highly organized corporations, such as the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, whose policies have been so largely guided by and its outstanding success so largely due to the intelligent use of statistical research. Most laggard in this regard have been those organizations whose influence could have been the most powerful and most salutary, our railways; but even these must inevitably feel the pressure towards more intelligent anticipation of the needs of the future; and with them, let us hope, our unenlightened legislators whose bungling attempts at regulation have so seriously hampered progressive railway management.

The same influence we find extending even to the field of banking—and in one

of our chief interior cities we have the interesting experiment of an institution whose innovating president imported into the bank's councils one of our leading statisticians and whose policies are now largely dominated by the results of statistical conclusions. In the same way we find scores of manufacturing and business enterprises which have discarded the "hunch" and the rule-of-thumb to take up with the more trustworthy and, in the long run, far more profitable methods of intelligent investigation—what we may call statistical inference (shying a little at the word forecasting, so discredited by charlatan organizations which have brought serious and scientific efforts in this direction into an undeserved disrepute).

Important, in time, must this new knowledge prove to the manufacturer and to the employer everywhere. It provides him with maps and charts, signal stations and observation towers in what has hitherto been very much of a trackless jungle. In a sense all larger business enterprises are adventures in exploration, and really reliable guides and pathfinders in this field have been relatively scant. There were few business men who were able to anticipate the panics of 1907 or of 1893, or the violent collapse of business which came in 1920. If they had then been able to anticipate or to foresee business conditions these collapses would not have occurred—for they were essentially due, as always, to overconfidence and overcommitments.

Now we have a definite background from which every business man may judge his own adventures. It is very hard when trade is moving briskly and prices rising not to take advantage of the tempting profits offered and drive on to excess. Competition in almost every line is very keen and, as the picturesque phrase goes, it is a great temptation to everyone to "get his" while the getting is good. And conversely, when things have gone all wrong from general excess, it is very difficult to have the courage of one's convictions and adventure early on the return of prosperity. Here are new props, alike for caution and courage at the right time.

But what is true of general business is equally true in our larger industries. In several of these of late we have had, in the midst of general prosperity, quite severe depressions. No good business man would have thought, for example, of continuing heavy wheat planting when the prospects for wheat prices were bad, but our farmers did just this. So, too, a miscalculation as to the probable demand for new motor cars has been fraught with serious consequences, not merely to this but to several allied industries. And something the same in the cotton trade. I venture to think we are already in possession of methods by which much of these disturbances could have been avoided.

In other words, as I see it the character of business adventure will take on a new phase. It will have more of certitude and of calculated foresight. It was anomalous that the depression in the iron trade and in railway traffic at the end of 1920 and in 1921 should have been the worst in the forty years or more for which we have numerical records. It was equally anomalous that such a standard industry as the cotton trade should then, and again in the last year, have gone so wrong. These were due in considerable part to lack of such information and knowledge as is now available, and of ignorance of the newer methods of business guidance. We shall probably have less of enthusiastic "go-getters" in the saddle and more of business science.

By this I do not mean we shall reduce business management to a formula or a table of coefficients of probability. Most assuredly, business judgment and foresight will continue to be one of the highest possessions of society. But it will cease, I believe, to be of the rule-of-thumb or rule-of-three variety; and it should be largely guided and aided by the new and trustworthy measures of business which we now possess.

THE CHIEF MOURNER OF MARNE

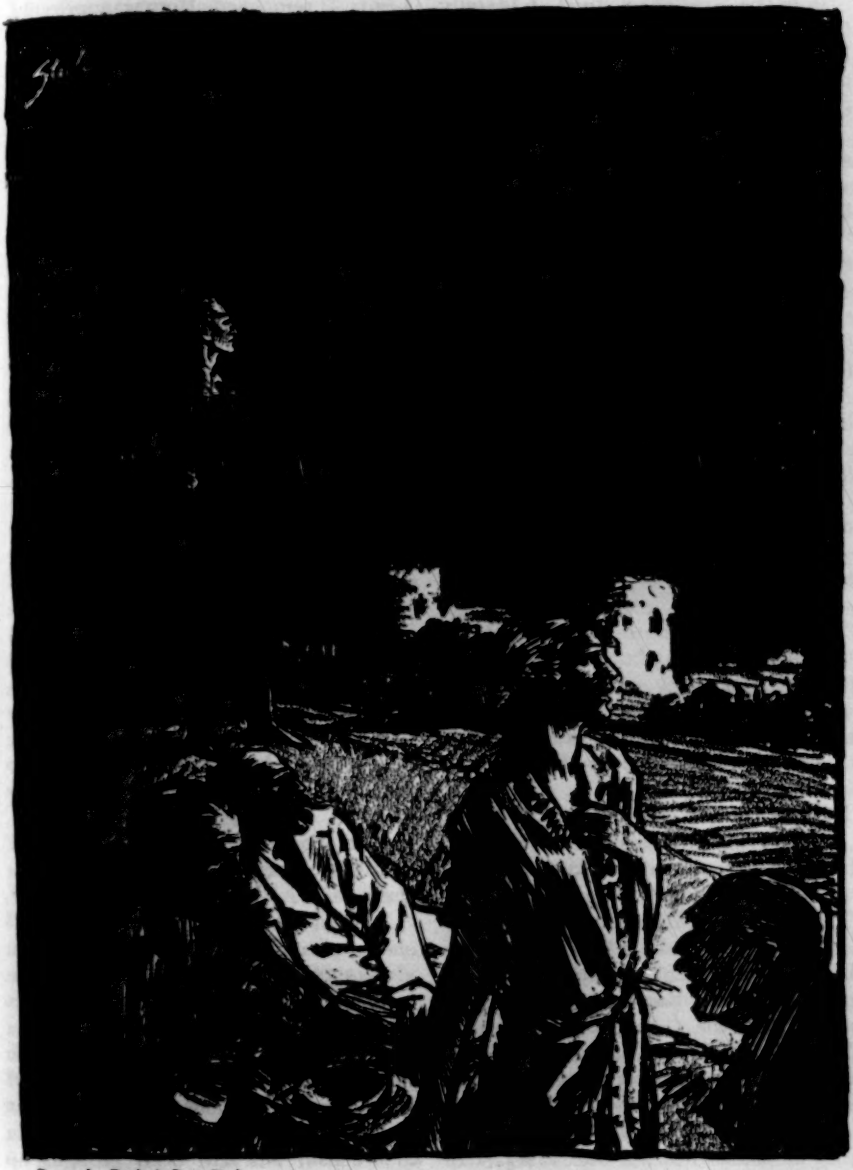
A Father Brown Detective Story

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

A BLAZE of lightning blanched the gray woods, tracing all the wrinkled foliage down to the last curled leaf, as if every detail were drawn in silverpoint or graven in silver. The same strange trick of lightning, by which it seems to record millions of minute things in an instant of time, picked out everything—from the elegant litter of the picnic under the spreading tree to the pale lengths of winding road at the end of which a white car was waiting. In the distance a melancholy mansion with four towers like a castle, which in the gray evening had been but a dim and distant huddle of walls like a crumbling cloud, seemed to spring into the foreground and stood up with all its embattled roofs and blank and staring windows. And in this at least the light had something in it of revelation. For to some of those grouped under the tree that castle was indeed a thing faded and almost forgotten, which was to prove its power to spring up again in the foreground of their lives.

The light also clothed for an instant in the same silver splendor at least one human figure that stood up as motionless as one of the towers. It was that of a tall man standing on a rise of ground above the rest, who were mostly sitting on the grass or stooping to gather up the hamper and crockery. He wore a picturesque short cloak or cape fastened with a silver clasp and chain which blazed like a star when the flash touched it; and something metallic in his motionless figure was emphasized by the fact that his closely curled hair was of the burnished yellow that can really be called gold, and had the look of being younger than his face, which was handsome in a hard aquiline fashion but looked, under the strong light, a little wrinkled and withered. Possibly it had suffered from wearing a mask of make-up; for Hugo Romaine was the greatest actor of his day. For that instant of illumination the golden curls and ivory mask and silver ornament made his figure gleam like that of a man in armor; the next instant his figure was a dark and even black silhouette against the sickly gray of the rainy evening sky.

All the other figures around him had made the ordinary involuntary movement at the unexpected shock of light; for though the skies were rainy it was the first flash of the storm. The only lady present (whose air of carrying gray hair gracefully, as if she were really proud of it, marked her as a matron of the United States) unaffectedly shut her eyes and uttered a sharp cry. Her English husband, General Outram, a very stolid Anglo-Indian with a bald head and black mustache and whiskers of antiquated pattern, looked up with one stiff movement and then resumed his occupation of tidying up. A young man of the name of Mallow, very big and shy, with brown eyes like a dog's, dropped a cup and apologized awkwardly. A third man, much more dressy, with a resolute head like an inquisitive terrier's and gray hair brushed stiffly back, was no other than the great newspaper proprietor, Sir John Cockspur; he cursed freely, but not in an English idiom or accent,



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

THERE WAS SOMETHING METALLIC IN HIS MOTIONLESS FIGURE

for he came from Toronto. But the tall man in the short cloak stood up literally like a statue in the twilight; his eagle face under the full glare had recalled the bust of a Roman Emperor; and the carved eyelids had not moved.

A moment later the dark dome cracked across with thunder; and the statue seemed to come to life. He turned his head over his shoulder and said casually, "About a minute and a half between the flash and the bang; but I think the storm's coming nearer. A tree is not supposed to be a good umbrella for the lightning; but we shall want it soon for the rain. I think it will be a deluge."

The young man glanced at the lady a little anxiously and said, "Can't we get shelter anywhere? There seems to be a house over there."

"There is a house over there," remarked the General rather grimly, "but not quite what you'd call a hospitable hotel."

"It's curious," said his wife, sadly, "that we should be caught in a storm with no house near but that one, of all others."

Something in her tone seemed to check the younger man, who was both sensitive and comprehending; but nothing of that sort daunted the man from Toronto.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" he asked; "looks rather like a ruin."

"That place," said the General dryly, "belongs to the Marquis of Marne."

"Gee!" said Sir John Cockspur. "I've heard all about that bird anyhow; and a queer bird too. Ran him as a front-page mystery in the *Comet* last year. The Nobleman Nobody Knows."

"Yes, I've heard of him too," said young Mallow in a low voice. "There seem to be all sorts of weird stories about why he hides himself like that. I've heard that he wears a mask because he's a leper. But somebody else told me quite seriously that there's a curse on the family—a child, born with some frightful deformity; that's kept in a dark room."

"The Marquis of Marne has three heads," remarked Romaine gravely. "Once in every three hundred years a three-headed nobleman adorns the family tree. No human being dares approach the accursed house except a silent procession of hatters, sent to provide an abnormal number of hats. But"—and his voice took one of those deep and terrible turns that could cause such a thrill in the theater—"my friends, *those hats are of no human shape.*"

The American lady looked at him with a frown and a slight air of distrust, as if that trick of voice had moved her in spite of herself.

"I don't like your ghoulish jokes," she said, "and I'd rather you didn't joke about this anyhow."

"I hear and obey," replied the actor, "but am I, like the Light Brigade, forbidden even to reason why?"

"The reason," she replied, "is that he isn't the Nobleman Nobody Knows. I know him myself, or at least I knew him very well when he was an attaché at Washington thirty years ago, when we were all young. And he didn't wear a mask; at least he didn't wear it with me. He wasn't a leper though he may be almost as lonely. He had only one head and only one heart—and that was broken."

"Unfortunate love affair, of course," said Cockspur. "I should like that for the *Comet*."

"I suppose it's a compliment to us," she replied thoughtfully, "that you always assume a man's heart is broken by a woman. But there are other kinds of love and bereavement. Have you never read 'In Memoriam'? Have you never heard of David and Jonathan? What broke up poor Marne was the death of his brother; he was really a first cousin but had been brought up with him like a brother and was much nearer than most brothers. James Mair, as the Marquis was called when I knew him, was the elder of the two; but he always played the part of a worshiper with Maurice Mair as a god. And, by

FATHER BROWN SAT ON THE FLOOR WITH A TEDDY BEAR

his account, Maurice Mair was certainly a wonder. James was no fool and very good at his own political job; but it seems that Maurice could do that and everything else; that he was a brilliant artist and amateur actor and musician and all the rest of it. James was very good-looking himself, long and strong and strenuous with a high-bridged nose, though I suppose the young people would think he looked very quaint with his beard divided into two bushy whiskers in the fashion of those Victorian times. But Maurice was clean shaven; and, by the portraits shown to me, certainly quite beautiful—though he looked a little more like a tenor than a gentleman ought to look. James was always asking me, again and again, whether his friend was not a marvel, whether any woman wouldn't fall in love with him, and so on, until it became rather a bore; except that it turned so suddenly into a tragedy. His whole life seemed to be in that idolatry; and one day the idol tumbled down and was broken like any china doll. A chill caught at the seaside—and it was all over."

"And after that," asked the young man, "did he shut himself up like this?"

"He went abroad at first," she answered, "away to Asia and the Cannibal Islands and Lord knows where. These deadly strokes take different people in different ways. It took him in the way of an utter sundering or severance from everything, even from tradition, and as far as possible from memory. He could not bear a reference to the old tie—a portrait or an anecdote or even an association. He couldn't bear the business of a great public funeral. He longed to get away. He stayed away for ten years. I heard some rumor that he had begun to revive a little at the end of the exile; but when he came back to his own home he relapsed completely. He settled down into religious melancholia; and that's practically madness."

"The priests got hold of him, they say," grumbled the old General. "I know he gave thousands to found a monastery, and lives himself rather like a monk—or at any rate a hermit. Can't understand what good they think that will do."

"Gol darned superstition," snorted Cockspur, "that sort of thing ought to be shown up. Here's a man that might have been useful to the Empire and the world, and these vampires get hold of him and suck him dry. I bet with their unnatural notions they haven't even let him marry."

"No, he has never married," said the lady. "He was engaged when I knew him, as a matter of fact; but I don't think it ever came first with him, and I think it went with the rest when everything else went. Like Hamlet and Ophelia: lost hold of love because he lost hold of life. But I knew the girl; indeed I know her still. Between ourselves, it was Viola Grayson, daughter of the old Admiral. She's never married either."

"It's infamous! It's infernal!" cried Sir John, bounding up—"It's not only a tragedy but a crime. I've got a duty to the public and I mean to see all this nonsensical nightmare . . . in the twentieth century—"

He was almost choked with his own protest, and then after a silence the old soldier said:

"Well, I don't profess to know much about those things. But I think these religious people need to study a text which says 'Let the dead bury their dead.'"

"Unfortunately, that's just what it looks like," said his wife with a sigh. "It's just like some creepy story of a dead man burying another dead man, over and over again for ever."

"The storm has passed over," said Romaine with a rather inscrutable smile. "You will not have to visit the inhospitable house after all."

She suddenly shuddered.

"Oh, I'll never do that again," she exclaimed.

Mallow was staring at her.

"Again! Have you tried it before?" he cried.

"Well, I did once," she said with a lightness not without a touch of pride, "but we needn't go back on all that. It's not raining now, but I think we'd better be moving back to the car."

As they moved off in procession Mallow and the General brought up the rear, and the latter said abruptly, lowering his voice:

"I don't want that little cad Cockspur to hear; but as you've asked, you'd better know. It's the one thing I can't forgive Marne; but I suppose these monks have drilled him that way. My wife, who had been the best friend he ever had in America, actually came up to that house when he was walking in the garden. He was looking at the ground like a monk and was hidden in a black hood that was really as ridiculous as any mask. She had sent her card in and stood there in his very path. And he walked past her without a word or a glance, as if she had been a stone. He wasn't human; he was like some horrible automaton. She may well call him a dead man."

"It's all very strange," said the young man rather vaguely, "it isn't like—like what I should have expected."

Young Mr. Mallow, when he left that rather dismal picnic, took himself thoughtfully in search of a friend. He did not know any monks but he knew one priest, whom he was very much concerned to confront with the curious revelations he had heard that afternoon. He felt he would very much like to know the truth about the cruel superstition that hung over the house of Marne, like the black thunder-cloud he had seen hovering over it.

After being referred from one place to another, he finally ran his friend Father Brown to earth in the house of another friend—a Roman Catholic friend with a large family. He entered somewhat abruptly to find Father Brown sitting on the floor with a serious expression and attempting to pin the somewhat florid hat belonging to a wax doll on to the head of a Teddy Bear.

Mallow felt a faint sense of incongruity but he was far too full of his problem to put off the conversation if he could help it; he was staggering from a sort of setback in a subconscious process that had been going on for some time. He poured out the whole tragedy of the house of Marne as he had heard it from the General's wife, along with most of the comments of the General and the newspaper proprietor. A new atmosphere of attention seemed to be created with the mention of the newspaper proprietor.

Father Brown neither knew nor cared that his attitudes were comic or commonplace. He continued to sit on the floor, where his large head and short legs made him look very like a baby playing with toys. But there came into his great gray eyes a certain expression that has been seen in the eyes of many men in many centuries through the story of nineteen hundred years—only the men were not generally sitting on floors, but

at council tables or the seats of chapters or the thrones of bishops and cardinals—a far-off, watchful look, heavy with the humility of a charge too great for men. Something of that anxious and far-reaching look is found in the eyes of sailors and of those who have steered, through so many storms, the ship of St. Peter.

"It's very good of you to tell me this," he said. "I'm really awfully grateful; for we may have to do something about it. If it were only people like you and the General it might be only a private matter; but if Sir John Cockspur is going to spread some sort of scare in his papers—well, he's a Toronto Orangeman and we can hardly keep out of it."

"But what will you say about it?" asked Mallow anxiously.

"The first thing I should say about it," said Father Brown, "is that, as you tell it, it doesn't sound like life. Suppose for the sake of argument that we are all pessimistic vampires blighting all human happiness. Suppose I'm a pessimistic vampire—" he scratched his nose with the Teddy Bear, became faintly conscious of the incongruity and put it down. "Suppose we do destroy all human and family ties. Why should we entangle a man again in an old family tie just when he showed signs of getting loose from it? Surely it's a little unfair to charge us both with crushing such affection and encouraging such infatuation. I don't see why even a religious maniac should be that particular sort of monomaniac; or how religion could increase that mania, except by brightening it with a little hope."

Then he said, after a pause, "I should like to talk to that General of yours."

"It was his wife who told me," said Mallow.

"Yes," replied the other, "but I'm more interested in what he didn't tell you than in what she did."

"You think he knows more than she does?"

"I think he knows more than she says," answered Father Brown. "You tell me he used a phrase about forgiving everything except the rudeness to his wife. After all, what else was there to forgive?"

Father Brown had risen and shaken his shapeless clothes, and stood looking at the young man with screwed-up eyes and a slightly quizzical expression. The next moment he had turned and, picking up his equally shapeless umbrella and large shabby hat, went stumping down the street.

He plodded through a variety of wide streets and squares till he came to a handsome old-fashioned house in the West End, where he asked the servant if he could see General Outram. After some little palaver he was shown into a study, fitted out less with books than with maps and globes, where the bald-headed, black-whiskered Anglo-Indian sat smoking a long thin black cigar and playing with pins on a chart.

"I am sorry to intrude," said the priest, "and all the more because I can't help the intrusion looking like interference. I want to speak to you about a

"I CAME TO ASK YOU IF YOU KNOW ANY MORE," SAID FATHER BROWN

private matter, but only in the hope of keeping it private. Unfortunately, some people are likely to make it public. I think, General, that you know Sir John Cockspur."

The mass of black mustache and whisker served as a sort of mask for the lower half of the old General's face; it was always hard to see whether he smiled; but his brown eyes had often a certain twinkle.

"Everybody knows him, I suppose," he said. "I don't know him very well."

"Well, you know everybody knows whatever he knows," said Father Brown, smiling, "when he thinks it convenient to print it. And I understand from my friend Mr. Mallow, whom I think you also know, that Sir John is going to print some scorching anti-clerical articles founded on what he would call the Marne Mystery—'Monks Drive Marquis Mad,' etc."

"If he is," replied the General, "I don't see why you should come to me about it. I ought to tell you I'm a strong Protestant."

"I'm very fond of strong Protestants," said Father Brown. "I came to you because I was sure you would tell the truth. I hope it's not uncharitable to feel less sure of Sir John Cockspur."

The brown eyes twinkled again but the General said nothing.

"General," said Father Brown, "suppose Cockspur or his sort were going to make the world ring with tales against your country and your flag. Suppose he said your regiment ran away in battle or your Staff were in the pay of the enemy. Would you let anything stand between you and the facts that would refute him? Wouldn't you get on the track of the truth, at all costs to anybody? Well, I have a regiment and I belong to an army. It is being discredited by what I am certain is a fictitious story; but I don't know the true story. Can you blame me for trying to find it out?"

The soldier was still silent and the priest continued.

"I have heard the story Mallow was told yesterday about Marne retiring with a broken heart through the death of his more than brother. I am sure there was more in it than that. I came to ask you if you know any more."

"No," said the General shortly, "I cannot tell you any more."

"General," said Father Brown with a broad grin, "you would have called me a Jesuit if I had used that equivocation."

The soldier laughed gruffly and then growled with much greater hostility.

"Well, I *won't* tell you, then," he said. "What do you say to that?"

"I only say," said the priest mildly, "that in that case I shall have to tell you."

The brown eyes stared at him—but there was no twinkle in them now. He went on:

"You compel me to state, less sympathetically perhaps than you could, why it is obvious that there is more behind. I am quite sure the Marquis has better cause for his brooding and secretiveness than merely the loss of an old friend. I doubt whether priests have anything to do with it. I don't even know if he's a convert or merely a man comforting his conscience with charities; but I'm sure he's something more than a chief mourner. Since you insist, I will tell you one or two of the things that make me think so.

"First, it was stated that James Mair was engaged to be married, but somehow became unattached again after the death of Maurice Mair. Why should an honorable man break off his engagement merely because he was depressed by the death of a third party? He's much more likely to have turned for consolation to it; but anyhow he was bound in decency to go through with it."

The General was biting his black mustache and his brown eyes had become very watchful and even anxious; but he did not answer.

"A second point," said Father Brown, frowning at the table—"James Mair was always asking his lady friend whether his

"IT WAS PROBABLY THE LAST DUEL FOUGHT IN ENGLAND"

cousin Maurice was not very fascinating and whether women would not admire him. I don't know if it occurred to the lady that there might be another meaning in that inquiry."

The General got to his feet and began to walk or stamp about the room.

"Oh, damn it all," he said, but without any air of animosity.

"The third point," went on Father Brown, "is James Mair's curious manner of mourning—destroying all relics, veiling all portraits, and so on. It does sometimes happen, I admit; it might mean mere affectionate bereavement. But it might mean something else."

"Confound you," said the other, "how long are you going on piling this up?"

"The fourth and fifth points are pretty conclusive," said the priest calmly, "especially if you take them together. The first is that Maurice Mair seems to have had no funeral in particular, considering he was a cadet of a great family. He must have been buried hurriedly, perhaps secretly. And the last point is that James Mair instantly disappeared to foreign parts—fled, in fact, to the ends of the earth. And so," he went on, still in the same soft voice, "when you would blacken my religion to brighten the story of the pure and perfect affection of two brothers, it seems—"

"Stop!" cried Outram in a tone like a pistol shot. "I must tell you more or you will fancy worse. Let me tell you one thing to start with—it was a fair fight."

"Ah," said Father Brown and seemed to exhale a huge breath.

"It was a duel," said the other. "It was probably the last duel fought in England, and it is long ago now."

"That's better," said Father Brown. "Thank God, that's a great deal better."

"Better than the ugly things you thought of, I suppose," said the General gruffly. "Well, it's all very well for you to sneer at the pure and perfect affection, but it was true for all that. James Mair really was devoted to his cousin, who'd grown up with him like a younger brother. Elder brothers and sisters do sometimes devote themselves to a child like that, especially when he's a sort of infant phenomenon. But James Mair was the kind of simple character in whom even hate is, in a sense, unselfish. I mean that even when his tenderness turns to rage it is still objective, directed outwards to its object; he isn't conscious of himself. Now poor Maurice Mair was just the opposite. He was far more friendly and popular; but his success had made him live in a house of mirrors. He was first in every sort of sport and art and accomplishment; he nearly always won and took his winning amiably. But if ever by any chance he lost, there was just a glimpse of something not so amiable; he was a little jealous. I needn't tell you the whole miserable story of how he was a little jealous of his cousin's engagement; how he couldn't keep his restless vanity from interfering. It's enough to say that one of the few things in which James Mair was admittedly ahead of him was marksmanship with a pistol; and with that the tragedy ended."

"You mean the tragedy began," replied the priest, "the tragedy of the survivor. I thought he did not need any monkish vampires to make him miserable."

"To my mind he's more miserable than he need be," said the General. "After all, as I say, it was a ghastly tragedy but it was a fair fight. And Jim had great provocation."

"How do you know all this?" asked the priest.

"I know it because I saw it," answered Outram stolidly. "I was James Mair's second and I saw Maurice Mair shot dead on the sands before my very eyes."

"I wish you would tell me more about it," said Father Brown reflectively. "Who was Maurice Mair's second?"

"He had a more distinguished backing," replied the General grimly. "Hugo Romaine was his second—the great actor, you know. Maurice was mad on acting and had taken up Romaine (who was then a rising but still a struggling man) and financed the fellow and his ventures, in return for taking lessons from the professional in his own hobby of amateur acting. But Romaine was then, I suppose, practically dependent on his rich friend, though he's richer now than any aristocrat. So his serving as second proves very little about what he thought of the quarrel. They fought in the English fashion, with only one second apiece; I wanted at least to have a surgeon but Maurice boisterously refused it, saying the fewer people who knew the better, and at the worst we could immediately get help. 'There's a doctor in the village not half a mile away,' he said; 'I know him and he's got the fastest horse in the country. He could be brought here in no time; but there's no need to bring him here till we know.' Well, we all knew that Maurice ran most risk, as the pistol was not his weapon; so when he refused aid nobody liked to ask for it. The duel was fought on a flat stretch of sand on the east coast of Scotland; and both the sight and sound of it were masked from the hamlets inland by a long rampart of sand hills patched with rank grass; probably part of the links, though in those days no Englishman had heard of golf. There was one deep crooked cranny in the sand hills through which we came out on the beach. I can see them now: first a wide strip of dead yellow, and beyond a narrower strip of dark red—a dark red that seemed already like the long shadow of a deed of blood.

"The thing itself seemed to happen with horrible speed, as if a whirlwind had struck the sand. With the very crack of sound Maurice Mair seemed to spin like a teetotum, and pitch upon his face like a ninepin. And queerly enough, while I'd been worrying about him up to that moment, the instant he was dead all my pity was for the man who killed him, as it is to this day and hour. I knew that with that the whole huge terrible pendulum of my friend's lifelong love would swing back; and that whatever cause others might find to pardon him, he would never pardon himself for ever and ever. And so, somehow, the really vivid thing—the picture that burns in my memory so that I can't forget it—is not that of the catastrophe, the smoke and the flash and the falling figure. That seemed to be all over, like the noise that wakes a man up. What I saw, what I shall always see, is poor Jim hurrying across towards his fallen friend and foe, his brown beard looking black against the ghastly pallor of his face with its high features cut out against the sea; and the frantic gesture with which he waved me to run for the surgeon in the hamlet behind the sandhills. He had dropped his pistol as he ran; he had a glove in one hand and the loose and fluttering fingers of it seemed to elongate and emphasize his wild pantomime of pointing or hailing for help. That is the picture which really remains with me; and there is nothing else in that picture except the striped background of sands and sea, and the dark dead body lying still as a stone, and the dark figure of the dead man's second standing grim and motionless against the horizon."

"Did Romaine stand motionless?" asked the priest. "I should have thought he would have run even quicker towards the corpse."

"Perhaps he did when I had left," replied the General. "I took in that undying picture in an instant, and the next instant I had dived among the sand hills and was far out of sight of the others. Well, poor Maurice had made a good choice in the matter of doctors; though the doctor came too late, he came quicker than I should have thought possible. This village surgeon was a very remarkable man—red-haired, irascible, but extraordinarily strong in promptitude and presence of mind. I saw him but for a flash as he leaped on his horse and went thundering away to the scene of death, leaving me far behind. But in that flash I had so strong a sense of his personality that I wished to God he had really been called in before the duel began; for I believe on my soul he would have prevented it somehow. As it was, he cleaned up the mess with marvelous swiftness; long before I could trail back to the seashore on my two feet his impetuous practicality had managed everything; the corpse was temporarily buried in the sand hills and the unhappy homicide had been persuaded to do the only thing he could do—to flee for his life. He slipped along the coast till he came to a port and managed to get out of the country. You know the rest: poor Jim remained abroad for many years; lately, when the whole thing had been hushed up or forgotten, he returned to his dismal castle and automatically inherited the title. I have never seen him from that day to this, and yet I know what is written in red letters in the inmost darkness of his brain."

"I understand," said Father Brown, "that some of you have made efforts to see him."

"My wife never relaxed her efforts," said the General. "She refuses to admit that such a crime ought to cut a man off for ever; and I confess I am inclined to agree with her. Eighty years earlier it would have been thought quite normal; and really it was manslaughter rather than murder. My wife is a great friend of the unfortunate lady who was the occasion of the quarrel, and she has an idea that if Jim would consent to see Viola Grayson once again and receive her assurance that old quarrels are buried, it might restore his sanity. My wife is calling a sort of council of old

friends to-morrow, I believe. She is very energetic."

Father Brown was playing with the pins that lay beside the General's map; he seemed to listen rather absent-mindedly. He had the sort of mind that sees things in pictures; and the picture which had colored even the prosaic mind of the practical soldier took on tints yet more significant and sinister in the more mystical mind of the priest. He saw the dark-red desolation of sand, the very hue of Acaldama, and the dead man lying in a dark heap and the slayer stooping as he ran, gesticulating with a glove in demented remorse; and always his imagination came back to the third thing that he could not yet fit into any human picture—the second of the slain man standing motionless and mysterious, like a dark statue on the edge of the sea. It might seem to some a detail; but for him it was that stiff figure that stood up like a standing note of interrogation.

Why had not Romaine moved instantly? It was the natural thing for a second to do, in common humanity, let alone friendship. Even if there were some double-dealing or darker motive not yet understood, one would think it would be done for the sake of appearances. Anyhow, when the thing was all over it would be natural for the second to stir long before the other second had vanished beyond the sand hills.

"Does this man Romaine move very slowly?" he asked.

"It's queer you should ask that," answered Outram, with a sharp glance. "No, as a matter of fact he moves very quickly when he moves at all. But curiously enough, I was just thinking that only this afternoon I saw him stand exactly like that during the thunderstorm. He stood in that silver-clasped cape of his, with one hand on his hip, exactly and in every line as he stood on those bloody sands long ago. The lightning blinded us all, but he did not blink. When it was dark again he was standing there still."

"I suppose he isn't standing there now?" inquired Father Brown. "I mean, I suppose he moved sometime."

"No, he moved quite sharply when the thunder came," replied the other. "He seemed to have been waiting for it, for he told us the exact time of the interval . . . is anything the matter?"

"I've pricked myself with one of your pins," said Father Brown. "I hope I haven't damaged it." But his eyes had snapped and his mouth shut abruptly.

"Are you ill?" inquired the General, staring at him.

"No," answered the priest, "I'm only not quite so stoical as your friend Romaine. I can't help blinking when I see light."

He turned to gather up his hat and umbrella, but when he had got to the door he seemed to remember something and turned back. Coming up close to Outram, he gazed up into his face with a rather helpless expression, as of a dying fish, and made a motion as if to hold him by the waistcoat.

"General," he almost whispered, "for God's sake don't let your wife and that other woman insist on seeing Marne again. Let sleeping dogs lie or you'll unleash all the hounds of hell."

The General was left alone with a look of bewilderment in his brown eyes as he sat down again to play with his pins.

Even greater, however, was the bewilderment which attended the successive stages of the benevolent conspiracy of the General's wife, who had assembled her little group of sympathizers to storm the castle of the misanthrope. The first surprise she encountered was the unexplained absence of one of the actors in the ancient tragedy. When they assembled by agreement at a quiet hotel quite near the castle there was no sign of Hugo Romaine, until a belated telegram from a lawyer told them that the great actor had suddenly left the country. The second surprise, when they began the bombardment by sending up word to the castle with an

THE TALL LADY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE MARQUIS OF MARNE

urgent request for an interview, was the figure which came forth from those gloomy gates to receive the deputation in the name of the noble owner. It was no such figure as they would have conceived suitable to those somber avenues or those almost feudal formalities. It was not some stately steward or major-domo or even a dignified butler or tall and ornamental footman. The only figure that came out of the cavernous castle doorway was the short and shabby figure of Father Brown.

"Look here," he said in his simple, bothered fashion, "I told you you'd much better leave him alone. He knows

what he's doing and you'll only make everybody unhappy."

Lady Outram, who was accompanied by a tall and quietly dressed lady, still very handsome (presumably the original Miss Grayson), looked at the little priest with cold contempt.

"Really, sir," she said, "this is a very private occasion and I don't understand what you have to do with it."

"Trust a priest to have to do with a private occasion," snarled Sir John Cockspur. "Don't you know they live behind the scenes like rats behind a wainscot, burrowing their way into everybody's private rooms. See how he's already in possession of poor Marne." Sir John was slightly sulky, as his aristocratic friends had persuaded him to give up the great scoop of publicity in return for the privilege of being really inside a society secret. It never occurred to him to ask himself whether *he* was at all like a rat in a wainscot.

"Oh, that's all right," said Father Brown with the impatience of anxiety. "I've talked it over with the Marquis and the only priest he's ever had anything to do with; his clerical tastes have been much exaggerated. I tell you he knows what he's about and I do implore you all to leave him alone."

"You mean to leave him to this living death of moping and going mad in a ruin," cried Lady Outram in a voice that shook a little, "and all because he had the bad luck to shoot a man in a duel more than a quarter of a century ago; is that what you call Christian charity?"

"Yes," answered the priest stolidly, "that is what I call Christian charity."

"It's about all the Christian charity you'll ever get out of these priests," cried Cockspur bitterly. "That's their only idea of pardoning a poor fellow for a piece of folly—to wall him up alive and starve him to death with fasts and penances and pictures of hell-fire. And all because a bullet went wrong."

"Really, Father Brown," said General Outram, "do you honestly think he deserves this? Is that your Christianity?"

"Surely the true Christianity," pleaded his wife more gently, "is that which knows all and pardons all; the love that can remember—and forget."

"Father Brown," said young Mallow very earnestly, "I generally agree with what you say; but I'm hanged if I can follow you here. A shot in a duel, followed instantly by remorse, is not such an awful offense."

"I admit," said Father Brown dully, "that I take a more serious view of his offense."

"God soften your hard heart," said the strange lady, speaking for the first time. "I am going to speak to my old friend."

Almost as if her voice had raised a ghost in that great gray house, something stirred within and a figure stood in the dark doorway at the top of the great stone flight of steps. It was clad in dead black, but there was something wild about the blanched hair and something in the pale features that was like the wreck of a marble statue.

Viola Grayson began calmly to move up the great flight of steps, and Outram muttered in his thick black mustache, "He won't cut her dead as he did my wife, I fancy."

Father Brown, who seemed in a collapse of resignation, looked up at him for a moment.

"Poor Marne has enough on his conscience," he said, "let us acquit him of what we can. At least he never cut your wife."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He never knew her," said Father Brown.

As they spoke the tall lady proudly mounted the last step and came face to face with the Marquis of Marne. His lips moved but something happened before he could speak.

A scream rang across the open space and went wailing away in echoes along those hollow walls. By the abruptness and agony with which it broke from the woman's lips it might have been a mere

inarticulate cry. But it was an articulated word; and they all heard it with a horrible distinctness.

"Maurice!"

"What is it, dear?" cried Lady Outram and began to run up the steps, for the other woman was swaying as if she might fall down the whole stone flight. Then she faced about and began to descend, all bowed and shrunken and shuddering. "Oh, my God," she was saying, "Oh, my God . . . it isn't Jim at all . . . it's Maurice!"

"I think, Lady Outram," said the priest gravely, "you had better go with your friend."

As they turned a voice fell on them like a stone from the top of the stone stair—a voice that might have come out of an open grave. It was hoarse and unnatural, like the voices of men who are left alone with wild birds on desert islands. It was the voice of the Marquis of Marne and it said "Stop!"

"Father Brown," he said, "before your friends disperse I authorize you to tell them all I have told you. Whatever follows, I will hide from it no longer."

"You are right," said the priest, "and it shall be counted to you."

"Yes," said Father Brown quietly to the questioning company afterwards, "he has given me the right to speak; but I will not tell it as he told it, but as I found it out for myself. Well, I knew from the first that the blighting monkish influence was all nonsense out of novels. Our people might possibly, in certain cases, encourage a man to go regularly into a monastery but certainly not to hang about in a medieval castle. In the same way they certainly wouldn't want him to dress up as a monk when he wasn't a monk. But it struck me that he might himself want to wear a monk's hood or even a mask. I had heard of him as a mourner and then as a murderer; but already I had hazy suspicions that his reason for hiding might not only be concerned with *what* he was, but with *who* he was.

"Then came the General's vivid description of the duel; and the most vivid thing in it to me was the figure of Mr. Romaine in the background; it was vivid because it was in the background. Why did the General leave behind him on the sand a dead man whose friend stood yards away from him like a stock or a stone? Then I heard something, a mere trifle, about a trick of habit that Romaine has of standing quite still when he is waiting for something to happen, as he waited for the thunder to follow the lightning. Well, that automatic trick in this case betrayed him. It betrayed everything. Hugo Romaine, on that old occasion also, was waiting for something."

"But it was all over," said the General. "What could he have been waiting for?"

"He was waiting for the duel," said Father Brown.

"But I tell you I saw the duel!" cried the General.

"And I tell you you didn't see the duel," said the priest.

"Are you mad?" demanded the other, "or why should you think I am blind?"

"Because you were blinded that you might not see," said the priest. "Because you are a good man and God had mercy on your innocence, and he turned your face away from that unnatural strife. He set a wall of sand and silence between you and what really happened on that horrible red shore, abandoned to the raging spirits of Judas and of Cain."

"Tell us what happened!" gasped the lady impatiently.

"I will tell it as I found it," proceeded the priest. "The next thing I found was that Romaine the actor had been training Maurice Mair in all the tricks of the trade of acting. I once had a friend who went in for acting. He gave me a very amusing account of how his first week's training consisted entirely of falling down; of learning how to fall flat without a stagger, as if he were stone dead."

"God have mercy on us!" cried the General and gripped the arms of his chair as if to rise.

"Amen," said Father Brown. "You told me how quickly it seemed to come; in fact, Maurice fell before the bullet flew and lay perfectly still, waiting. And his wicked friend and teacher stood also in the background, waiting."

"We are waiting," said Cockspur, "and I feel as if I couldn't wait."

"James Mair, already broken with remorse, rushed across to the fallen man and bent over to lift him up. He had thrown away his pistol like an unclean thing; but Maurice's pistol still lay under his hand and it was undischarged. Then as the elder man bent over the younger, the younger lifted himself on his left arm and shot the elder through the body. He knew he was not so good a shot; but there was no question of missing the heart at that distance."

The rest of the company had risen and stood staring down at the narrator with pale faces. "Are you sure of this?" asked Sir John at last, in a thick voice.

"I am sure of it," said Father Brown, "and now I leave Maurice Mair, the present Marquis of Marne, to your Christian charity. You have told me something to-day about Christian charity. You seemed to me to give it almost too large a place; but how fortunate it is for poor sinners like this man that you err so much on the side of mercy, and are ready to be reconciled to all mankind."

"Damn it all!" exploded the General, "If you think I'm going to be reconciled to a filthy viper like that, I tell you I wouldn't say a word to save him from hell. I said I could pardon a regular decent duel, but of all the treacherous assassins—"

"He ought to be lynched," cried Cockspur excitedly. "He ought to burn alive like a nigger in the States. And if there is such a thing as burning for ever, he jolly well—"

"I wouldn't touch him with a bargepole myself," said Mallow.

"There is a limit to human charity," said Lady Outram, trembling all over.

"There is," said Father Brown dryly, "and that is the real difference between human charity and Christian charity. You must forgive me if I was not altogether crushed by your contempt for my uncharitableness to-day, or by the lectures you read me about pardon for every sinner. For it seems to me that you pardon only the sins that you don't really think sinful. You forgive criminals only when they commit what you don't regard as crimes, but rather as conventions. So you tolerate a conventional duel, just as you tolerate a conventional divorce. You forgive because there isn't anything to be forgiven."

"But hang it all," cried Mallow, "you don't expect us to be able to pardon a vile thing like this."

"No," said the priest. "But we have to be able to pardon it."

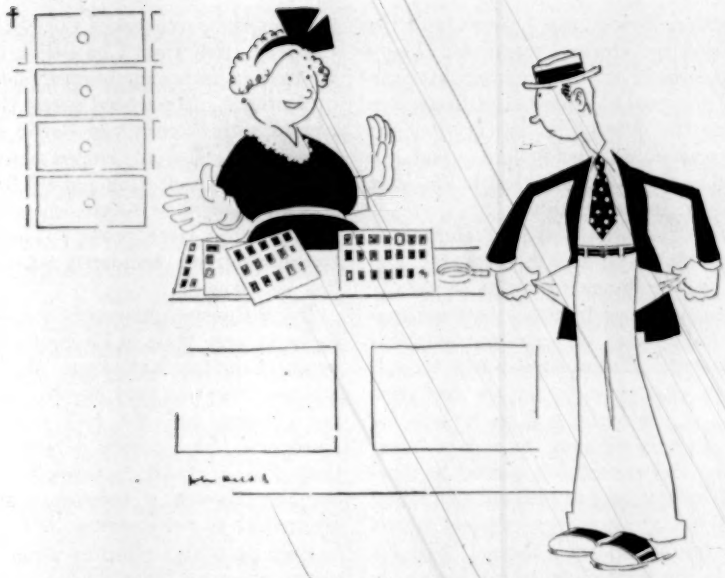
He stood up and looked at them.

"We have to touch such men, not with a bargepole but with a benediction," he said. "We have to say the word that will save them from hell. We alone are left to deliver them from despair when your human charity deserts them. Go on your own primrose path, pardoning all your favorite vices and being generous to your fashionable crimes. And leave us with the men who commit the mean and revolting and real crimes, mean as St. Peter when the cock crew—and yet the dawn came."

"The dawn," repeated Mallow doubtfully. "You mean hope—for *him?*"

"Yes," replied the other. "Let me ask you one question: You are great ladies and men of honor and secure of yourselves; you would never, you can tell yourselves, stoop to such squalid treason as that. But tell me this. If any of you had so stooped, which of you would have confessed to stooping? Which of you, years afterward when you were old and rich and safe, would have been driven either by conscience or confessor to tell such a story of yourself?"

The others gathered their possessions together and drifted, by twos and threes, out of the room in silence. And Father Brown, also in silence, went back to the melancholy castle of Marne.



IN THE STAMP SHOP HE TURNED HIS POCKETS INSIDE OUT

INNOCENT PARENTS ABROAD

BY MANYA GORDON

AS the details of our trip abroad began to work themselves out it stood progressively revealed that our son Herbert was an Isolationist.

Herbert is not what one would call particularly articulate. His views on any subject are developed at intervals of one statement of opinion to the fortnight. Still, there was no mistaking the general drift of his comment on the projected tour. When the deck-plan arrived from the shipping agents and the location of our staterooms was pointed out to Herbert, he was immediately stirred to ask whether there would be tennis when we got to the other side. When we said that in all probability there would not be, he lost all interest in the deck-plan.

Up to that spring Herbert's attitude to the European problem was all that could be desired in a person of his age. He was barely past sixteen and had long exhibited a lively interest in international sport. He was sufficiently proud of our own showing in the Olympic games and in the tennis and golf competitions without finding it necessary to slur the achievements of the foreign nations—in sport or out. Hence our surprise at his utter lack of enthusiasm about that European trip. He did not object in so many words to spending a summer abroad; but just that lack of response was disconcerting enough. His parents would have preferred that Herbert, like Senator Johnson, should announce his firm resolve to wash his hands of the Old World. They would then have been at least in the position to stage a formal debate on the subject. But when you have outlined to Herbert, in a few deft strokes, the advantages

of London Tower, the Louvre, and the Jungfrau, and Herbert responds, "I suppose there will be no swimming this summer," it is hard to prolong the discussion. And as the day of sailing approached there was no change in him. He submitted to circumstances, but in his heart he was an Irreconcilable.

It must be admitted that Herbert is good at his tennis and in the water, and that the four summer months he usually devotes, in part, to those two occupations have been an excellent physical investment. He knows also how to rest. Herbert can stretch his six feet two inches on the grass and so remain for hours, though without the risk of being mistaken for something carved in marble. If rather poor at imitating the song of the birds, he is nevertheless proud of his friendship with them. Without being in the least given to exhibiting his knowledge on the subject, he does reveal a fairly intimate acquaintance with trees and other growing things of the summer vacation. Not without a good deal of compunction had we decided to remove Herbert for a summer from his native out-of-doors to the picture galleries and railway compartments of the Continent.

Such doubts were quelled in the usual way. We found a reason. The trip had been decided upon by the adults in the family for purposes of their own. But inasmuch as we found it impractical—and, let me confess, too much of a wrench—to leave Herbert and Jean behind, it was a comparatively simple matter, though a matter of time, to convince ourselves that the children would benefit greatly by European travel. And that was why, after having won ourselves over to the overwhelming advantages of the trip, it was disappointing to find Herbert so difficult to convince.

We were to land in Hamburg. In the course of the outward voyage it seemed the obvious tactics to fire Herbert's imagination by occasional allusions to German history before the War. But whatever impression Prince Bismarck may have made on his contemporaries and on the fortunes of the Nineteenth Century, the Iron Chancellor did not succeed in imposing himself noticeably on Herbert. We scored about the same results with forecasts of Berlin and the Siegesallee. The only response to a rather impassioned recitation out of Baedeker was an inquiry as to the chances for a swim in the river Spree. There were times when we wondered whether the boy had a soul.

But if Europe apparently was destined to mean very little in Herbert's life, the prospect did fascinate Jean. She was all aflame. She was only eleven, but up in her classes, and she had read up in European history with a thoroughness that was a credit to herself and her teacher—though a constant source of occupation to her parents. It is difficult to keep up with a child to whom all the seven wives of Henry VIII are still a vivid phenomenon. Jean's excellent memory made any ventures into the historical field on our part peculiarly dangerous. Yet in spite of the risk, we talked a great deal to Jean about what awaited her, and she responded. When shuffleboard had begun to pall on Herbert and he began to miss his friends back in town rather badly, it was Jean whom we could count upon for enthusiasm in our great adventure. Besides, she is not so hopelessly devoted to milk with her meals as her brother is, and when the supply began to run out toward the end of the voyage she managed to retain her cheerfulness.

A half day of sightseeing in Hamburg failed to show any perceptible change in Herbert's spirits, but we did not lose courage. The run from Hamburg to Berlin was one of high emotional tension for the elders in the party. It was really with Berlin that the chance would come to exhibit before our offspring our acquaintance with the language of the country. At Berlin would begin the children's introduction, under our guidance, to the main outlines of European civilization. Therefore, it was disconcerting to find upon our arrival at the hotel that

the precarious daily supply of fresh milk had failed altogether on this particular day, and supper without cereal and milk was to Herbert inconceivable. That first night in Berlin he was more like Hiram Johnson than ever.

Well, we reasoned, every pleasure involves some sacrifice. A glass or two of milk is not too high a price for a view of the Raphaels in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum or a day in the Tiergarten, though the difficulty with the young, of course, is that they want both the Tiergarten and the milk. As for our more or less striking mastery of the German language, which was to impress the children and so infect them with our own interest in the German scene, it did not turn out that way at all. At the end of the first week Herbert and Jean were asking how soon we should be leaving for France. The reason? Simple enough. They did not like to be dependent upon us as the only medium of communication with the people about them. Herbert was quite frank about it on our way back to the hotel one day from the Schloss and the Dom. "In Paris," he said, "it will be our turn to show off, because Jean and I speak French much better than either of you." He had evidently been brooding on the subject, since immediate occasion for his remark there was none. In the Schloss and Dom we, the elders, had had no need for anything but English. It may be that our observations on Berlin architecture, though stated in the New York vernacular, were German to the children. But we did begin to realize that it would have to be France before the two of them could really be brought face to face with the facts about Europe.

Nevertheless, both children had some high moments in Berlin. For Herbert the great event was undoubtedly the morning when he discovered a shop on Leipzigerstrasse where he could add to his stamp collection. From that moment, Unter den Linden—he found another shop there—took on glow and meaning, and even the language difficulty began to attenuate. Through his love for stamps Herbert acquired a very fair idea of the geography of Berlin and of the various divisions of the German

THEY TRAMPED THE RAVISHING COUNTRY IN RAIN AND SHINE

Reich. His mercantile transactions were conducted with his hands chiefly, with his tongue rarely. On one occasion Herbert found himself in the stamp shop and his funds in another pocket in his room at the hotel. He rose to the emergency. He turned his pockets inside out and shook his head in a vigorous affirmative when he caught the word *Gelt* in the intelligent saleswoman's outpour of German sympathy. She agreed to hold the stamps for him while he made a trip to the hotel. From then on his sense of dependence on us perceptibly weakened.

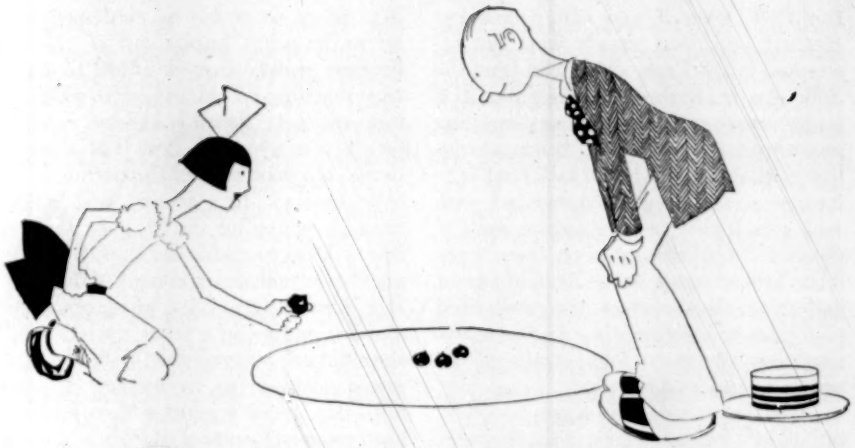
Jean, too, had her triumphs. One evening, when the two of them were alone in our hotel rooms and bedtime came, the electric light had refused to turn on. For that matter we, the elders, never succeeded in completely fathoming the mystery of European electrical attachments. At any rate, Jean rose to the need and she looked up "light" in our little traveling dictionary, rang for the maid, informed her that the *licht nicht licht*, and got herself understood. Thereafter Jean would behave on occasion as if there were still a few things in the tongue of Goethe she might brush up on, but not very many.

Nevertheless, she was obviously tiring of Berlin. She preferred to spend hours over her diary, partly (we believed) as an escape from sightseeing. She showed little interest in Fra Angelico, or else was sharply critical of his Madonnas. Herbert's contribution to the debate on Angelico was a statement to the effect that he would give anything for a swim.

Herbert's yearning for a swim amidst the best in European art brought up sharply the question as to whether the children were getting from their travels all that they reasonably might or we had anticipated. We had been told of so many others of their age and approximate station who had reveled in Europe. True, it was summer; and the two missed their holiday in the country. But all children who go abroad must miss the country. The weather in Berlin ranged from cool to cold, yet Herbert and Jean were not altogether happy. Their mood served to dampen our own ardor. Our confidence wavered in the beneficial effects of European travel for the young. Could we reasonably expect Herbert and Jean to be educated while being bored? *Were* they bored?

The case was unfolded one night, after the children had gone to bed, to a friend of the family whom we had encountered that day not a hundred miles from the Adlon. She was young and modern and enlightened and understood the rights of children, among other rights. She said that it was exactly that: Herbert and Jean were bored. In fact, being normal children, we must expect them to be bored with pretty nearly everything their parents enjoyed. She drove home to us the crime of imposing our own standards and tastes upon the young. Instead of expanding their horizon we were only dwarfing their individuality. What seemed to us a mood in Herbert and Jean was to this understanding friend only another instance of the passive resistance which the young oppose to parental infringement upon their inalienable rights. At a stroke she destroyed our fortifications. Wasn't it out of personal convenience—that is to say, out of sheer egotism—that we had brought the children along? And as she saw us waver she pressed her attack in some such terms:

"The young are at a disadvantage from the moment of their arrival in this world. The first slap of welcome which the child receives is from a full-grown doctor; and its cry of protest is accepted merely as a sign of life. Neither father, mother, or nurse is of its own age, size, or opinion. It becomes the babe of the family and thus exposed to the opinions and prejudices of the adult mind. That is the whole difficulty. People might disagree as to whether there is such a thing as a working class or a capitalist class, but there isn't the slightest doubt that children are a class. And the young



CHESTNUTS FOR AN IMPROMPTU GAME OF MARBLES AT VERSAILLES

are not only a class, but an extremely dependent class."

We failed to follow the long and subtle argument in all its windings, but one point did stick. We could not deny that the young began by being very young, and as such by being fairly helpless.

This must have worked on our conscience the next day when we went down to Potsdam to look at Sans Souci. We were chary about venturing any opinion on the merits of Frederick the Great's bungalow-palace, though we did find courage enough to say that we thought we liked Versailles more. In Voltaire's room at Sans Souci one of us was, for a moment, strongly tempted to raise the question what the frescoed birds on the wall might have whispered in their day to the great Frenchman, but we thought of what our young friend of last night might have said, and were silent.

Herbert and Jean emerged from their vassal state into the condition of free and independent citizens during our ten-days' sub-holiday in the Thuringian Forest. In the mountains and among the fir trees they became completely indifferent to the barrier of language or to the strictly limited quantity of milk for breakfast and supper. The language of the Thuringian woods apparently did not differ from the language of the Adirondacks. After five weeks in German paved streets the two were here completely at home. They tramped the ravishing country in rain and shine—it was as a matter of fact mostly rain, but that never mattered. They carried their luncheon with them in knapsacks, and they came home in the evening very tired and very happy.

It occurred to us that the reason for their happiness was not simply that hills and woods are a better place for children than paved streets, even if the pavements are European and historic. Herbert and Jean breathed ever so more freely in the woods because here they were, in a very real sense, ever so much less dependent upon us, the elders. When it came to communication with the outside, the two of them were much more conversant than we were with the rhythm and intonations of the universal language of out-of-doors. And more than that: the children knew ever so much better than we did how to live with Nature, because living with Nature means living in the Present.

What is the quest of the "Europe" that we elders traverse but a search of

the Past, even if you call it history? Herbert and Jean simply were not interested in the Past. That had been the difficulty in Berlin. Sightseeing, if it really means anything, means something much more than looking. It means contemplation. And what a task that is to impose on children! Confronted with such a task they feel the prison walls of an adult world closing in on them, even if the keeper comes in the form of parent and guide. In the woods the young need no guides or interpreters. In the museums they revert to their status of dependents and a class apart.

I imagine it was the desire to assert the child's independence from the very start that impelled the ingenious Mr. Shaw, in *Back to Methuselah*, to bring forth his children of the future full-grown out of the egg. But Shaw has not really solved the problem. He has not overcome the disadvantage of the newborn as against its elders, even if the baby starts out as an eighteen-year-old baby. It comes into the world full-grown, but proportionately quite as much bewildered by its seniors as the present style in new infants. It can walk and it can talk, but it lacks the worldly wisdom and life-experience of those who came before it. And there you have the eternal circle from which there is no escape. So long as the young remain the young, their more experienced elders will persist in guiding them or imposing themselves on them. Great and constant is the effort needed to force the father and mother mind to think in terms of the child mind. It is especially difficult while traveling in Europe.

Take all that has been said and written about the heightened conception of parental responsibility in the modern world: are we so sure than our intensified concern for the child is always that? By digging down into the unconscious or semi-conscious, may we not find that what we call the broader opportunities for childhood run back into freer opportunities for parents? Take Bernard Shaw's full-grown baby again. Hasn't Mr. Shaw as much as confessed that he wants adult babies out of the egg because society cannot afford to waste time teaching its babies how to walk and talk and eat; because society, in other words, is in a hurry? And that, it seems to me, is a good deal of the pathos of the child to-day. In a society that is continually whipping up its pace there is less and less room for the slow, that is to say the normal, development of the child. It is a world of movies, airplanes, automobiles, radio—in a word, speed. Only the child has remained old-fashioned and seems destined so to remain, at least until Mr. Shaw's genetic theories have been reduced to practical form and made marketable. Airplanes cross the continent in twenty-four hours, but colic and teething run their ancient course. Spiritual horizons widen for the adult, but measles still produce the same little red spots, and molars evoke the same rise in temperature. Infancy is hopelessly behind time.

Or was Mr. Shaw's full-sized baby meant only to satirize this very impatience in modern parents, this desire to speed up child development in order to remove a drag on parent development? But I must leave Mr. Shaw here because we are on our way to France.

Paris, reinforced by the weather and the familiar language, made a hit with the children; that is to say, external Paris. They reveled in the Place de la Concorde and the Tuileries. The first visit to the Louvre they bore patiently enough, and there was even a second visit for the special purpose of the Mona Lisa and the Venus de Milo. Versailles, as far as the chateau is concerned, was a flat failure; and we could understand why. The children had been pleased with Sans Souci at Potsdam because the authorities had been wise enough to leave the place in very much the same condition, I suppose, that Frederick's housekeeper had kept it: and a palace with usable furniture in it is a habitation, and so of the Present. But the empty galleries at Versailles were of a museum

—that is, of the Past. Herbert and Jean simply would not rise to the Hall of Mirrors, even with the Peace Treaty only three years old. One small table, even if a World War received its Finis on it, made a very poor show in several acres of parquet flooring and heavily gilt Cupids. But the gardens of Versailles will, I suppose, always live for Herbert and Jean because of the chestnuts that lay thick under the trees. The chestnuts made a very fair substitute for "immies" in an impromptu game of marbles. Yet it is a question whether the novelty of shooting marbles on the graveled walks once trodden by Marie Antoinette was worth bringing the children across the ocean for.

Frankly speaking, European travel for the young is a movie which goes on too long and which needs the constant attendance of a grown-up to recite the titles. Always it was the adult filling up their horizon. Herbert and Jean would have enjoyed Europe ever so much more if they had had their own friends with them. They missed being with people of their own age. It was quite obvious, after a while, that they were lonely. The best proof was that they began to talk of school—actually counting the days till vacation was over! Or was it for them a vacation? What the young body and the young mind need after eight months' strain at school —even if it is the strain of extra-curricular activities—is just plain vegetation. But the young do not vegetate midst galleries and palaces.

Our grandparents, like ourselves, had their adult interests. There was plenty of politics and feasting and gadding about country in those days, though, to be sure, much should be forgiven the ancestors because they refrained from describing their fun as "reactions" and "realizations." If the grown-ups in the olden days stayed more in the house than we do, it is of no exceptional credit to them. The home then was ever so much more entertaining because it was more primitive. A home, which in simpler times meant a farmstead, was not made up exclusively of human beings. It included dogs, cattle, horses, fowl, and

THE LOUVRE AND THE ABBEY HAVE A PLACE FOR KITTENS AND PIGEONS

the songbirds. In other words, the early home had many of the joys of the circus and the zoo.

And in that domestic circus, be it noted, the child played a leading part. He was the one indispensable member of the troupe; the most gifted and resourceful, as far as giving pleasure was concerned, or creating suspense. The child was in turn and in rapid succession the clown, the comedian, and the tragic hero. By comparison, the emotional resources of the life outside the home were meager. The child was then the broadcasting station of the family hearth. About him centered a vast amount of adult interest which, in great measure, survives to-day. There are still countless millions of adults for whom the baby's new tooth is a stimulus to conversation such as the crisis in the Near East can never evoke.

To-day the outside world has grown ever so much more interesting than it ever has been, and the child in the home is subjected to a much more formidable competition. The modern mother who devotes to her children only half the time which her great-grandmother devoted to her own children really makes a much larger sacrifice than her great-grandmother did: for there are so many more things in the outside world that the modern woman consents to do without when she stays at home. If, then, at times she compromises; if she finds a way to satisfy her yearning for the theater by discovering that the theater isn't bad for fairly young children; if she discovers that the trip to Europe, for which she has been longing, also offers distinct educational advantages for the Herberts and the Jeans, I find it hard to blame her.

And after all, it always turns out to be a matter of give and take on both sides. Herbert was fascinated by the Tower of London and the Beef Eaters. Jean reveled in the Crown Jewels. I cared for none of these things, but pretended to be interested, even as the children had made a brave try to be interested in the Louvre. There was no pretense on any one's part in respect to Westminster Abbey, and surely not on Jean's part. She was delighted with the Coronation Chair and the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and she spent ten minutes of supreme felicity in fondling the little black kitten she discovered between the iron railing just outside the north portal of the Abbey. The black kitten outside of the Abbey and the pigeons on the steps of St. Paul's will blend, for Herbert and Jean, with the Poet's Corner and the Louvre and the Rigi and the Thuringian Forest paths into an experience of Europe that may yet turn out to be more educational than our own. For, after all, the people who built the Louvre and the Abbey must have had a place in their lives for kittens and pigeons: and that would mean, perhaps, that Herbert and Jean had come closer to the historic Past than had their parents.

JASON

A Story

BY WALTER MILLIS

THE village, even from the first, was immensely proud of him. He was, you see, an authentic Edwards: a direct descendant of the remote old gentleman who had opened the town's West India trade away back in colonial times, and a great grandson of the famous Jeremiah Edwards who had built the fine brick mansion to which he had given the name of China House. No one had lived in China House for many years. The Edwards family had vanished out of the village long ago, when two impossibly upright old sisters had died stiffly and simultaneously in the upper bedrooms, looking out through the enormous elms that shaded Water Street. The rest of the family was vaguely supposed to have gone West; but they had not sold the house. And then one day this grandson had abruptly and unexpectedly reappeared there, with his silent wife, and set himself to the reclaiming of what everyone had thought to be an abandoned inheritance. For the village it was a triumph and a vindication, and they were proud of him.

But that was not why he had come back. China House stood just off the very end of Water Street, a narrow yard with great snowball bushes in front of it and a sweep of grass with lilacs and rhododendrons and a box-hedged garden in the rear, running down to the rocks and the harbor edge. There was a certain quiet air about it—just a great block of softly weathered brick and ivy standing impassively behind its elm trees, and looking out across the sea that was to have brought its fortune, but did not. There was that gently alluring beauty in it that you find in so many of these New England seaside houses. But that is scarcely the sort of thing to attract a young man, especially a young man with a reputation of sorts, for whom people confidently predict a "future." And that was the way people always spoke of Jason Edwards. The reputation clung to him, it is true, a little vaguely, and the village was somewhat uncertain about it, but they were quite sure that he was a genius. That fine, handsome young gravity of his made it almost self-evident. It was something financial, the village said. He had had a private wire installed, straight to Wall Street, and since he was never seen to do anything else, they supposed that he spent his time in manipulating things.

But that was precisely Jason Edwards' difficulty. He was a young man, I think, who had been betrayed by success. I don't mean in the obvious ways; it was something more subtle and more interesting than that. He had simply acquired a reputation which he felt himself unable to live up to, and he had a peculiar kind of conscience which was enormously worried by it. He had suddenly bobbed up, you see, from nowhere in particular, at the age of twenty-seven, with what seemed very much like a fortune. That there was something a little mysterious about it only made it the more exciting; he looked the part, you know, and people who said that it was probably a fluke, added that he would bear watching, and privately asked him for tips. But Jason never gave them any. He was always a bit queer about the whole affair, until one day he had

suddenly picked up his wife and disappeared—buried himself—in China House. And I really think it was a kind of flight. He was running, I believe, from what he felt to be a false position in the world. That may seem odd. But it must have been the case, for otherwise it is hard to understand why he should have acted as he did.

He was really a young man in search of his own personality. Both the fortune and the reputation, you see, were accidental, and they merely left him hanging in the air. It was a fact that he had installed a private wire in China House, but he was not actually a financier and he never had anything to send over it. I suppose he had thought that by putting his life into the ancestral frame he could get some kind of perspective on it; but these problems that have to do with people and relationships are so damnably hard, and in that wide expanse of sea and green trees and yellow rock upon which China House was founded I do not believe that he ever found the suggestion of an answer. You may not think much of Jason Edwards, and I don't know that one can think much of him in the end. People don't sit about worrying over their own inadequacies unless there is a soft spot in them somewhere; but at least you must admit that his failures were those of his decencies rather than of his vices.

Even to his wife he remained, I think, a decorative figure. How valuable that fact was to her was a question which only Helen could have answered, and she never did. She was a quiet, immobile girl, with something more than his own distinguished gravity, and perhaps something less than his strongly accented, almost pictorial impressiveness; and she was not in the habit of either asking or answering questions. She merely seemed to survey the world through a pair of large and unchanging gray eyes, and no one ever knew what she was thinking. It was possibly her greatest weakness, or her greatest strength. I don't know, and at any rate, I doubt that this story has very much to do with Helen.

But Jason Edwards was undeniably decorative; you could have seen it even in his pose as he leaned against the bottom of the stair rail, in white flannels and a gray lounging coat, with a bright necktie making a spot of color in the white shadowy hall. His wife, returning from a morning's walk and surveying him in her silent way, must have sensed the delicate impressiveness of the picture to which she had, in the one abrupt action of her life, dedicated her existence. But she said nothing about it.

"You will want the car this afternoon, I suppose?"

"The car?" he asked, and it occurred to him suddenly that it was a long time since he had been in love with Helen.

"I thought you were going up to New York this evening. You said that there was a board meeting or something."

"No," he said, evasively. "Not worth while . . . Looks like rain."

There was a trace of an obscure disappointment in her eyes, and Jason felt it suddenly as a challenge to the aimlessness of this existence he had got himself into. "New York," he said, almost sullenly, "is a good place to stay away from."

They looked at each other for a moment across the hall. She set down a basket of wild flowers she had collected and slowly pulled off a pair of working gloves.

"Had a good walk?"

"I enjoyed it. Lunch must be ready."

"Look here, Helen—" he began abruptly, and then stopped. She could not possibly know how much he would have liked it if there had been a board meeting to go to. She could not know that he was in search of a personality—anything that would make him feel himself to be genuine, significant. After all, in Helen herself—if he could only explain it to her. But though they had been married hardly more than five years, they had nothing to say.

"I mean," he tried again, actually in

a kind of desperation, "you aren't—you aren't bored here, are you, or anything like that? That is, I suppose it must be rather dull sometimes."

"Bored?" she repeated. "No, I'm not bored. I like it here."

"I'm not sure that *I* like it here," he burst out, and he tossed his hand toward the inclosing walls of the quiet house. "And I don't suppose there's much satisfaction for you in it. . . ." It was characteristic of him to talk of his own problems as if they were hers. "You've got to get satisfaction out of things, you know."

Helen considered her husband very gravely for a little while. If this were Helen's story it would be very important to know what passed in her mind. But it is not Helen's story. And I suppose she thought that it was no good talking about things in this way. "Yes," she said, and moved toward the dining room.

Jason felt, a little wearily, that it was quite useless. He abandoned the attempt. Couldn't get that sort of thing out anyway. And Helen, whom he had brought here and set down in this house of his ancestors, remained a flat mystery to him. He thought of her only as a head which must have ideas in it, and large gray eyes that undoubtedly saw things. But what these might be was as unimaginable as what lies behind the stars. He followed her in and sat down across the smooth mahogany table, just under the portrait of Jeremiah Edwards which hung in its restrained gilt oval above the delicate white paneling of the fireplace.

"I think," said Helen, "the cream is a little soured."

In the afternoon there was an increasing sultriness. Jason Edwards sat in the small room that his great grandfather had used as an office, staring angrily at the telephone which represented his end of the private wire. It did not help much. Outside, the day seemed to be working itself up for an outburst of fury; inside, the man was probably doing very much the same thing. A thunder squall was plainly in the air, and he caught sight through the window of a schooner bearing up around the point as if to make the harbor. She came along easily and gracefully in the dying air, put her helm down, and went about—a handsome black schooner yacht, with what seemed to be a group of people, brightly dressed, in her cockpit. He could see them as the sails snapped over together, a splash of color and vivacity, still bright in the distant sunlight under the darkening sky. . . . He sprang up abruptly, and as he did so the summer lightning flashed and the first thunderclap ran around the low hills behind the town.

The rain streamed awhile on the windows, beat through the lilac bushes, and ran bubbling in the paths of the neat garden which Helen appeared to keep up more as a matter of course than of affection. The schooner rounded to with a great flutter of wet sails, let go her anchor, and came to rest. She seemed to have got pretty far over from the usual anchorage, which was across by the yacht club, and she swung in not far from the little beach at the bottom of the garden—though Jason did not pay much attention to it.

Then the rain stopped, the sky cleared partially, and the late sun dropped level under the clouds. Things stood out across the water with a peculiar fresh clarity and sharpness—brilliantly colored under a gray background. Sounds were distinct over the level distances. The yacht's people had come out again into the cockpit where they seemed to be having some sort of party. There was great animation, and a faint little squeal from one of the girls. . . . From the somber fastness of China House, Jason and Helen Edwards each looked out—through quite different windows—upon a bright wet world and a ragged horizon. Somehow one can see them there with an extraordinary vividness—two figures in a setting at the remote end of a long tunnel of old elms. . . .

Jason Edwards sat up quite late that night, reading with determination. It was close again, and at midnight a faint odor of the box could penetrate through the deep shadows beyond the reading lamp and fill the house with the trace of a subtle restlessness. He threw down the book and wandered through the rooms where his great grandfather had stalked with all the resolute purposefulness of a simpler generation. In the dining room the great dark pool of the mahogany table seemed to catch and hold a single elusive gleam from a light that must have gone out years ago. . . . It was lying there, quite dead now. . . . He stepped into the hot dankness of the garden, where the clouds reached far out overhead until on the horizon a single star just broke through their under edge. Jason stood in his garden and looked at the star, and the star looked back silently at Jason; and that, if you understand what I mean, just seemed to be all that there was to it—to anything at all, anywhere. So it seemed; but as it happened, Jason was wrong. For at that moment he heard something which sounded very much like a shout.

Unmistakably a girl was calling from somewhere. It seemed near at hand, but after the hail was repeated twice it ceased altogether. It was startling and rather weird, coming abruptly at a man out of the midnight darkness and then vanishing into silence again. The mere memory of the voice hung in the air, while other little noises murmured all around him and a tiny surf rustled periodically on the beach below the garden. It was just a call, echoing sharply in his mind; not in the least that of a person in distress, but with a certain urgency in it. He tried to reconstruct the direction from which it had seemed to come, and he thought that it had sounded from somewhere below him in the garden. But he got all the way down to the low cliff just above the beach and found no one. It was very dark down there, and he listened, and heard only the water rolling a few pebbles idly up and down.

"Hi there!" he said into the beach, not very loudly.

"Hello," said the voice. It almost startled him, it was so close.

He dropped over the edge. A small boat, a dinghy or something of the sort, appeared to have been run up on the pebbles, and he just made out that the girl was sitting on the bow. He went up quite near to her, but even so he could see no more than that it was a slight figure balanced on the end of the dinghy. Whoever it might be, it said nothing; and Jason merely stood there, not knowing exactly how to begin, until he felt that the ripples were washing about his shoes. It was impossible to stand with one's feet in the water, staring at a shadow.

"Is there," he said, though it did not sound quite the right thing, "is there anything you want?"

He could just distinguish the blur of her face; it seemed to lift suddenly and he knew that she must be looking at him, but she did not answer. It gave him a very odd sensation—and he found himself thinking foolishly of those tales of strange things that are cast up by the sea. He stepped back a little.

"I thought you called," he said. "I don't want to butt in."

"I did call," said the shadow finally, though it seemed to hesitate a little. "I—I wanted a light."

In some way it seemed even more extraordinary than it sounded. He said that he would get a lantern.

"No. Cigarette."

He must have felt simply that there was an inherent impossibility in the idea that a girl should arrive alone by midnight on his beach, demanding a light for a cigarette. And it was rather remarkable. He began going through his pockets in a mechanical fashion. And then this shadow spoke again.

"Don't you know me, Jason?" was what it said.

He stopped in a profound astonishment. "Know you?"

"You'd forgotten all about me, hadn't you?" said the girl, lightly. "But I'd recognize your voice anywhere, Jason."

"Then it's Barbara?"

"Yes, it's Barbara all right."

He found the match, struck it, and held it up between them. In the dead air the small flame burned steadily upward from the stick, and across it Edwards looked into a face that suddenly he remembered very well. It was not precisely a thin face but an incredibly slight one, very white in the darkness except for a touch of rouge on either cheek, and with an air—save for the two steady hazel eyes—of an impossible fragility or unreality, as if by blowing out the match one would have blown it out, too—back across the water. But the eyes would have remained. Abruptly she bent forward and lighted the cigarette she had been holding in her hand, while Jason watched the matchlight fall across her small forehead and her straying, straw-colored hair—precisely as he had done innumerable times before, in what seemed to him a very remote past.

Then she straightened up. Suddenly he became aware that just beyond her shoulder the light was reflected in another pair of eyes, staring stupidly at him, as it were, out of the sea. He started violently. It was incredibly, impossibly weird—it is hard to tell just how weird it seemed to him. The girl turned. "Go to sleep, Billy," she said shortly; the eyes vanished behind her and the match went out. In the sudden disappearance of the light he was left gazing blankly at nothing—nothing but a smudge on the darkness. It was exactly as if the whole thing had flashed upon him like a sudden picture of memory and then had simply been wiped out—obliterated—leaving him standing by himself on an empty beach.

But it was not that. In the middle of the smudge the end of the cigarette glowed calmly, its thin odor was in the air, and he realized that a slight knocking sound resulted from the fact that she was swinging her heels against the side of the boat. "Eh," she said finally, "this isn't any easy chair," and she seemed to jump to her feet on the sand.

"But see here." Jason was beginning to recover. "What's all this anyway? Where on earth did you come from? What's it all about?"

"Wish I knew." It was the same light, inconsequential voice he could now recall so clearly, but it seemed faintly tired. "And I didn't come from anywhere on earth. Off that yacht out there. But fancy finding you here, child. Just fancy that!"

"Who's this with you? What's the matter with him?"

"Tight, I suppose," said Barbara. "He generally is, you know. It was rather a wild party." Jason moved toward the boat. "Oh, leave him alone. He's only my husband." . . .

Somewhere in the remote darkness beyond the beach a high, thin little voice was speaking with a faraway distinctness. "But I just saw a light over there," it was saying. "She yelled twice. Hurry up, you must go and see." A man replied, and then there was the sound of oars being tumbled into a boat, and some more talking, and presently the regular splash and grunt of someone rowing. Then it stopped and the man called loudly.

"They're coming after me," said Barbara almost in a whisper.

"Well, that's what you wanted, isn't it? You'd better answer him."

Instead of doing so the girl suddenly dropped her cigarette and stepped on it. The man hailed again and then called back to the yacht to know where the light had been, and several people began shouting and talking in a foolish confusion.

"Billy said he wanted to go fishing," she remarked irrelevantly. "Said he wanted to take me to catch sea horses. Fancy that!" The tone was purely reflective. "I guess I'd had some drinks

myself. But anyway, he was too tight to row, and when he went to sleep in the bottom of the boat I just paddled in here. And here *you* are. Of all the people in the world. . . . I don't know," she said—and through the impenetrable darkness Jason realized that she was smiling at him in a way that he too could remember—"that I want to go back."

Jason found nothing to reply. And I scarcely know what a man could reply to an announcement like that. He had difficulty in adjusting himself. It was like being abruptly plunged into the midst of a wild and shocking improbability.

"By the way, you are real, aren't you?" said the girl. She moved toward him; he put out his hand mechanically and hers suddenly closed upon it. The vivid contact—the touch of those slender and delicate fingers resting lightly over his wrist—was surprising and disquieting. I believe he was for the first time actually conscious that the girl he had once known so well was in fact standing on the dark sands in front of him, risen astoundingly out of the sea. . . . Something had to be done. . . . "Yes," she was saying, "you seem to be quite solid. You always were solid, anyway, weren't you, Jason? . . . Good lord, I think I'm tired." She slipped her arm through his and rested lightly against him. So there they were. There was something almost funny in it, if you stop to think.

But Jason was simply shocked—profoundly and inexpressibly shocked. "I really believe," the girl was whispering again with a kind of bright eagerness, "I'll just run away. Why not?" The oarsman was in close to the shore now, but he appeared to have dropped some distance down with the tide. "They're all just a lot of drunks"—the tone changed a little—"and you get awfully tired of that sort of thing after a while, you know. There's nothing in it. And I want to talk to you, child." With an utter inconsequentiality she began to hum, very softly, a popular tune—but it had been popular about six years before.

It was really the outrageousness of the contrast that affected him more than anything else. She was so precisely as he had known her, so slight a creature, with that light irresponsibility and almost childlike recklessness—and yet here she was, thrown away irretrievably among a crowd of no-accounts. So Jason saw it. The picture she gave him was brief but it was complete. She was too good to be mucking up her life like this. It was what he felt at the moment. "There's nothing in it." There was not—it was as if she were looking back to him out of an utter desolation. Things ought not to happen that way.

But never for a moment did it seem to overcome her. The yacht's boat was returning along the shore, the beat of the oars drawing very close. "Quick!" she whispered suddenly, and crossed over to the dinghy.

He had actually begun to help her before the point of the idea dawned on him. If it had dawned on him sooner he might not have helped. The dinghy, since the tide had dropped a little, was caught fast on the pebbles and he found himself struggling silently, almost desperately, together with her in an effort to push it off. He heard her breathing hard, close to him, their heads touching across the bow of the boat; and they worked there like two conspirators over a corpse—the indistinct bulk on the bottom boards might just as well have been a corpse—while the other boat was drawing in. Then the dinghy slipped free; he gave it a shove, and it vanished into the dark waters. Gone. The two of them stood together in water up to their ankles; and beyond in the harbor the lights of the yacht showed as if across an impassable gulf.

"Funny," she whispered, with her head against his shoulder, "just as if you were clear of the whole business. . . . Take me home with you, Jason," she said abruptly.

He was almost too surprised to answer.

Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

THEY SAT BENEATH THE PORTRAIT OF JEREMIAH EDWARDS

"But I can't do that, you know," he gasped finally. "What'd I say, and all?"

"Say anything. Say you rescued me from drowning. But do, Jason"—and she played lightly on the intonation of his name in a funny little way she had once used—"where else should I go?"

"But you haven't been drowning," he said stupidly.

"Haven't I? . . . Then I will!"

There was not the slightest hesitation. Before he could stop her she shook loose from him, slipped into the water, and managed to get herself thoroughly wetted from head to foot.

"Now," she said, "take me home and put me to bed."

It was irreparable.

From the harbor, as they climbed up the bank, a great noise of bumping and shouting arose on the night. The oarsman had apparently collided with the dinghy, containing as it did its alarming cargo. Then he seemed to be going away for assistance. The sounds all faded out behind them. And Jason and this curious girl went up into China House, and he switched on the lights, and she slumped dripping into the chair across the great mahogany table, directly beneath the portrait of Jeremiah Edwards in its restrained oval. A delicately pretty, fragile, irresponsible creature, staring at him through hazel eyes that seemed at once tired and rather mischievous. . . .

Helen was standing framed against the darkness of the hall in the white colonial doorway. "This is—this is Miss Lansdowne," said Jason, "off the yacht. She capsized her boat; almost drowned. I pulled her out. We can fix her up, can't we?"

Helen did not advance. "I'll get some things," she said evenly. "You had better stay here until I make a bed." The doorway was empty.

And so he had introduced her into that carefully constructed environment of his. He could scarcely have known what he had done; I am very sure that Barbara did not. They simply gazed at each other over the mahogany for a long time. It was rather like picking up a fine watch which had been lost and shaking it to see if it would run—to find out what had happened to it in the meantime. After all these years! Jason understood very well what had happened to her—the whole thing had sprung upon him, as it were, so violently—and he felt that kind of disturbed anger which is really only what any decent man feels when he sees something which has fineness and courage in it running to waste. He knew what sort of life those people on the yacht represented. And he felt, idealistically, that she had drifted into it in an effort merely to make something out of living. It was the way, he remembered it, that she took everything. A foolish and irresponsible girl, who yet met things as they came. In the back of his head there formed an idea which would have been absurd anyway but which was also dangerous. He ought in some way to rescue her from this business.

"This is an awfully nervy thing for you to do, Barbara," he said.

"Is it? But why not?" It was her philosophy of life. And Jason, whose difficulty was that he had no philosophy of life, admired her tremendously for it. Jason could not do things that way.

She looked up at him. If you ask me what she saw, you are asking a difficult question; but I suppose she saw that handsome and steady young face, clothed in its vaguely insistent reputation for brilliance and success, and buried in the deep solemnity of China House at the end—so it must have appeared to Barbara—of nowhere.

"You are too good for this sort of thing, Barbara," he said; and you must understand that at this moment his emotion was a genuinely decent one. "Why did you go in for it? You're simply chucking yourself away."

Barbara looked into the vacant doorway. "And you—?" she asked.

They were only two words but, as you can see, they profoundly altered the relationship. Jason Edwards was a young man who was completely and

exhaustingly dissatisfied with himself; they simply set him on fire, coming so abruptly in that weird way out of the night, and he broke down in a sudden torrent of memories and dissatisfactions and absurd desires. That subtle little question, flung lightly into this rather purposeless existence of his, had all at once given him something to bite on. Well—he bit.

There was a challenge in it. He did not sleep much during what was left of the night. Breakfast, with these three people sitting together there and the cool green light filtering in through the trees and playing freshly over the coffee cups, must have been a rather curious meal. Afterward Helen went out; and he took the girl into the garden that sloped to the sea, where the lilac bushes were already drawing their shadows close under them on the lawn—to fight it out with her.

"What did you mean?" he demanded. "What did you mean by telling me that I was throwing myself away too?"

"Did I say that?" asked Barbara, who quite possibly may not have meant anything at all.

"Didn't you?" He had to pin down this elusive girl who had so silently materialized in the silent shadows of China House.

"Maybe so," said Barbara. "I don't suppose I meant anything. I generally don't, you know."

"No, you never did." He walked up and down a little by himself. "I used to swear at you for it, too. But that's just it. You *ought* to, you know. You ought to be getting somewhere. Not just trifling around—"

"I don't care for it," said the girl. "But what would you have? You—you never got me out of it, Jason."

"No," he said.

They sat down on the grass and he offered her a cigarette. Between two trees they could just see the yacht swinging to her moorings. There was no one about on deck and one of her boats was away.

"Looking for you," he said.

She slipped her arm through his—quite naturally, merely an offhand, unconscious gesture. "Let them look," was what she said. "I don't in the least want to go back. . . . If you had married me I shouldn't have had to, Jason."

"No," he said, "but it's too late now."

"Yes, quite too late." The sun laid down its bright and heavy carpet across the old lawn, and that careless but courageous child sat there looking rather oddly through her hazel eyes into the stupidities of existence. "But what else was I to do?" she said. "I'm a silly creature, I suppose, and you've got to get some fun in life."

It affected him deeply—the more so, I think, because what for a long time he had really been waiting for was to find something that would affect him. He discovered himself all at once in a state of nervous excitement.

"At least, Barbara," he said, "you have the courage of your convictions."

She turned upon him queerly in genuine surprise. "What a funny boy you are, Jason!"

"See here, Barbara," cried this absurd man suddenly, "you won't understand a bit of this. I don't know that I understand it myself. But a person has got to *be* something, you know—something or other. You are, damn it, in your own way. I'm not. What would you say? Brilliant young man, all that sort of thing, great success you know, quite a genius, looked up to by the townspeople—and just nothing in it. Can't go on. Nothing to do. Don't you see?"

She did not see, but she was struck by the suppressed force of this abrupt outburst. She looked quickly at him with something, I fancy, of a mixed emotion.

"Listen," he said. "I'll tell you something I have never told anyone else. You know that fortune of mine. Very nice and all that. But pure luck. There

was a man came into my office one day and put me up to a deal. Only knew him slightly; he was a good deal of a scoundrel. There was nothing dishonest about this—that is, nothing really illegal, I mean—but it was war contracts and he wanted my name because he needed a little respectability. One of these people with more brains than reputation, you know. Well, they got away with it even better than they expected, and they passed on my share, and a couple of lucky breaks, and I came out with an independent income and a lot of credit among the people who didn't know the details."

It was the degradation he had been running from, though even now he would not quite admit it. He was like that. But though she did not understand what he was saying, perhaps she understood him. "What a funny boy you are, Jason," she repeated slowly.

"I mean," he went on, "there's nothing left. I'm not a financial wizard, though I seem to look like one. I couldn't play the street fifteen minutes without dropping every cent I own. I fool myself into thinking I'm pretty hot stuff; but it doesn't work. Only you—you are hot stuff." And he really believed it. "You don't know what your game is but you're not afraid to play it."

For reply she squeezed his hand, which may mean anything, and they simply sat there looking into their two problems which were so very different.

"Only you need somebody to look after you," he said.

"And you—?" she asked, and this time she presently answered her own question. It was Helen's difficulty, if you remember, that she never answered questions. "You need somebody to appreciate you, child. Fancy your moping yourself away up here like that!"

It was of course precisely the weak fiber in the man that could respond to this note she touched. But perhaps one can forgive him. It was all rather like a sudden blazing revelation. Under the light pressure of her hand the future seemed all at once to open out in a shining, throbbing magnificence; in this partnership of mutual assistance it seemed to him that he could escape the degrading falsity of his position and find something of vitality and significance in life. That war contract, you see, had represented to him an insistent and colossal moral failure—all the more so because everyone else regarded it as his great success—and he was in a desperate effort to retrieve it. The ethics may seem a bit odd when you consider Helen's position, but I imagine that they were not unique. After all, it was a hot summer and I believe people do things like that in hot summers.

"We could have made it go very well, Jason," the girl was saying softly. "But it's too late now."

"Is it too late?" he asked with a sudden fierceness.

And then he was stopped dead when he realized what he had done.

She had not answered him in the affirmative but was merely looking at him oddly out of two large, acquisitive eyes. . . .

They were interrupted. A maid said that a man wished to speak to him, and he grasped almost convulsively at the diversion.

But when he came back in a few moments he did not seem less excited.

"Well?"

"It was the sailing master from the yacht. Wanted to know if we had seen anything of you."

"Well—" She trailed the word peculiarly.

"I told him," said Jason, "that we had not. He went away."

She laid her hand in his, and the sun was very hot about the lilac bushes and a bee buzzed in the air.

So Jason embarked upon his adventure. It was just that touch of weakness in him, but it was the very weakness he was trying to escape. Odd, isn't it? She stayed there again that night, and by next day the two imbeciles had

arranged that they would run away together. He planned the whole thing in the same breathless excitement—the yacht still in the harbor meant that anything they did had to be done in a hurry—and the wildest part of it all was that he never once thought of Helen.

The girl was to take the train and he was to take time to make arrangements, although he could scarcely have had any clear idea of the arrangements he was going to make, and follow her. He went down to the station and put her on board.

"You'll come this time, Jason?" she said, looking up at him, perhaps a little doubtfully, with those irresponsible hazel eyes of hers. It was the expression, he thought, that he had seen in them when that other had looked over her shoulder out of the darkness.

"Au revoir," he said, taking hold of her hand. And as he did so he was actually conscious of nothing save a great sense of release, and power. It was like holding his whole future. "I'll come, right enough."

And I think he really would have; but as it happened it turned out rather differently. Even on his way back, when he saw the familiar bulk of China House down the long avenue of elms, he must have been seized with a faint misgiving. It was a trifle changed when she was not there, and Jason was hardly the man to go about spreading magnificent destructions. He must have felt how suddenly those walls would collapse upon him. The matter had its difficulties. And when at last he came up through the screen door into the hall, he found that someone was waiting for him.

A slightly florid individual, not well preserved, in white flannels. It was the man to whom he owed his fortune.

The thing was brutally unexpected. It rather knocked him, right there; that affair seemed to pursue him with an almost intentional malice. But the first words that the visitor said were, "Well, Jason, where is she?"

He had to repeat the question before Edwards replied.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Oh, come off," said the other pleasantly, "don't pull that stuff on me. Barbara, of course."

"Barbara?" said Jason, rather stupidly. "What do you know about Barbara?"

"Nothing much," said the other. "One doesn't, of course—but I'm her husband. Not that it signifies particularly."

Well, that was that. At any rate he had the whole thing in a rush, and he had to meet his problem all at once.

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Oh, tie it. I was boiled, of course, so I can't say just what happened the other night, but charming young ladies simply don't disappear into smoke, and as we must have come ashore near your place and you're the only soul in the neighborhood who sounds like a mutual friend, it doesn't take much sleuthing to find the trail."

I suppose it was his egoism that was touched at first. It almost made him shudder. That this sort of thing should have a claim on her—should be what she had devoted herself to—gave him a kind of revulsion. He ought to have expected it, of course. If you start to pull things out of mudholes you must take your chances of getting muddied. But most persons' imaginations work only in jumps.

The other planted himself with an infinite solidity in a chair, and pulled out a handkerchief because it was warm. "Goodness gracious," he said sarcastically, "I believe you're trying to steal the little girl."

And Jason began to appreciate the peculiar difficulty of the situation. The other had a perfect right to sarcasm, or anything else. Both Jason and China House, as it stood, were his own creations.

"What if I am?" Jason demanded in an effort at self-assertion.

"Then I admire your nerve," said the husband unconcernedly. "But it doesn't

sound like the Jason I knew. Where've you hidden her?"

"She's on the train."

"On the train? I don't get the point. Why didn't she tell us? Might at least have let us know she wasn't a corpse."

Jason felt himself slipping into an abysmal depression. He could scarcely summon the resolution to face this wretched competition. With any other man it would have been different, though bad enough; but that it should have been this man was overpowering him. He collected his resources.

"I don't think," he said, "that she cares what you know or what you don't know."

The other looked at him very keenly for a moment and then got to his feet.

"Eh? Are you trying to put anything over on me, Edwards?"

"No," said Jason, with an effort at the gesture, "I'm not trying to put anything over on you. I didn't know it was you, anyhow. She didn't tell me. But if you like it, I *am* running away with her. I'll tell you now. She's too good for your crowd, and you might as well know it."

"The hell she is," said the other in a blank amazement, and turned the announcement over in his mind. He seemed to be stupified by it.

It was for a moment very still in the hallway, and Jason now braced himself for the attack.

"Well," said the husband at length, "it beats me." And he sat down. It was unutterably flat.

"So you two are running away together, eh? And you'll pay the bills and alimony out of the pile I made for you. You're a queer duck, Edwards." He laughed outright; and the sound seemed to re-echo through the whole house.

It was quite true. Jason looked into that impossible prospect and it knocked every prop out from under him. He hit bottom and he hit pretty hard. There was nothing to say—nothing that could be said.

"You did take me a bit by surprise," the husband went on. "Idea's a trifle hard to get used to, y'see. Running away with Jason! Well, I'm—I don't know, though. Maybe it saves a lot of bother all around."

Then there was to be no struggle. There wasn't to be anything at all.

"Lord," continued the other, "I wish you joy. You'll need it. And any time you two kids find yourselves hard up for rent or any little thing, just let me know and I'll put you up to whatever I may have on hand. Guess I'll stagger along." And he did. He had presented her to him.

It was utterly impossible.

The letter he wrote was rather a queer one. The burden of it was that under the circumstances he could be nothing but a shackle upon her, and that he was beneath her contempt. It was for her sake that he was doing as he was. He wasn't worthy of her—that phrase occurred two or three times, and I think you miss the point unless you see that he was entirely sincere when he wrote it. Barbara took it very well, as she took everything in life, and after rereading the letter she agreed with him. Now Barbara was not, I suppose, worth one of Helen's shoestraps—but I think she was quite right. Jason had a soft spot in him and one could have liked him better if he had made the break.

But the village would not have seen it that way. It considers him its proudest triumph. Affairs like that get about—after all, there were servants in China House—and the villagers cling to the belief that it is not everyone who could have resisted temptation so firmly in the New England tradition. So he is a hero on two counts, now, and perhaps ultimately he will get used to the idea. . . . Helen did not ask any questions. Things are not quite the same in China House as they once were; but Helen knows enough to know that things are never quite the same—and the wild blackberries still sun themselves on the rocks between the sea and the salt marshes. Which is perhaps all that matters.

THE ART OF BEING A JEW

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Why is it an art to be a Jew? Because definite historical forces have caused it to come about that the Jew cannot take either himself or his world for granted; he cannot live freely, instinctively, spontaneously. Everyone else finds an immanent theory of life ready for him at birth—as ready as clothes to be worn. The Jew hasn't any such covering for his spirit. The world wants him to wear one set of psychical and social clothes; his conscience often demands another. Every act of living for him is an act of deliberate and difficult choice. Thus, life for him has all the intricacy, the technic, the conscious adaptation of means to ends that belong to art. It is this fundamental truth and its historical causes which I have set forth in the following article. In addition there are shown two ways of practicing this art of being a Jew, an older and a newer way, a less and a more noble. These two ways of being a Jew have a significance that quite transcends the Jewish problem. They point to two paths that are open to our entire civilization at its crossroads of choice.—*Author's Note.*

THE middle-class American of Jewish faith is commonly, like his cultural equal among his Gentile fellow-citizens, a man of little or no faith at all. He may pay for a pew in a temple of the reformed persuasion, he may even be seen in that pew on certain high holidays. Those emotions in him that are deeply akin to the religious are more likely to be awakened over a book, or at a play, opera, or concert. Yet he must sustain that sectarian affiliation, since it is the frail shield of his exposed position. According to the argument which sustains him, he differs from other Americans (or Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Poles) by his religion alone. Hence he must cleave to that religion. The reformation of his cult permits him to be in his office on the Sabbath, even to attend worship on Sunday. The Day of Atonement finds him, if not fasting, yet at home.

Since the division between himself and his fellowmen is so slight in theory, it should be equally so in practice. The reverse is true. Our assimilationist friend of Jewish faith may be almost blond and straight-nosed; he may be admirably unobtrusive in pronunciation and manner. He may have a son at Harvard and a daughter at Vassar. He may have abbreviated his name. Yet when he sits at the head of his board the guests will be Levinskys and Rosenfelds; his table at his luncheon-club—we are safe in assuming him to be a business man or lawyer—will hear voices in which the echo of the ancestral prayer and study-chant will still be audible. His son and his daughter will have Gentile friends at college. But these friendships will, after graduation, fade by what has all the appearance of mutual consent.

Despite his theory, our friend does not in fact seek Gentile society. Firstly, he is as a rule rather sensitive and self-respecting. He does not wish to be where he is not wanted; and memories and instincts both warn him that he probably is not wanted. Secondly, though he may deny it both vigorously and even blithely, he knows his position to be an exceedingly precarious one. Let a Unitarian, for instance, rebuff him socially—his entire theory crumbles. Thus, for the sake of his inner equilibrium, he must associate exclusively with those who are in a like position and live by the same assumptions. In his circles you find a complete and admi-

rable imitation of Gentile culture. It differs from the real thing only by a more passionate love of the arts and by the almost complete absence in it of anyone but Jews.

These Jews, moreover, can never be a shade more orthodox than himself. They must never harbor a doubt of the complete success of the assimilationist theory. Nationalists or Zionists have rude and brutal ways. They will mention pogroms in Poland and the number of orphans left in Petlura's train of blood; they will tell the anecdote of a certain Siegfried Cohen who, when threatened with expulsion from Munich as a dangerous alien, produced an Iron Cross of the first class. And what displeases our assimilationist friend most is, that these disturbers of his quiet will discuss the infinite variety of anti-Semitic phenomena not with the passionate disgust of the benevolent Gentile but with a certain grave acceptance —things and the world being, alas, still as they are.

If our friend's social contacts are circumscribed for the sake of his soul's security, his citizenship is of an even more fettered kind. Though he lives by the assertion of equality, he is always impelled to be more public-spirited and patriotic than his Gentile neighbor in order to attain it. He embraces positions of public trust with an inordinate satisfaction, and feels flattered when he is asked to contribute effort or money to the general welfare. His whole life as a citizen is a *petitio principi*. Yet he fares well enough in matters that pertain to his city and State. In matters international his way is still harder. He wishes to share the opinions of other Americans of good social and professional standing and to conform to them. Alas, he cannot quite rejoice in the independence of Poland; he cannot love Roumania, despite her suffering during the War under the heel of the Prussian. He has a sneaking kindness for the pre-war Germany of Rathenau, Dernburg, Ballin, even though he spent himself, his substance, his sons' blood for the Allies; he has—and dare not whisper it to his own soul—a sneaking kindness for the Soviets who put down pogroms and gave the Jews complete civic equality. He is an American. He is a one-hundred-per-cent American. Yet he brings to all his political reactions another, an international consciousness. In extreme cases he curses that internationalist prejudice. It remains.

He does other curious things which belie his assumptions. He is proud of Jewish achievement. One does not find Methodists or Anglicans so passionate in this matter. Our friend will not overemphasize such things. He will show good taste according to Nordic standards though the heavens fall. But he is not a little pleased with Relativity and Psycho-analysis and the new art of the theater. He will appreciate Mahler and Bloch in music and Sassoon in poetry and Schnitzler and Wassermann in prose. On a lower level he will sometimes ferret out Jewish artists and scientists of far smaller achievements and read lists of them and their doings in some periodical printed for Americans of his "faith." He is a generation or two removed from ritual or religious observance; he does not know the ancestral tongue, or the history or the legends of his people; his children are not permitted to hear even those scraps of colloquial Hebrew that persist longest. He is an American, an *American!* But his friends are Jews and his interests are tinged with Jewishness and he compensates for his protestations and his actions by pride in whatever his people shows of genius or glory. He is unhappy in the presence of Gentiles whom he suspects of the faintest prejudice; he is unhappy in the presence of Jews whom he suspects of anti-assimilationist beliefs. He is an American! Yet when he hears of a mixed marriage he shakes his head. He has no objection in principle. He is afraid it can come to no good. It fills him, too, with a strange faint feeling of loss. Why, why? He ponders. What

has he to do with the integrity of Israel? He is too enlightened scientifically to believe that any racial strain is unmixed. His faith, heaven knows, has no propagandist ardor. It does not worry him to see the temples empty. What is wrong with him? He is an American. He *will* be an American. Yet, when at breakfast he opens his paper, he glances first at the Jewish names among the notices of deaths and births; feels a faint sinking of the heart at a cabled report of anti-Jewish agitation in a Hungarian university; is consoled by the fact that a Jewish Egyptologist has, despite protest, been called to Munich; and that Mr. Rosenwald of Chicago has given another magnificent contribution to Negro education. Driven into a corner he will admit these things. But he is not often driven into a corner. Gentiles will not think of asking the question. Toward non-assimilationist Jews he plays the part of anger or indignation. He will not permit his Americanism to be impugned, certainly not by foreigners!

The not very happy man whom I have tried to describe is the product of historic forces. It was the Enlightenment of the Eighteenth Century that liberated his great-grandfather from the Ghetto. Voltaire and Lessing sponsored the Jew's free entry into western civilization. But by the time the ideas of Voltaire and Lessing had become facts and actions, another wave of feeling and of theory arose. Romanticism and nationalism repudiated the Enlightenment of the Eighteenth Century and all its works and ways. An entirely new Europe had the liberated Jew in its midst. It made the best of a bad business and said: "Very well. We cannot put you back into the Ghetto. You must be like us so far as any public functioning goes. We will let you build your residential Ghetto where you like. We will let you vote. Theoretically we will let you teach and hold office. But you must assimilate. The price we demand is the gradual destruction and disappearance of Jewry."

But the average Jew, like the average man of any sort, wanted to live in peace, wanted indeed to be a good citizen and a comfortable one. Nineteenth-century Liberalism, moreover, appealed to him, and in England and the United States, in pre-War Germany and Austria he lived in considerable comfort in his compromise position—a perfectly honest one—trying to reduce his Jewishness to a minimum and to make his inner life coincide as far as possible with his nationalist position as an Englishman, a German, or an American. Many Jews thus merged with the surrounding population and intermarriage became more frequent. But Jewry as a whole, even reformed and assimilationist Jewry, though it lighted candles on its Christmas trees and forgot the date of Passover, persisted unchanged and all but undiminished. Its will to disappear was conscious and superficial; its will to persist unconscious, unanswerable, profound. From this anomaly, from this contradiction at the very center and source of life arose a thousand human situations of the strangest and most intricate kind. Cruel comedy alternated with the bitterest tragedy. Blond and blue-eyed assimilationists who were Polish patriots, German poets, British empire-builders—and were all these things with passionate zeal—lived with the unwilling ache of an obscure dishonor in their hearts. They denied Israel in the uttermost depth of their consciousness; but Israel was avenged upon them from within, and in all that they were and did and wrought and suffered there was a discord. And this discord, marked by the subtler minds among the anti-Semites, was set down by the latter to its true cause and it brought the ardent and sincere assimilationists to the ultimate verge of complete confusion and despair.

There is, I think, nothing mystical in all this. All the great nations are racial mixtures. The blood of the Semite is

not, or rather is no longer, an alien one in Christendom. But nationalism feeds from the sources of tradition, legend, history. Christendom, to make Jewish assimilation in its special sense possible, would have to relive its own history, to turn back time, to undo the work of millenniums. The assimilationist Jewish child studies history in an English, French, German school and is taught and believes that the Crusades were great and noble spiritual adventures and goes home and reads Scott's *Talisman* and identifies himself wholly with the Christian nationalist legend of history. And then, one fine day that child comes upon another account of the Crusades and reads of the fires and flayings and majestic martyrdoms of Mainz and York and Toulouse. The bell of that child's life is cracked forever. Yes, if these things belonged to an utterly remote and completed past! But the charge of ritual murder arose in Hungary in the third quarter of the Nineteenth Century; somewhere, under Czarist Empire or Polish Republic; in cases that go by the names of Dreyfus or of Leo Frank the flames of York and Mainz and Toulouse are lighted again; Knights of the Hooked Cross in Bavaria, Kleagles of the Invisible Empire in Georgia raise once more the immemorial cry: *Hierosolyma est perdita!*

Out of these cultural and spiritual conflicts and discords arose, during the later Nineteenth Century, the non-orthodox, non-assimilationist Jew. These are clumsy words but they are needed to define the facts. A significant anecdote has it that Dr. Theodor Herzl, first president of the Zionist Organization, while he was presiding over one of the earliest congresses in Switzerland spent much of his time correcting the proofs of the Christmas number of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. He was the newspaper's literary editor and had bought the Christmas articles, stories, poems which he was now seeing through the press. With his German assimilationist self he accepted this task as a completely natural and congenial one. But profound human experiences had taught him, as they have taught many others since his day, that the assimilationist policy is neither good nor bad. It is impossible.

It is impossible, at least, in such a world as the present. Were all national boundaries to be obliterated, all linguistic and cultural and spiritual traditions to be discarded, the Jew no less than others could cast himself into that pale and tasteless brew. But the most earnest political and economic internationalist cannot endure the vision of such a world. Cultural nationalism—the nationalism of speech, song, wisdom, folk-ways—is the salt whence the mass of human life derives its savor. Thus no changes in government, no new way of distributing the fruits of the earth among its children can relieve the Jew—can relieve any cultural, nationalistic minority from facing the dilemma. The choice between assimilation and non-assimilation remains.

It remains, at least, a choice between two attitudes of mind. For the point of the modern non-assimilationist Jew is not, I repeat, that assimilation is bad but that it is a delusion. This modern Jew watches the life and difficulties of our assimilationist whom I have tried to describe with mingled pity and amusement. He knows all those little psychical tricks and self-deceptions; he knows that defensive indignation, that sublimated snobbery, that mixture of servility and arrogance. He knows the thousand miseries of that position which is apparently so solid and, in reality, so untenable. He knows for instance why the assimilationist Jew so rarely has Gentile friends—not business associates or courteous colleagues—but friends. The reason is that subtly but constantly, by a thousand implications, the assimilationist Jew says to the Gentile: "I am like you; we are one and at one; overlook these little peculiarities of me and my house and my children. They

do not count." And something within the Gentile—the most tolerant, the most finely attuned—answers in the depth of consciousness: "Why so anxious? What does that anxiety conceal? Are we really quite alike? I doubt it; I should deprecate it a little." A suitor can never be a friend. One who asks for friendship as a favor can never be a friend. An inequality, a disharmony is established at once. He who asks a favor is humbled and he who grants it is shamed at seeing the other's humiliation. Good will and co-operation may remain between two such men; friendship flees.

The non-assimilationist Jew has no such difficulties. Without obtrusiveness, without foolish overemphasis he is himself; not the member of a sect but of a people that has its history, traditions, character, rights. That people, like every other, is racially mixed; like every other concrete folk it has been molded into a oneness which no inner diversities can destroy by historic forces which we are not yet sufficiently instructed to grasp. This Jew need not be a Territorialist or a Zionist. These are questions of policy. But he cannot be an anti-Zionist in the sense in which the assimilationist is one. He can never deny the reality out of which these policies arise. He need not, on the other hand, be constantly comforting himself with Jewish achievement, charity, or law-abidingness. He does not shiver if a Jew turns out to be a rascal. He is not trying to justify his existence. He has seen no American do so, no Frenchman, not even a Montenegrin or Albanian. Why should he? That a people has appeared upon the scene of human history and sustained itself there is an ultimate fact. It needs no excuse, explanation, justification. His feet are on solid ground; his human position is normal in its essence, however difficult and delicate in its details. He can have Gentile friends, for an equality is preestablished. He can even have an anti-Semite for his friend and they can discuss the division between them as a Czechish and a German citizen of the Czecho-Slovak Republic may discuss theirs. The issue between them is clean and defined. It is not made turbid by subtle servility on the one hand, a tinge of contempt on the other.

I am thoroughly aware of the objections that members of the National Security League, for example, will urge against the citizenship of the anti-assimilationist Jew. The arguments are old and sound, efficient and virile. They were used by the Prussian Government in the expropriation and Germanization of Poles in Posen and of Frenchmen in Lorraine; they are now being used by the Czechs who are trying to destroy the schools of the children of three million Germans, and by the Poles who desire to unify their excessively heterogeneous republic. And these arguments all spring from the conception of a nation as a fighting machine and of the citizen as possible cannon-fodder. These motives, and these alone, demand the obliteration of diversities of race, culture, opinion, attitude. It is the identification of nationalism with mere power—military power for the protection of exported capital, for the securing of foreign sources of coal, iron, oil—that demands the extinction of cultural differences and wishes to reduce a rich and spiritually varied citizenry to the blankness of the recruit.

Two courses are open to civilization: to cease to identify nationalism with power; to co-operate in the division of the world's food and coal and oil; to practice peace and achieve tolerance. In that case every minority, including the Jews, will be safe. If on the other hand competitive arming, annexation, international rapine lead to still other wars—the doom predicted by Spengler will inevitably fall upon Christendom and the Jewry of the dispersion will go down with its few friends and many foes in a common disaster.

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

IV—*Lord Byron*

BY ERNEST BOYD

THE fame of Lord Byron, unlike that of his predecessors in this survey, is not consecrated and unchallenged. He has not been dead long enough to satisfy the professors, who require more than a hundred years in which to make up their minds. The centenary of his death in 1924 was appropriately marked by what was the third failure to obtain his admission to the company of the great in Westminster Abbey. When this project was first attempted, in 1824, the respected presence of Walter Scott on the Memorial Committee did not soften the hearts of the Dean and Chapter or unloosen enough purse-strings to provide compensation for some British sculptor. It was a mere foreigner, therefore—the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen—who made the statue which lay for ten years in the Customs while fruitless efforts were made to present it to the British nation. It finally found shelter in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, because, as a Reverend Bishop cogently remarked, "if Lord Byron in his works attacked the founder of our Religion, and, by the beauties of his verse, was one of the most dangerous advisers of youth, his statue does not deserve a place in the Temple of our God."

During his lifetime Byron thoroughly enjoyed flouting every convention and upsetting the equanimity of all humbugs. It is consoling to know that his posthumous effect is just what he would have desired. He is still the scourge of the timorously respectable, who want to eat their literary cake and have it, and his treatment by the spokesmen of posterity is a beautiful study in the art of squirming and wriggling. If they would only stick to their business as appraisers of dead literature, his unhappy victims could escape with some show of logic and dignity. But Byron defied them by establishing his reputation over their heads, and as he, "being dead yet speaketh," there is nothing to be done but grin and bear him, always in the secret hope that another hundred years may see the end of him.

When Lord Byron was born, just one year before the French Revolution, the Eighteenth Century was being violently precipitated into the dreadful era of political democracy and statistical progress. By the time he began to write, England was in the midst of an anti-revolutionary hysteria comparable to that into which Europe and America lapsed after the War and the Bolshevik victory in Russia. Fear of the French Revolution and fear of Napoleon, whose retreat from Moscow coincided with the appearance of *Childe Harold* in 1812, created an atmosphere in which the same elements were present as have plagued us ever since 1914. The literary world was also in a plight analogous to that in which it has found itself during the last decade. While the authorities were panic stricken, the intellectuals were divided into those who had been disillusioned by the failure of the millennium to materialize and those who had vague hopes that somewhere, somehow, the Good, the True, and the Beautiful were about to be vindicated. The result of

this disenchanted state of mind was a period—like all periods of transition—when the ardors of yesterday were dead, and acquiescence in accomplished facts had not yet established the new equilibrium: which was to come a few years after Byron's death when "the stupid Nineteenth Century," as a French critic has called it, got into its ponderous stride.

Byron, therefore, was a typical product of the Regency—of an age like our own when the current nostrums were rapidly losing their effectiveness and the horizon was being scanned for a new panacea. The disillusionment with libertarian catchwords was then, of course, somewhat slower than it has recently become. The French Revolution had still an air of novelty and political liberty had a glamour with which no rational human being can invest them to-day. Consequently, while he obviously had no illusions about mankind, Byron employed the rhetoric of revolutionary romance so effectively that he at once became, and remains to this day, an object of veneration to confiding souls who imagine that what was good enough for Rousseau must be good enough for them. He is respected in radical circles as the poet of rebellion and, since there is no rebel like a dead rebel, even the conservative are inclined to point with a certain pride to this English aristocrat's stand for Liberty. Having done all that was humanly possible to stem the forces of revolution in Europe during the last years of the Eighteenth Century, England has the retrospective pleasure of recalling how nobly Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth sang of Freedom. As a typical representative of this devotion to safely remote revolutionary movements has said, this poetic passion for liberty is essential to the self-respect of the English-speaking world. "Otherwise, whatever success may attend on Democracy or on Empire, the Anglo-Saxon race will have failed in its mission of spreading in widest commonality the highest pleasures which the human spirit can enjoy."

Byron, to do him justice, understood perfectly this peculiar temperament of his countrymen, as his letters show. "As to the estimation of the English which you talk of, let them calculate what it is worth, before they insult me with their insolent condescension. I have not written for their pleasure. If they are pleased, it is that they chose to be so; I have never flattered their opinions, nor their pride; nor will I." And so, while his services on behalf of rebellion were a source of national satisfaction to the sentimental liberals of posterity, his contemporaries described him as "impiously railing against his God—madly and meanly disloyal to his Sovereign and his country—and brutally outraging all the best feelings of family honour, affection and confidence." References to the "bravo's trade" in *Childe Harold* arouse his critics to ask, "not without some anxiety and alarm, whether such are indeed the opinions which a British peer entertains of a British army," and the "calm careless ferociousness of contented and satisfied depravity" is regarded as his outstanding achievement and characteristic as a poet. He is not "such a poet as virgins might read, and Christians praise, and Englishmen take pride in." The fact that all three consummations have been witnessed since Byron's death is, I think, one of the pleasantest ironies of literary history as taught in classrooms.

His popularity in his own day, as these diatribes might suggest, was enormous. His publisher declared that in ten years Byron's pen had brought in three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and the sale of fourteen thousand copies of one of his books in a single day is recorded. All this proceeded while scandals raged about him, while his publishers refused to print his work unless they censored it, and while a panic-stricken government could not persuade itself that, after the defeat of Waterloo, England's bogey, Napoleon, no longer required the vigilance which had filled the country with the coercive measures

and spies once more associated in our minds with crusades for liberty and democracy. Byron had separated from his wife and gone to live on the Continent where he found in wine—or, to be precise, gin—women, and revolutionary songs an outlet for his rebellious energies. While his own people were gradually approaching the Nirvana of bourgeois industrialism, Byron was declaiming against throne, home, and altar, and aiding the propaganda of ideas which had ceased to enchant English ears. But he was not happy; both his health and his amours, and the prolonged society of certain radical friends who were "fighting for the Cause," drove him into the one great adventure of his career. He set out for Greece to take part in the Greek War of Independence. As one of his few intelligent biographers has said, "Lord Byron accomplished nothing at Missolonghi except his own suicide: but by that single act of heroism he secured the liberation of Greece."

When he died at the age of thirty-six, England was almost ripe for the reaction which set in against him. A few years later the Reform Bill proved that the lesson of feeding the political dog with its own tail was the one tangible product of the Revolution. Political reform, it turned out, was the nostrum required to keep the rabblement and its leaders busy for a few generations. The middle classes emerged under this benign dispensation, and evangelical Christianity went hand in hand with profits. Victorianism set in with all its severity and the heresies of Byron ceased to delight a generation that demanded the pious platitudes of a Tennyson. By the middle of the Nineteenth Century the reputation of the author of *Don Juan* was eclipsed. He had been relegated to the limbo of the unrighteous, and his intrinsic qualities were not such as could stand comparison with those of his younger contemporaries, Keats and Shelley. They at least were poets of that lineage which never dies so long as there are men and women sensitive to melody and color. The mystery is: How did this judgment of the age to which the professors by definition and predilection belong come to be reversed? By what freak of nature did this exotic bird find a perch among the decorous domestic fowl of our "standard authors"?

To an eminent American Victorian must be given the credit for that remarkable achievement. In 1869 Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe enlivened simultaneously the pages of a magazine in Boston and London with an article entitled "The True Story of Lady Byron's Married Life." The following year this was expanded into a volume, *Lady Byron Vindicated: a History of the Byron Controversy*. The Byron controversy was not, at that time, a discussion as to the literary merits of Byron but an exchange of opinions, conjectures, gossip, and slander concerning the separation of Lord and Lady Byron and the reasons which had sent the poet into exile. Both parties to the separation had partisans but, on the whole, opinion sympathized with him rather than with his wife, who was abused and misrepresented incredibly. Mrs. Stowe, having done so much for Uncle Tom, decided to do something for Lady Byron—who had taken the American novelist into her confidence. So she dropped her stone into the literary frog-pond, to no inconsiderable effect. She informed all and sundry that Byron had been guilty of incest with his half-sister Augusta Leigh, and that this was the reason why Lady Byron and her husband parted. It was Mrs. Stowe's ingenuous belief that this revelation would not only vindicate her friend but destroy, once and for all, the influence and prestige of Byron.

I need hardly say that Mrs. Stowe's article and book enormously increased the sale of Byron's works. By provoking endless replies, confirmations, counter-arguments, and lampoons she revived an interest in him which was no less vehement than that which prevailed during his life. What was then the talk of a limited circle was now the sensation

of two continents. Byron's relations with Augusta were but a part of the scandal that accompanied him while he lived, and they did not seem more than usually wicked in a man whose family records read like an extract from the Newgate calendar, as one of his biographers has remarked. While respectable folk refused to believe their ears (but opened them wide) the legal representatives of Lady Byron merely declared that Mrs. Stowe's story was not completely accurate and authoritative. But Byron's grandson, the Earl of Lovelace, being less legalistic in his phraseology, allowed "that Mrs. Stowe's statement is substantially correct." As has since been demonstrated, her offence lay not in the charge against Byron but in her betrayal of a confidence ten years before Lady Byron had authorized the publication of the truth. Furthermore, her narrative was incomplete, incoherent, and disingenuous.

Needless to say, while the Byron revival flourished on this scandal, the most strenuous efforts were made to evade the vital fact; and to this day the evidence, overwhelming as it has since become, merely causes the orthodox to shudder. The biographers of Byron who faced the evidence realistically are those outside the academic world. Byron's grandson, in 1905, was at last free to publish the essential documents, and these have been accepted by intelligent critics and biographers as beyond dispute.

Lord Lovelace's documentary statement of the case introduces letters which absolutely confirm what were previously well-founded but unproven conjectures. These letters, when coupled with the poems inspired by the same circumstances—the "Epistle to Augusta," the third Canto of *Childe Harold*, "Stanzas to Augusta," and the famous poem beginning

> I speak not—I trace not—I breathe not thy name—
> There is love in the sound—there is Guilt in the fame—

—fail to convince the pedagogues, the most recent of whom declare that "there is not a line in them capable of being perverted by the most unhealthy imagination into evidence against Byron and Mrs. Leigh." The professor excepts one sentence (an allusion to Lucretia Borgia, the implications of which are obvious) but does not trouble to account for this peculiar allusion. He evades the first volume of Lord Byron's correspondence by calling it "unpleasant," and recommends a judicial attitude of suspended judgment, in the face of facts which are as clearly established as such facts could possibly be—that is, by original documents and the statements of all parties directly concerned.

This phase of Byron's reputation and the position adopted towards it by the schoolmen, it will be seen, is not without its humor. The life and character of Byron are obviously what hold and fascinate, and the revival of interest in him produced by the further evidence concerning his life has given him a new lease of academic fame; yet in those very circles upon which popular opinion has again thrust him, an obstinate effort is still made to deny the central fact of his life. But nothing is more apparent than the manner in which Byron the poet depended entirely upon the glamour of Byron the man—who was Byron the rake, the daredevil, the rebel. The rise and fall of his fame have been meticulously recorded, and the slump which followed his death has been variously explained. But the connection between the revival of Byron and the revival of his own story is inescapable. The learned commentators shrink from this conclusion, and while they profess their profound admiration for the champion of freedom and deprecate all allusions to his immorality, one of them actually cites Hall Caine, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and George Moore as examples of depravity comparable to his!

On the other hand—granted that they are, as usual, temporizing and trying to

adapt themselves to what appear to be accomplished facts—what of his claims so eagerly granted by the advanced thinkers? Here is one of that ardent company—one of the most ardent—congratulating himself that "fortunately not all the poets of England let themselves be frightened by the French revolution." Byron, it seems, was "the first lord of letters of that age and of all the ages," no other "high-up aristocrat" achieved such greatness. He wrote in *Don Juan* "a hateful picture of a hateful world but . . . we recognize in it a great spirit trying to lift itself above an age of corruption by the instrument of scorn." Shelley was "the best influence that ever came into his life," yet, as we know from a less romantic source, he refused to help the "Snake," as Shelley was called. "If we puffed the Snake, it might not turn out a profitable investment. All trades have their mysteries. If we crack up a popular author, he repays us in the same coin, principal and interest—if we introduce Shelley to our readers, they might draw comparisons, and they are odious!" The comradeship of literary radicalism endureth forever.

However, such sentiments in a literary gentleman are not incompatible with the utmost zeal for the welfare of mankind as an abstraction. "Byron," says Upton Sinclair, "had now become the voice of liberty against reaction throughout Europe. . . . In the beginning he had written to amuse himself and his readers; he had catered to their sentimentalism and their folly. But in the end he came to despise his readers and wrote only to shock them. They had made a world of lies; and one man would tell them the truth. That is why to-day we rank him as a world force in the history of letters. . . . We are interested in a poet who possessed a clear eye and a clear brain, who saw the truth, and spoke it to all Europe, and helped to set free the future of the race."

This quotation is the most recent version of Byron the idol of radicalism. It is a simplification of the man, and is as irreconcilable with the truth as all the theories which attempt to divorce his public from his private utterances. A more aristocratic English commentator once said that Byron "understood the rights of man, but he seems never to have heard of the rights of woman." This is another way of saying that he was unregenerate, for feminism amongst his own associates was already a dogma. Mary Wollstonecraft's *Rights of Women* had set the model for all subsequent dithyrambs against the man-made world.

Byron's practice with women had led him to conclusions which may be guessed by his statement that he gave his heroines "extreme refinement, joined to great simplicity and want of education." To Lady Blessington he remarked, "I have not quite made up my mind that women have souls," and he confessed that no more intelligence was desirable in a woman than "enough to be able to understand and value mine, but not sufficient to be able to shine herself. All men with pretensions desire this; though few, if any, have courage to avow it." On the only occasion when he considered himself bound by the past favors bestowed upon him by a lady, his reasons were clear but unsuggestive of democracy. "As neither her birth, nor her rank, nor connections of birth or marriage are inferior to my own, I am in honour bound to support her through." The truth is that Byron's philosophy of life had nothing of the revolutionary in it; he was rather the first of the "aristocratic radicals," in the sense of the term applied by Georg Brandes to Nietzsche. He did not sing of liberty, to quote the Danish critic, as "a thing which we can grasp with our hands, or confer as a gift in a constitution, or inscribe among the articles of a state church," but he uttered "the eternal cry of the human spirit, its never-ending requirement of itself."

His connection with revolutionary movements on the Continent of Europe can be traced to his general restlessness and boredom and not to any conviction

that principles were at stake. In the liberation of Italy he saw poetry become action—not the social, political, and economic problems involved. He admired Napoleon as an expression of the supremacy of the individual will, to the embarrassment of those who have tried to number Byron amongst the apostles of social revolution. He idealized revolt for revolt's sake, and all his Giaours, Pirates, Laras, Manfreds, and Zuleikas are as incongruous in the temple of modern radicalism as Byron himself is among the household and schoolroom gods of England and America. His part in popular movements of political emancipation was not that of the crusader; for he had no faith in the people nor, at bottom, any hope for the future—his opinion of the Greeks for whom he is alleged to have died was skeptical and contemptuous to the last. "I need say little on that subject, I was a fool to come here; but, being here, I must see what is to be done," he wrote to Teresa Guiccioli. And again: "of the Greeks I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another." He declared that if the authorities "were to set a pretty woman, or a clever woman, about me," his devotion to Greek Independence might be diverted.

That is typical of the complete honesty, and the sense of the realities of his own character, which Byron maintained in spite of cautious or romantically enthusiastic admirers and friends. He could never be persuaded to strike an attitude appropriate to the illusions of the various people who tried, and still try, to fit him into their own particular little scheme of things. When he sent the first part of *Don Juan* to his publishers, all his friends unanimously advised the suppression of the poem. But he was disposed to listen only for a short while. When the conviction finally took hold of him that he had written something of which he was sure, something that must stand, he delivered himself in terms which are curiously applicable to the subsequent attitude of the orthodox critics towards his work. "We will circumvent your cursed puritanical committee on that point in the end. . . . If they had told me the poetry was bad, I would have acquiesced; but they say the contrary, and then, talk to me about morality." In another letter he said to his publisher, "You shan't make *canticles* of my cantos. The poem will please if it is lively; if it is stupid it will fail; but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing. . . . I know the precise worth of popular applause, for few scribblers have had more of it; and if I chose to swerve into their paths, I could retain it, or resume it." His position is expressed—more Byronically—in the lines

I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe
—and sue—
And watch all time—and pry into all place—
And be a living lie—who would become
A mighty thing among the mean, and such
The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with
A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves

These characteristic sentiments are hardly those which we associate with a savior of mankind, although they correspond closely to the disillusioned individualism of the present day. It is not for nothing that a great French critic has suggested—though not in order to compliment either of them—that there is an analogy between the style of Swift and that of Byron. In both he sees "a disease of heart and mind," which is merely the inevitable formula for minimizing cynicism and skepticism, as we have seen in the analysis of Jonathan Swift's reputation. Byron emotionally sums up the philosophy of an age of transition like our own; and consequently his work, if little read, presents curious parallels to that element in contemporary life and literature which causes disquietude to the sedate:

I hope it is no crime
To laugh at *all* things. For I wish to know
What, after all, are *all* things—but a show?

These lines from *Don Juan* are like the retort of the younger generation to-day when sermonized by its shocked elders, and they are the epitome of the poem in which Byron expressed his whole being, saying that there was ten times as much truth in it, but that its lack of sentiment would make it unacceptable to those who needed illusions. Haidée—who "spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows, nor offered any"—also strikes us as having an appositeness to present circumstances over which much indignation has been expended. The epigraph of much modern American fiction is contained in

> Alas! They were so young, so beautiful,
> So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
> Was that in which the heart is always full,
> And, having o'er itself no further power,
> Prompts deeds eternity cannot annul.

Such an apologia would not nowadays bring down upon its author the charges of suborning youth which once were leveled against him. I rather suspect that eternity is now credited with powers of annulment beyond those which Byron could publicly admit. Indeed, I fear that not even the professional moralists, with the worst intentions in the world, have been able by suppression to endow *Don Juan* with that surreptitious popularity which still sends the ingenuous in search of Boccaccio, *Mlle. de Maupin*, and the works of Rabelais.

Byron's romanticism is an obstacle to his appreciation in this jazz age, although his general point of view is similar—for similar reasons. As one of his most sincere critics said in a lecture at Princeton University—though himself an alien visitor here—"he hated and despised the spent forces, or what seemed to be such, on the side of conservation. To the last he was haunted by the ghosts of traditional beliefs, which had ceased to live within him as vital powers. He was a democrat among aristocrats and an aristocrat among democrats; a skeptic among believers and a believer among skeptics. . . . To his quick sense of humor more than to anything else he owed the sanity which controls or modifies his perturbations of mind."

That summary very well describes the state of mind in the world to-day which is referred to in press and pulpit as the revolt of the younger generation. This, too, in Professor Dowden's phrase, is "an age of dissonance," and we resemble Byron, who "could not satisfy his hunger for life with abstract doctrines; he could not subsist on ideal hopes and faith; he had a great capacity for pleasure, a strong turn for reality. . . . No organized body of belief guided his intellect; no system of social duties controlled his heart; . . . what was old had lost its authority; what was new had not fully justified itself."

All this emerges clearly from his poetry, but who can read it without an effort? Certainly not the decorous gentlemen who try to persuade us that Byron is a great classic. The slightest examination of his work at once reveals the impossibility of its being acceptable to the pillars of society. The cant which was provoked by his personal life was bad enough, in all conscience, but the hypocrisy involved in bolstering up his literary reputation is even worse. The whitewashing of Shakespeare is nothing compared to it, for one can understand the effort to reconcile a poet of great genius with the evangelical conscience. It is so palpably disingenuous that neither the true story of Byron and Augusta Leigh nor that of his Greek adventure has had the slightest effect. His death at Missolonghi was suicide—his last desperate encounter with an ironical Destiny, but it serves as an admirable epilogue to the rake's career. The handbooks still refer to it as the redemption of a life of dissipation, and ignore the fact that he had previously contemplated exile to Venezuela and did not leave Italy until his existence there had been rendered intolerable.

When Mrs. Stowe set out so bravely to obliterate Byron from the records of respectable literary society, she under-

estimated the pusillanimity of the living towards the dead. The theories which have been brought forward, without a scrap of evidence, to counter the documentary proofs furnished by Byron's grandson in support of the incest charge are in themselves a study of the marvelous workings of the human mind. One writer actually argues that Augusta Leigh assumed the guilt in order to shield a woman whom she hardly knew from the accusation of adultery! The conservative critics have unanimously clutched at the wildest straws rather than accept the statements of Lord Lovelace, who has convinced all the biographers and commentators without preconceived notions, from Sir Leslie Stephen to Miss Ethel Mayne. One would think, to watch these wrigglings, that Lord Byron's life (apart from his half-sister) had been such a theme for classroom eloquence that his love for Augusta would just break the professors' hearts! Judged by their usual standards in such matters they have already swallowed so many gnats in Byron's case that this particular camel ought not to be so difficult, especially as both the woman and himself were as frank about it as in all Byron's other love affairs.

My own suspicion is that this determination to admit the prodigal son at all costs must be regarded as a subconscious manifestation of a peculiar dispensation of Providence to the Anglo-Saxon race. England is the country whose great artists and striking personalities deviate more markedly from the norm than in any other. They are sports of nature rather than the quintessence of all the qualities that go to make up the national character. In every Frenchman there is a Montaigne or a Pascal; but what had Shakespeare or Swift or Shelley in them of the characteristics associated in all minds with the typical Englishman? The solidity? The practical sense? The capacity for self-discipline? Assuming, therefore, as these arbiters of tradition have apparently assumed, that Byron is to be classed as one of England's wayward sons—a freak, a departure from the sacred rules of "good form," in brief an Englishman of genius—it becomes clear that concessions must be made: but not too many. Hence the gnats, but the rejection of the camel.

Byron, if a great poet, had inevitably to be classified with "the poets of rebellion"—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats—who wrote during the French Revolutionary period when Europe was inventing its new nostrum for human ills. Consequently, with a few clear-headed exceptions, the commentators have over-emphasized the element of revolt in his work in order to confuse his aspirations with those of the period. The radicals gladly annex a Lord and the conservatives love a well-connected revolutionary—when he is dead. It is very much as if one were to deduce from H. L. Mencken's attacks on Messrs. Palmer and Burleson that he was a subscriber to the teachings of the I. W. W.

There is method, however, in this seeming madness on the part of British conservatism, for the Englishman of genius fulfills a very practical function—unknown to himself, I admit. He is to the nation what the incessant patter is to the conjuror: it diverts the attention of the audience from the trick. While we all think with moist eyes about the lovely way the English poets sang of Liberty and Brotherhood, our attention is distracted from the more tangible fact that it was the governing class in England—assisted, I need hardly say, by that good Irishman Mr. Burke—which stemmed and broke the movement launched from Paris in the direction of that very Freedom hymned by the poets. In our own day we are familiar with the English knight-errant who speaks only Irish in Ireland and urges the natives to die for their motherland and independence; with the liberty-loving Liberal of good family who has forsaken the comforts and traditions of his caste in order to preach the gospel of Democracy

in . . . other counties. These are the gentlemen who do the talking, while England proceeds with the serious business at hand. In countries where people are susceptible to ideas this breed of genial eccentrics is unknown.

The fame of Lord Byron in Europe is bound up with that tradition of English eccentricity, and *Milord* summed up every superstition of the Continent concerning the Island Race. He personified the conception of her poets—and the image cherished in foreign revolutionary circles until the recent war for democracy—of an England ever ready to champion the oppressed. Being unaccustomed to measuring artists by their virtues as husbands, fathers, and taxpayers, Continental critics were not disturbed by the carnalities and impieties of Byron's life and work. Moreover, the enchantment of distance lends a charm to Byron's verse which it lacks for those whose native tongue is English, and who are bound to compare him with its authentic masters. The professorial euphemism has it that the poetry of Byron does not lend itself to selection—which means, in plain language, that the anthologists have difficulty in making his greatness plausible. In one of the standard English anthologies he is given six pages as against from three to five times as many for his contemporaries: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. One of the poems selected shows him at his best:

So we'll go no more a-roving
  So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
  And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
  And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
  And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
  And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
  By the light of the moon.

It is hardly necessary to point out that, delicate as this much admired little poem is, it is neither great poetry nor the kind of poetry for which Byron is remembered—either by his detractors, his admirers, or his whitewashers. Many of our own contemporaries, about whom we have no illusions of immortality, reach that level in the monthly magazines and are pilloried by fierce-eyed æsthetes for their old-fashioned sentimentality. Byron's actual life is an essential gloss upon his poetic professions, and was more truly expressed in

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.
Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication. . . .

If any lingering curiosity survives from our schooldays it will be better satisfied by the study of Byron's own fascinating and turbulent life, which has at last been presented in focus, than by attempting to pump up enthusiasm for his romantic rhetoric or horror at his supposed audacities. He was a personality—though not a poet—of our own "age of dissonance," and it is that dissonance in him which has its echo in the modern reader. To admit this is to give him the immortality which he deserves, rather than the fame of which he wrote, with his usual contempt for self-deception:

What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper. . . .
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes fall,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part VII

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

XXIX

AUGUST came. Newhaven harbor was noisy with cross-channel traffic and the Downs Company buses were crowded on all journeys with the shifting summer traffic of the roads. The weather was very hot and Daniel often came home of an evening limp and weary. He grew so tired and out-of-sorts that on his free days he gave up his regular appearances at Hoddern. One particular Wednesday afternoon Dan lay asleep on the little hard green sofa, lulled by the drone of a bee under the blind. He looked particularly helpless and childish, huddled there in his shirt sleeves, his hair rubbed out of its sleekness by the tapestried cushion, his cheeks flushed by his sleep. Mrs. Gain, his landlady, hesitated in a tender moment before she woke him, holding out his coat for him to put on.

"Wa'r is it?" he mumbled drowsily.

"A lady to see you, Mr. Sheather. I thought I'd better bring you your coat."

"Where?"

"I put her into the kitchen while I went to rouse you."

"Who is she?"

"I think she said her name was Munk."

Dan sat up, blinking and terribly awake. His thought was, "I won't see Belle. I won't have her in here. I've kept away from her for six months and I won't have her spoil it all by coming. Show her out." His words actually were, "Please show her in."

In came Belle, carrying the spoils of her morning's shopping in Newhaven. She wore a dress of flowered voile, tumbled with the heat, and under her big straw hat her hair showed yellow as straw.

"Hullo, Belle," said Daniel awkwardly. "How nice of you to call. I haven't seen you for ages."

"Hullo, Daniel," said Belle languidly, and began to cry.

For nearly a minute Dan stood and gazed at her. At first he thought that he must be still asleep and dreaming—this was like so many of his dreams—Belle standing before him in her tumbled loveliness, tormenting his heart with her sorrow and his love. Then he discovered that he was trembling all over.

"Belle—what is it? . . . what's happened?"

"You know," sobbed Belle, "you know."

"I don't know. I only guess . . . a dunnamany things. Belle, sit down and tell me all about it."

She sank down on one of the tapestried armchairs and he sat on the sofa, purposely setting the width of the little center table between them. The aspidistra in the middle of it partly hid her from him, screening her bowed head and dipping hat with its streaky leaves, disguising the heaving movements of her shoulders. If he had seen her without this barrier he would have taken her in his arms.

"What is it, dear Belle? Tell me . . . is it Ernley?"

"Yes—yes. Oh, Dan, I must talk to somebody about him . . . and you know

something already—you must . . . that time you came to supper and Ernley telephoned."

"You thought he was speaking to a girl."

"Thought? . . . I knew. He's had a girl for months. He's been going out with that Pearl Jenner—the one he took up with when I was engaged to you. Oh, I thought that when I'd married him it would all be settled and happy, as I wanted it to be. I thought I need never be anxious or jealous any more. But now . . . now . . ."

Her voice choked away in sobs.

"Why do you tell me all this?" asked Dan stiffly. The yearning and agitation of his heart made him seek desperately a manner that was cold.

"Why?—Because you loved me once—you love me still—and you ran away from me in my hour of need, because you were frightened!"

"Belle!"

"Well, didn't you?"

His face was scarlet. His coming to Newhaven had always seemed to him as much a renunciation as a refuge, and he was shocked to find that Belle saw it with such different eyes.

"I—I left Bullockdean," he stammered—"I left Bullockdean because I was so miserable. It hurt me to see you and Ernley quarreling and suspecting each other like that, and I'd no idea as you liked having me by."

"'No idea!' You're a fool, Daniel. Can't you imagine what a difference it made, having someone that cared? . . . even though we never talked about it. You took fright that evening and cleared out—or else heaven knows the comfort you might have been."

Though he felt in the back of his mind that in spite of all she said he had been right, Daniel still wore the color of shame. It seemed a terrible thing to have deserted Belle—and yet, God knew. He tried to make amends.

"I'd never have gone if I'd thought for a moment you wanted me to stay. But you never showed me . . . you never seemed to want me about. If I'd known I'd have stayed. Is it too late? Can't I help at all now?"

She stood up and with a desponding sweep of her arm, tore off her hat and dropped it on the table.

"I dunno. You can't come back. Maybe I was wrong in blaming you. But I was mad this morning. Just as I came away he got a postcard from her. It said 'Tivoli Palace entrance at 2.30 P.'—and he had told me he was going to Eastbourne about the new furniture."

"You read his postcard?"

"Of course I did. Don't be a prig, Daniel. Who wouldn't read a postcard addressed to her husband?"

"Well, it seems to me she couldn't have meant any harm or she wouldn't have sent a postcard."

"That shows how little you know. She does that sort of thing to humiliate me—to show her power. She knows that I know. She made him bring her around the other day in the side-car of his motor-bike. God! I could scratch her face."

She had come round the table and stood with her arms akimbo, looking down on Daniel. She was big and glowing and angry. She made him think of peonies and sunflowers. He longed to have the aspidistra once more between them, but instead she stood between him and it, hiding its desiccated respectability with her big opulent body. The sunshine poured over her flowered gown but her head was in the shadow of the drawn blind.

"Oh, God, what I've endured all these months! I can't bear it any longer. It's—worse—worse than before we married. I ought never to have married him. I ought to have married you, though you are such a dummy. You wouldn't have made me unhappy like this."

Belle Munk, the mother of Jill and Peter, the friend of Thomas Helier, was gone, and in her place stood the old Belle Shackford—who ran after men, who scratched women's faces. As he gazed up into her restless tragic eyes, her

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"I CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER," SHE SAID

marriage seemed to have ended, to have dropped from her. She and Ernley were what they had been before it—jealous, quarreling lovers: he running after Pearl Jenner, she turning to Daniel Sheather. He saw his past coming back to him in all its sorrow and joy and power. He felt it beating in his heart and his eyes were dim with its gathering tears. Half-blind and silly, he sprang to his feet and threw his arms about her, feeling once more the thrill of her glorious size and strength. She trembled, yielded, and as her flushed angry mouth met his the rent in the years was knit up and another home and another woman no longer stood between this and their last embrace. Indeed, the kiss with which he kissed her now was their parting kiss of three and a half years ago, still uniting them in its pain and sweetness. They had never drawn apart. Through all the years their lips had been together, even when she lived in his memory as a shadow on glass.

There was a knock at the door and they separated. The aspidistra stood once more between them when Mrs. Gain came in.

"I was wondering if the lady ud like a cup of tea, Mr. Sheather."

"No, thank you very much," said Belle, coughing a little. "I must be getting back now. I must catch the four-thirty train."

She put on her hat, picked up her parcels, and walked to the door. On the threshold she remembered herself and turned round and shook hands with Daniel as he stood gaping at her.

For days afterwards Daniel was shaken by this interview. It bewildered him. He was terrified to think that his old passion for her had revived, though now that he no longer held her in his arms it did not appear quite as it used in the old days. It was more physical, less romantic and adoring—marriage had changed his attitude somehow. Though that kiss had seemed in unbroken continuity with the past, his love for her was not. It was no longer so very much more than his kiss. It no longer filled his eyes, satisfying and blinding him. Moreover, he had no illusions about her love for him. It seemed to him quite plain that she had sought him out only to revenge herself on Ernley. She was desperately jealous, as she had always been. She had married to give herself security, and marriage had failed her. So she had turned to Daniel to show herself—and perhaps Ernley—that she did not care, and that where she was betrayed she also could betray.

The more he thought it over the more he felt that most likely she had no real grounds for jealousy. Ernley was only flirting, fooling around, and if she did not goad him too much would probably soon get over his infatuation. Three years ago Pearl Jenner had been only a blind and a consolation; probably she was still no more. Ernley was disappointed in his marriage, too, and was trying to alter its conditions. He had certainly succeeded in diverting Belle's attention from her children to her husband, but beyond that the matter had not prospered. She was not the woman to be roused by such means—Ernley was a fool, and he was not the man to be shaped by such handling; Belle was a fool too.

This was sometimes Dan's view of the situation—at others he was lost, groping in his love for Belle, overcome with horror at the idea of having deserted her in her hour of need. He vowed that he would stand at her, serviee now and waited day after day to see if she would claim him. But two weeks passed and nothing happened. She neither wrote nor came. Her visit on that hot August afternoon began to appear more and more in the light of a caprice—the result of a sudden goading. She had repented and was ashamed. He told himself that he ought to be ashamed too. She did not belong tc him—she belonged to his best friend, whom she had taken for better, for worse, not knowing how much better or how much worse it would be.

XXX

Suddenly the tranquillity of the days was broken by the summons which all along he had expected. Belle sent him a telegram—"Meet me outside Ship Hotel two-thirty to-morrow."

Dan spent the rest of the evening in restless conjecture. Why was Belle throwing herself upon him now? What did she mean by her telegram—just a meeting, or some confidence or some service, or plans altogether more sweeping and more desperate? He lay awake most of the night and the next morning lounged, tired and inefficient, at the back of his bus, his mind no longer asking questions or pricking itself to meet the future, but lumpish and inert.

But at half-past two he was outside the Ship, in appearance like any other of the young men lounging around on this early-closing day—the country-town mixture of spruceness and stolidity, blue reach-me-down, gray felt hat, and rather regrettable mauve socks. The next minute Belle appeared—big, golden, lovely—drooping with the heat that struck down from the hard blue sky and up from the hard white pavement. She climbed off the Lewes bus, holding a suitcase in her hand.

"Hello, Dan! I'm glad you've come."

"Of course I've come."

He took the case from her—it was heavy.

"What are you going to do with this?"

"Oh, leave it somewhere—anywhere—wherever I stay. I've left Ernley."

Daniel stared at her and the color climbed as usual up his neck and face. He wished Belle would not spring these things on him in the public street.

"I've left him," she repeated, taking off her long cotton gloves. "I couldn't stand any more of it, and when it came to his stopping out all night . . ."

"He did that?"

"Yes—he's done it twice. And he's going to do it again to-night. Once his motor-bike broke down at Hassocks and he couldn't get away till morning. Convenient—a motor-bike. Another time he went up to London to the Licensed Victuallers' dinner, and now he's gone to the Rotary dinner at Hastings."

It all sounded pretty harmless but Daniel knew what it meant to Belle and was not entirely without his own suspicions which, however, he would not betray.

"You don't know that it means he's with her—Pearl Jenner."

"I do know. I've seen her letters."

Daniel looked worried.

"Yes, I dare say you think I'm low, but I've been driven to it. Her letters kept on coming, so I steamed one open and she'd been in town with him—he hadn't gone to the dinner at all—he'd gone to a theater. Oh, of course she didn't say he'd actually . . ." Dan looked round in alarm at the lounging young men and dispersing contents of the bus, but Belle's warm husky voice had more fierceness than carrying power.

"Of course she didn't," she continued—"she wouldn't—and there's no need. When he told me he was going to Hastings to-night I told him straight that he was meeting her there—and he didn't deny it. We had a scene together then—and he went off—and I telegraphed to you. Oh, Dan, I know I'm low and bad, but he's driven me to it—I have to know what he's doing or I'd go mad—and when I do know . . ."

The tears sprang up in her eyes, and he felt them in his own. He could not speak. He merely snatched up her bag from the pavement and carried it into the inn.

"We'll get rid of this—and then we'll go somewhere and talk. Don't cry, Belle, I'll look after you."

But she was not so easily disposed of. The Ship was full—it had no room for her. He was perplexed as to what they should do. He could, of course, take her down to the harbor and find accommodation in the London and Paris Hotel, but Belle protested:

"I don't want to go right away from

you like that. Besides, we've neither of us got the money. Can't I get a cheap room near you—isn't there one in the house where you live? It'll only be for a night or two. I can't stay here."

He did not speak. The future seemed to rise before him like a dark and terrible wall.

Belle's luggage, which after a furlong of hot pavements seemed to have doubled its weight at the end of his arm, was finally left in the attic. Mrs. Gain had no objection when her visitor assured her that she did not expect those luxuries of accommodation which the landlady's experience taught her were always a source of trouble with females.

They sat down, as before, each side of the center table, but this time she was on the sofa and he sat on the chair under the window, the sun hot on his back. The tea came in and they both had some, their conversation mechanically adapted to Mrs. Gain's occasional entrances.

When she had taken the tray away he and Belle sat for some moments in silence. It was a curious fact that during the hour or so they had been together he had grown somehow to understand her purpose in coming to him, though not a word on the subject had passed between them. She was throwing herself back into the past—into the old poverty and the old love. Ernley had failed her, prosperity had failed her, marriage had failed her. Spiritually she was turning from the Crown to the George, as she had done before.

"Well, my dear—what are we going to do?"

She stood up and walked round the table into the patch of sunshine where he sat. Then she sank, spreading like a peony at his feet.

"Oh, Daniel—I've come to you."

"To me, my lovely—why to me?"

"Because I want you."

There was no gladness in either of their voices.

"Don't you want Ernley any more?"

"No."

"Nor the children?"

"No."

"I don't believe you."

"You would if you understood what I've been through during these last weeks—seeing him turn from me, seeing the children dividing us instead of bringing us together, seeing everything . . . die. Oh, Dan, Ernley's dead and the children are dead, and I'm only the poor widow and mother who's come to you. Dan, be good to me and take me. You were good to me years ago, and there's never been anyone like you for love and kindness—if only I hadn't been cursed."

She hid her face on his knee and they both trembled. He forced himself to speak.

"But, my dear, don't you see how hopeless it all is? What can I do for you now? I make barely enough money to keep myself and the boy. We'd simply go under."

"No we shouldn't. You could get better-paid work if you went to another place—and I could work too. I'm used to working, and part of my trouble's been that I've had no work lately, at least none that I could understand. Dan, don't you see this? I'm down to the bottom, and nothing worse can happen to me than what has happened. If we had to be servants together it would be happier for me than being the landlord's wife at the Crown. And don't you see that you're down to the bottom, too—that you've nothing to lose? Your sister-in-law will take care of your baby for you. It'll be only our two selves, and as I say, we're at the bottom already so we can't fall any lower."

Dan's heart was beating violently. The wall of the future seemed to topple and he saw beyond it a dark night into which he and Belle walked alone—hand in hand, leaving everything behind them, seeing nothing but sorrow, yet together. Years ago he had hoped to possess her with all that he most loved in life, and now she was offered to him alone, a fellow-victim, stripped and cast out. Yet

he wanted her as much as when her love would have brought comfort instead of privation, pride instead of shame.

"Belle, how can I take you like that?" For her sake more than his own he still struggled a little. "You'll regret it some day, and then in your heart you'd reproach me. You couldn't help it. We'll be without everything—we'll be outside—no friends, no home, no money, no nothing—Belle!"

"I shan't mind. I'd rather have love and nothing than everything without love, and seemingly I've got to choose. Besides, it won't always be like that. We'll find work somewhere—and Ernley will divorce me and then we can get married."

Dan's eyes grew big at the idea of divorce. It sounded grand, but outside the normal round of human experience either in Sark or Bullockdean. Still, all that was very far ahead. Nothing was close to him but Belle in her disillusion and wreck, turning to him as to her one comfort, claiming him out of the past. She suddenly knelt upright on the floor in front of him and held out her arms. He caught her, dragging her over his knees, straining her to his heart. Once more the wall of the future was built up and the darkness hidden. The past seemed to go over his head like a flood, bringing back all his old love and joy and pain in her. He was like a man drowning in a place where waters meet.

When they drew apart from that embrace something had changed in him. He no longer felt sorrowful and fear-driven—his heart was light, his outlook triumphant. The scheme of his life till now seemed to him in this elated moment a very mean scheme. His days on the bus, his nights in Greville Row, even his twilight musings on Newhaven Bridge when the armies of the ships lifted their spears up to the sky, even these seemed trite and humdrum compared to the wonderful adventure of taking Belle out alone into an empty world. Even the thought of parting from Thomas Helier did not seriously distress him—besides, in the fullness of time he too would have his place in that new house which love should build.

Drawing Belle again into his arms he took from her lips more power, more peace, more manhood—till he could have left that room to go through fire or walk the waters. He had never felt anything quite like this in his earlier experience of her—this sensation of drawing bigness from her bigness and strength from her strength. She had always been, too, as it were, related to other things—to ideals and hopes which formed a background to his love for her. But now she stood alone, torn out of her background, and yet somehow immense as she had never been when she belonged to it.

The sun in the street was dipping towards the roofs and the half-drawn blind was an amber glare.

"We'll go out," said Dan. "Come out with me, Belle. We can't stop in the house."

"Where are we going?"

"We'll go and have supper somewhere. We must do something this first night."

She picked up her hat from the floor.

"When ull you take me away?" she murmured—"right away?"

"I must finish my week on the bus."

"No! No!" her voice came suddenly with fear—"we can't wait. Ernley might find us."

"Let him."

"Oh, no—I couldn't bear it."

Her eyes grew large and frightened and her breast heaved. Dan suddenly saw a vision of himself that he had often seen before—an odious, practical little cad whose chief thought was bread and butter.

"All right—we'll cut and run. I'll take Baby to Em's to-morrow."

He asked Mrs. Gain to fetch Thomas Helier that evening and put him to bed—a task she had already performed occasionally when he was at Hoddern. Then, while Belle went to her attic to tidy her dress and hair, he ran up to his room and opened the drawer where

he kept his money. It was in a small battered cashbox and amounted in all to some three pounds—his Christmas gratuity from the bus company and tips from one or two passengers whom he had sensationally befriended. It was all he had in the world, but it was part of his mood now that he should spend it—that it should be flung into the heap of his welcome for Belle's love.

XXXI

They ate their meal at the Cimerosa Café, a big place attached to the leading picture-house and which satisfied local ideals of smartness. Both Belle and Daniel were much impressed as they sat together at their little table, an island in the midst of the vastness. All round them was the glitter of glass and steel, polished tiles and polished wood, flowers made at once cheaper and more impressive by masses of gypsophila and asparagus fern, while the tinkle and wail of a piano and two fiddles came threading a plaintive way through the clatter of knives and voices.

Dan was at first struck dumb by the elegance of the waitress and the profusion of the menu. But between them he and Belle managed at last to stumble upon the materials of a meal.

Though more at their ease when they had begun eating, they scarcely talked during their dinner. They belonged to that order of society which is too polite to talk when music is being provided for its entertainment. They listened respectfully to each item, as if they had been at a concert, and applauded respectfully at the end. Belle ate slowly and sat dreamily, hardly seeming to notice her surroundings. Dan, on the other hand, stared about the room watching the other diners and the waitresses moving among them, interested in their manners and their food, as it was his custom to be interested in other people's concerns. There was another smaller hall beyond the first, and from where he sat he could see a part of it reflected in the mirror opposite him. In the mirror he saw a man and woman come in together and sit down at a table under a palm. The elegance of the woman's black dress and hat made him look at her twice, and with a start he recognized her as Pearl Jenner. The man was unknown.

At first, surprise and interest made him miss the significance of this encounter, but in a minute or two he realized what it meant. Belle had come to him because she believed her husband to be with another woman, and here was this other woman without him but with another man. She was certainly guiltless on this occasion; though, Dan told himself angrily, it did not follow that she had been guiltless on any other. After all, Belle had made sure of her perfidy by effective if low expedients.

He wondered if Belle could see her, but Belle sat with her back to the mirror and outside the angle of direct vision. She could not see nor be seen. Then he suddenly asked himself what she would do if she realized that to-night at least her suspicions were unfounded, and that Ernley was innocently eating his dinner in Hastings, the blameless guest of Rotarians.

The question rushed at him out of the void, bringing with it the answer not of itself but of another question which he had not yet dared to ask: "She is here not because of her love of me but because of her love of Ernley." His hand shook as he quickly raised his glass, and the glitter of the room with its lights and glass and silver and flowers seemed to heel over as in a nightmare. By an act of violence he pushed the question which had no answer, and the answer which had no question, out of his mind together. At the same time he stood up. He must do something—he must settle something—find out something about Pearl Jenner and why she was there.

"Where are you going?" asked Belle, waking out of her dream.

"I'm going to ask if they have any programs."

He had seen some posters of the cinema entertainment displayed in the inner room, and first of all he went and scanned these and took a couple of leaflets. On his way back he stopped at Pearl Jenner's table.

"Good evening," he said.

Miss Jenner lifted her large, rather prominent eyes from her plate and surveyed him carefully without a word.

"I believe we've met before," he said nervously.

Miss Jenner obviously did not remember the occasion, and her escort now joined her in her stare. Dan was nearly overwhelmed but managed to stand his ground.

"It was at Bullockdean—the George Inn. You came with Mr. Ernley Munk to meet my—to meet his—leastways . . ."

Luckily she remembered now.

"Oh, yes. But that was a long time ago."

"More'n three years."

"Fancy your remembering."

"I ain't likely to forget."

He thought a touch of gallantry would not come amiss. Then suddenly his gaze fell to her hand and saw that she wore a wedding ring.

"Are you married now?" The words broke straight out of his surprise.

She bridled suitably.

"Yes—I'm married. This is my husband, Mr. Percy Johnson. We're going to Paris—traveling for his firm. He's got a job over there and we thought we'd tack it on to our honeymoon. We had meant to cross to-night but there's too much swell on for me."

"Sit down and have a drink of something with us," said Mr. Percy Johnson.

"No—no—much obliged, I'm sure. I've got a friend waiting. Good-by."

"So pleased to have met you," said the lady graciously.

He walked quickly back into the next room and sat down opposite Belle.

"It begins at half-past eight. We'd better be going."

"Well, I'm ready. What a time you were."

"I met a chap I knew."

His heart was sick because he knew that he had not the courage to tell her about Pearl Jenner, who was now Pearl Johnson.

He told himself it did not really matter. The thing that mattered was Belle's jealous suspicion of Ernley, not the question of whether it was or was not justified. After all it probably was justified, though Miss Jenner had seen the wisdom of escaping from a difficult situation by the most convenient road. Ernley had certainly deceived his wife, plotted and schemed and lied. He had made Belle's life a torture by uncertainty, as she had made his a boredom by certainty. Their marriage was smashed—trodden in pieces—by themselves. What did anything else matter? —Pearl Jenner or Pearl Johnson? Daniel stuck a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and, having paid his bill, led the way out of the Cimerosa Café into the Cimerosa Palace.

"We'll have a box," he said to Belle as she followed. "We must have a good time to-night."

The desire to strip the future was even more fiercely upon him.

So Belle and Daniel went into the House of Life together. Life moved before them, flickering on a screen in a procession, as the procession of life moves before the immortal gods. Those busmen and shopgirls in the darkness were as the immortal gods seeing, as in a mirror for their sport, life and love and death and hate and jealousy and wealth and despair and laughter and tenderness and vice and beauty and age and youth and piety and folly. . . . Dan's arm was clasping Belle as he led her homewards. His body was drugged by her sweetness and his mind was drugged by Life. They did not speak, for their thoughts were passing in a procession as on a screen. Belle walked with her head bent, one arm hanging limply, one hand holding Dan's hand against her waist. Dan walked with his head high and saw

the lamplight in her yellow hair and breaking into the shadows flung by her hat. They came together to Greville Row and stood together in the narrow hallway, with the door shutting out the street lamp and the moon.

Behind them the steep narrow stairs soared into a still deeper darkness. Dan's arms came out and took Belle, drawing her big shoulder down on his, holding her flushed face and rough hair down against his cheek.

"Oh, Belle," he murmured thickly in her hair—"Oh, Belle—I must love you."

And all the House of Life danced before the darkness of his closed eyes that were closed against hers. She shuddered in his arms, moved herself suddenly, and broke from him—crying bitterly.

XXXII

The smallness of the house shook with her dash upstairs and the banging of her door. For a moment Dan stood at the stair-foot, then he too turned and went upwards. He felt mentally bruised, but still exalted, as he opened the door of his little room and went in. The moon and the street lamp were together in a queer troubled light and the occasional surfaces of furniture gleamed in pale flecks. His bed was all white, and Thomas Helier's bed beside it, with a blot which was Thomas Helier himself.

Dan went over to the window and looked out on the roofs without seeing them. Why had Belle cried when she left him? He knew that women cry for joy as much as for sorrow, but he did not think that Belle had cried for joy. How could she have cried for sorrow with his arms round her and the vows of his love upon her? Only because she still loved Ernley and still belonged to him. Only because she loved Ernley so much that when she saw her marriage breaking she had deliberately killed it rather than let it drag on as a broken thing. He, Daniel, was only the stick she had taken to break her marriage, to put her wounded love out of its pain—he was not there to give her love but to kill her love. That night she was expecting him to go up to her room and kill the last of her love for Ernley. To-morrow she would wake up without love, empty, like sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

He shut his eyes again and the darkness flickered as with lights on a screen. He saw the procession of his love for Belle—his courtship of her at Batchelors Hall, the tall house and the tall nodding trees, and the black-and-white striped drawing-room where the gramophone played. He saw himself going to seek her up the narrow lanes by Rushlake Green, and pleading with her in the cottage at Three Cups Corner. . . . Then he saw her and Ernley standing together in the doorway of old Gadgett's bedroom, holding each other by the hand and looking at each other with sad eyes—they looked forward into their marriage and saw it appointed for sorrow. . . .

He knew that his love had ended there. After that there had been no love, only despair, and then escape . . . and since he had come back he had not loved her as in the old days but in a different, unhappier way. He loved her for herself and himself only. He loved her as other men had loved her before Ernley, and to-night his love for her was just a flame, seeking to devour—not the flame of the hearth where the food is cooked and life made warm and secure, but the flame of the burning house which seeks only to destroy and is the enemy of the hearth upon which the dead, burnt house shall fall.

He opened his eyes again and looked down at the little dark shape of Thomas Helier asleep in his moonlit bed. Then he remembered his own marriage. Till that moment it had been merely an empty space in his thoughts of Belle. But now it became an island, and the rest of life the empty sea. That year of his married life—belonging to the stranger, the strange land, and the strange language—was none the less his heart's true home and abiding sweetness. All that

he had ever known of love was that marriage, which had gathered up into itself not only his love for Rose Falla but his love for Belle Shackford. His love for Belle had led him to his marriage with Rose, and his love for Belle had been made holy by his marriage with Rose.

"Oh, Rose, Rose—dear little Rose—I remember that evening when I took you into my arms in the dark cottage at Moie Fano, and outside the cliff was like a terrible blind thing asleep in the light. Something better than love had given you to me then. I thought, 'All my love is in Sussex with Belle Shackford'—and reckon I never knew that love was in our marriage and nowhere else. . . . If I let Belle use me to break her marriage, I break my own—I break faith with Rose—I break faith with Belle. I cannot love a woman away from marriage—if I did that my love would be like the cliff at Moie Fano—a terrible blind thing asleep in the light."

He sank down on his knees before the window and his thoughts, which had been drowned, came out of the water and he knew himself to be set on a mad and evil way. He was about to break a marriage—a wounded marriage, it is true, but not wounded to death. Belle had taken Ernley as he had taken Rose—"for better, for worse." He had known nothing of the worse in his marriage with Rose, for his Rose had been a sweet flower plucked before the rains. But if they had lived on together they would probably have had to forgive just like everyone else. He could have forgiven Rose anything—Rose would have forgiven him anything. By that same power Ernley could forgive Belle, and Belle could forgive Ernley. And Belle had less to forgive Ernley than she thought . . . there lay Daniel's shame. He was a thief breaking into the inn of marriage with a lie. What does it matter? The inn of marriage is empty—it is already robbed. No—love is still there. Respect and trust and seemliness are gone, but love is still there—sitting alone and waiting for the others to come back—love of the mother for the children and the children for the mother; love of the wife for the husband and the husband for the wife. Belle knew that, and that was why she wanted him to break into the inn of marriage and help her kill love—love waiting in the empty house till her children return. . . . "But I can't do that—I can't—because for a year I too lived with love in the inn of marriage; and if I kill Belle's love for her husband I kill my own for Belle, my own for Rose, my own for our child, since these are all part of the same thing. Oh, God, I can't do it—I can't hurt the best thing you've ever given me—your own thing—part of yourself."

The dawn was breaking, with the masts of the ships standing up before it like spears before a banner. Dan still knelt beside the window in the dishevelment of a sleepless night. His hair was rumpled out of its sleekness and the long straight lick of it hung sideways almost to his shoulder. He must clean and tidy himself before he went up to Belle and told her that his own marriage had been too great a treasure for him to be the thief of hers.

He must tell her at once so that she could go back at once to Ernley. If she went now the situation might be saved. Indeed, the very fact of her having gone away might take from her that certainty which had so disenchanted her husband. This thing that had happened might be the very thing needed to establish happiness for Belle and Ernley. Whether Belle had loved Daniel or not, or Ernley had loved Pearl or not, was no matter. Pearl and Daniel had been useful to break up a hard piece of life—and now that their task was done, Pearl could go to her Mr. Johnson and Daniel could go . . .

He plunged his head into his basin of cold water. What should he do when he had lost Belle? Didn't he still love her? Yes—but that terrible stripped future which had once enticed him now filled him entirely with fear. He could

not take Belle away from everything that truly belonged to her—her marriage, her home, her husband, her children—any more than he could go away himself from all that truly belonged to him—his marriage, his home, Rose Falla, or *notre Helier*. Somehow, at the back of his mind he knew that if he lost these things he lost Belle with them, and if he kept them he kept her with them.

The baby was still asleep—he had slept peacefully all through the night of his father's distress. Soon he would be waking and demanding attention in one form or another. Poor little kid—at least one would not have to part with him now . . . or only for a little while. He would have to go away for a little while to forget this new sound of Belle's footsteps in his life. Going away was a great cure for everything . . . then when you came back you could pick up things again in a new way—he had picked up his love for Belle in a new way; if he had picked it up in the old way he could not have renounced it now. But there was sea water in the blood of his father's son, and a sea change was a change of heart. When did the *White King* sail from Middlesborough? . . .

From Belle's window, too, one could see the masts of the ships, but now the sunlight gleamed upon them—they were no longer lances but Aaron's rod in flower. As Dan came stooping into the attic with its low-set window the first thing he saw was the flowering of Aaron's rod against the sea. The dawn was full of color—rose and brown and blue, and the breeze of it rushed into the attic, both salt and sweet.

It was almost like an encounter and gave him a queer sense of exaltation and the strength to look at Belle as she lay on the bed, outside the clothes, wrapped in a purple cotton kimono over which her hair flowed tawny and challenging. Her face was hidden in the hollow of one elbow and she slept, incredibly, in spite of his knock and his entrance and the flowering of the dawn.

But immediately he came and stood beside her she woke—she sat up, sweeping the hair out of her eyes. Her hair frightened him—it was so aggressively abandoned, so bright, so coarse, so curly. . . . He remembered the fine silk of Rose's hair among his fingers and upon his lips. Belle had let down her hair to smother and bind him—a crude and easy charm. He suddenly felt very far away from her.

"Well," she said sullenly, "what do you want now?"

"I want to talk to you."

He pulled a chair beside the bed and sat down. She yawned and stretched her arms, then suddenly burst into tears.

"Belle—Belle—don't cry. You know you don't really love me."

"Since when have you discovered that?"

Her voice was not sweet.

"Since I said good-night to you—when you cried. . . . I guessed then that you'd come to me not because you loved me but because you loved Ernley."

"You're damned clever, ain't you?"

"And, Belle, I saw I was a swine, for I was keeping something back from you—something about Ernley."

"What?"

"That he hasn't been with Pearl Jenner at Hastings."

"How do you know?"

"Because I saw her here in Newhaven last night."

Belle seized his arm.

"She was at the Café," faltered Daniel, realizing how treacherous he must now appear. "I saw her in the other room and . . ."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I knew it ud made a difference to your feelings about Ernley. You see, she wasn't only there: she'd got a man with her—her husband."

"D'you mean to say she's married?"

"Just—they're off to Paris to-day."

"And you never told me?"

"I—I couldn't."

"Why?—Why?"

"Because I knew it ud mean I'd lose you—you'd go back to Ernley after that."

"Cad!" shrieked Belle. "You dirty little cad!"

She sprang off the bed and stood before him barefooted on the floor, blazing with anger. She was so much the virago that he almost cowered, and the shame of his own fear made him angry too. He rose to his feet, and then suddenly the fear of his own shame drove down upon him and swept the anger out of his heart. After all, Belle was right. He had behaved like a cad with that lie of silence. If Belle had not wept like that at the foot of the stairs, how much of her life would he have left her? She was saved only by her tears.

"I'm sorry, Belle—forgive me, Belle."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because I loved you and reckon I wasn't strong enough to tell you something that might send you from me."

"And why are you strong enough now—when it's too late?"

"My dear, it ain't too late."

"Too late! Of course it's too late. I've stopped away a whole night from home—the servants all know, even if I manage to get back before Ernley does . . . I never said anything—I just cleared out. It'll be easy enough to prove I spent the night along of you here. I reckon Ernley could get a divorce on it if he wanted to, and maybe he will want to."

"Oh, no, he won't."

"Not that I care if he does. I'll never believe he wasn't in love with Pearl Jenner, and that he'll soon find somebody else. We're done with each other, so your lovely conscience and pure heart go for nothing."

"Belle, don't go mocking at my conscience and my heart. I don't set up for being good—I know I ain't. But I just felt as somehow I couldn't spoil a thing like marriage."

"Marriage! What are you talking about? Mine's spoilt already, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. You only think so because you've mixed up marriage with love, and they ain't the same thing really."

"You needn't tell me that."

"I mean that when you're in love and go back on each other, you generally can't forgive; but in marriage you can."

Belle sat down heavily upon the bed.

"What's come over you, Daniel?"

"Nothing—it's the same as I've always felt, but can't explain. I think a lot about marriage. I never was more surprised by anything than I was by my marriage. I've never told you about it, Belle, but it was like this. I met a girl at a dancing-place in Jersey and she told me she was done for and must go on the streets for a living. I'd had a drop too much, so when I got worked up about what she told me I never stopped to think sense but just put her in my boat and took her over to Sark with me. Then that crowd at the Pêche à Agneau wouldn't keep her—they said she must go back—and she cried . . . and begged me to save her . . . so just out of pity I said I'd marry her, and I was in a mortal funk about it. I didn't really love her and was only doing it out of pity. But I swore I'd go through with it, for it was up to me, so to speak. Then when we went into church and the minister prayed and I put on her ring, I suddenly saw it all different. It—it wasn't just something we were doing but something that was given us. When I came out of church I knew we belonged to each other and ud be happy together, no matter how it had all started. And after that . . . well, I can't speak about it—but . . . well, of course you know she died. But if it had gone on it would always have been good, because we were like being one person, and if one went against the other it would just be like being sick with yourself, as you are at times. You always forgive yourself in the end—you can't help it. And then there's the kid—there's your kids, Belle. You can't get shut of a marriage so easy as you think. It's all mixed up with everything else in your life."

Belle sat silent, leaning her head against the bedpost.

"You can't get shut of a marriage," Daniel repeated; "all that talk about divorce is just silly. You're a part of Ernley and the children are a part of you both, and there you are, and nothing can be done about it."

"Oh, can't it, just! And reckon it will be done when Ernley finds out."

"There ain't nothing for him to find out—except that you loved him so much that you were driven half mad when you thought he loved somebody else. You know you don't really love me, Belle. It's twice you've taken me because you loved Ernley, but reckon I can't bear any more of that."

"And you don't really love me?"

"No—all I've ever done is to want to get married. I'm not the same sort as you—I can't go in for these big love affairs and all that. They scare me and I act silly. I'd have loved you as my wife and have made you a good husband, but I can't go loving you outside marriage—I'm not made that way. The only woman I've ever loved is Rose, just because she was my wife."

"And, now she's dead, will you marry again?"

"Maybe. I could love any good woman that was my wife. I'm sorry, Belle—I know it doesn't sound very good but it's the way I'm made. It means that I'll always be happier than you, but not so interesting."

Belle smiled, and for the first time he saw almost a look of tenderness in her eyes.

"You poor child. Reckon I've scared you. No—maybe I'm not your sort, Daniel, though the Lord knows the trouble with Ernley has been because of my being too homely since I married."

"It'll do him a lot of good, your going off like this—he won't feel so sure of you. Ernley doesn't like feeling sure."

"Well, I do."

"And so you can—if he doesn't."

Belle stood up again and went towards the window, twisting up her hair as she walked. The action seemed somehow to show that she had done with him.

"You talk sense, Daniel. You do sometimes. You've treated me badly this last day and night, but I've treated you badly these years. Reckon you're the sort of man that women make a refuge of. Well, I won't do it again. I hope you'll meet some kind good woman who'll marry you and protect you from the likes of me. For if I go back to Ernley I don't expect I'll be happy—not for years, anyway. But of course I know in my heart that he belongs to me and I to him, and nobody else will ever do. I daresay we'll both be all the better for this shake-up—I dunno. He's hit me and been hurt—I've hit him and been hurt . . . there's no telling what difference that ull make. But you'll have to keep out of it, Daniel. Ernley will hate you after this."

"Hate me! That's odd, after all that's gone before."

"If he doesn't hate you the same as I hate Pearl Jenner, I'll know it's all no use."

"Well, anyhow I'll be going away."

"Where?"

Daniel looked out towards the sea.

"Only the other day I was offered a berth as cook on a Geordie sailing next week from Middlesborough."

"And what ull you do with the child?"

"Leave him with Em."

"Shall you be happy at sea?"

"Happier than in spoiling your life on land."

"You haven't spoiled my life, Daniel. I've spoiled my own. Perhaps it's not quite spoilt."

She held out her hand to him and he took it limply.

"Oh, Belle—"

"I must dress now. Get out. I hope they haven't heard us talking."

"Not up here. I'll go down. Will you be having breakfast with me and get an early start?"

"Yes, I must be back when Ernley comes. Then I can tell him everything and perhaps he will tell me something."

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

SHE CLIMBED DOWN WITH HER HAND ON DANIEL'S WRIST

He went out, with nothing in his heart except a great longing for the sea.

XXXIII

"Tickets, please"—Daniel stooped over the fat woman in the corner and waited while she fumbled in her pocket and then in her bag and then in her basket. "Sixpence to Whitesmith. Thank you, Ma'am . . . tickets please."

He had picked up this lot at Bullockdean Throws, where he had set down Belle, and while he was helping them in with their bundles she had walked off up the lane towards the village and the inn that straddled the way. He had not even been able to turn round and see the last of her disappearing.

He thought of their breakfast together in the half-light of the little sitting room. They had scarcely talked and she had seemed angry, but—when their maimed excuses and explanations had gone to Mrs. Gain—Belle had insisted on accompanying him when he took Thomas Helier to the crèche, and at parting she had kissed the baby and he had taken and held for a moment a handful of her coarse yellow hair. Then they had walked together to the bus and Dan had punched Belle's ticket for her and then gone out on the step. He did not dare look at her as she sat there like a sunflower. Not that he was afraid of her any more—that madness had passed—but when he looked at her he was ashamed.

"Bullockdean Corner"—he pulled the bell. She climbed down, with her hand upon his wrist like any other passenger. He passed out her bag. Other passengers crowded in—she was gone—and when the bus had started again and he looked round he could not see her. He might never see her again—he did not know. Already the ways of land were tiring him.

"Reckon you've done the right thing this time," said Jess Harman.

She stood facing Dan as he sat by the kitchen table in Bullockdean parsonage with Thomas Helier on his knee.

"I'm glad you approve of me at last."

"I won't say I've always disapproved, but then I haven't always approved, neither."

"You never approved of me and Belle."

"Never—she isn't your sort, as you've been uncommon slow to understand."

"Why isn't she my sort?"

"You've asked me that question a dunnamany times before, and I've told you a dunnamany times in answer that she isn't comfortable enough for you. You want a comfortable woman, and Belle isn't a comfortable woman. Whatever she does she does uncomfortably—if she loves a man she gives him hell, if she marries a man she gives him hell, if she loves her children she gives everybody hell because of it. Now some men like that style—Ernley Munk does—so that's why it's good that she should marry him and stick to him. All these rows they have don't matter—they only keep 'em going. Neither Belle nor Ernley could live without rows and feeling ill-treated, so it's just as well they've got each other. Now if you'd taken Belle away from Ernley and been good to her, she'd have been dead of dullness in a year. It's her sort to make rows. And all that fuss about Pearl Jenner was only a row she'd made to keep herself lively. And Ernley just about loves to think he's ill-used and blighted—so reckon it was a godsend to him to have his wife run away with another man, so long as she comes back and gives him the fun of forgiving her."

Dan had not meant to tell Jess so much about himself. He had come to Bullockdean with the intention of opening his grief to Mr. Marchbanks, which was one of the good things his friend had taught him. Between two Norman pillars in Bullockdean church the events of the last few months had slipped into new places, and—as had so often happened before—Dan saw his splash of folly as little more than the spate cast

up by a treacherous sea, in the waves of which he might have drowned while he feared only the foam.

When he got back to the parsonage Jess was waiting to give him tea and, comforted and a little exalted, he found himself pouring out his tale anew to her, though with different stresses. He wanted to hear about the family at the inn. Ernley had taken his wife away to foreign parts. Business was slack and they were going to have a holiday—another honeymoon. When they came back the amalgamation of the two inns, the George and the Crown, would be complete—a new life would be beginning; and Daniel Sheather, out of the old life, would be safely busy on board a Geordie coaster, working and whistling in his galley that smelt of soup and the sea.

"Is it all fixed up?" asked Jess.

"Yes—it's fixed. May I take your book with me, Jess?"

"You've got a nerve. What shall I do without my book?"

"Much better than I'll do with it. Reckon I must cut some sort of a figure this first voyage—and Mr. Marchbanks don't notice what you give him."

"That's true. Well, you can have the book, Daniel. But bring it back when you come ashore."

"Reckon I'll bring you a new one. I'll have some cash to spare then, though I'm stony-broke just now. The sea pays better than the land."

"And when do you start?"

"I go north to-morrow—the nine o'clock from Lewes."

"Have you said good-by to your mother?"

"I'll call at Hoddern this evening on my way back."

"And you're leaving Baby at Brakey Bottom?"

"Yes—that's to-night, too."

Then suddenly Jess's face changed—her manner changed—she was a new Jess; and coming round the side of the table she knelt down beside Daniel's chair and put her arms round the baby that he held upon his knee.

"Leave him with me, Daniel. Let me take care of him for you."

Her voice came with a sudden husky sweetness, reminding him of Belle's.

"But, Jess—how can I? How could you possibly look after him?"

"Easy. I can have him with me here, same as I had when you lived along of us, and I can take him home to Auntie's in the evening. Reckon they won't be sorry at Brakey Bottom, and you can give me what you would have given them, so as I can manage for him. Oh, Dan, I love him so and it's been such misery losing him when you were at Newhaven. I'll be so good to him—I'll love him and pet him and take care of him same as if I was his mother."

For some reason he found himself trembling and his hand came down upon her shoulder as she knelt beside him with her arms round the child. He said, almost without knowing it:

"But, Jess, I think now that I'm always going to live on the sea."

"But you'll be ashore in between whiles."

"Yes—but the sea's going to be my country. I don't belong here any more—at least not till I'm old. The sea's better than the land, my dear, and it's in my blood to go to sea."

"You can go to sea and I'll stay on the land, for sometimes you've got to come home."

In that moment he felt it would be easier and better to think of home at Bullockdean than at Brakey Bottom, among the wranglings and strugglings of his kin. Perhaps Jess would not take such good care of Thomas Helier as Emmy would have done—but Len was sour. . . . Jess was taking him out of love, and there would always be love at Bullockdean. It seemed as if Rose Falla's legacy to her husband had been a legacy of love. When she had given Dan "*notre Helier*" she had given him the power of building romance anew. . . .

"Let him stay just this once," pleaded Jess, "and if you don't think I've done

well by him when you come back, you can change. But let me try."

"Very well, Jess. You try."

Thomas Helier's good manners broke down under the sudden squeeze she gave him.

"I'm sorry, dearie, that's a bad beginning. But you're used to it with your Dad and me. There—don't cry, my pet—there, there."

Two hours later Dan knelt by his mother's side in the firelight at Hoddern. Kitty's arm was round him, for she felt and dealt tenderly in this moment of farewell.

"You always were your father's son, Dan, but you've been a good boy to me all the same."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mum."

"Yes, you've been good and done your best when that rascal he went off. It was not your fault that you could not help me more. Now I shall not see you very often, I expect."

"Whenever I'm ashore, Mum."

"But you leave your child at Bullockdean and you go where your child is. Ah, she is a clever girl, that Jess Harman."

"How do you mean?"

"If you have not the wit to understand me I will not explain. Poor Daniel, you were not happy in your marriage."

"Mum, I was happy."

"Ah, but she died."

He did not speak, for he could not tell his mother what he felt about Rose.

"Marriage is not a happy thing," continued Kitty. "Our men grow up and cease to love us—they forsake us, and we live only in our children."

"Oh, mother, don't speak so—some men make good husbands."

"You would make a good husband, Daniel."

"I hope I didn't make a bad one."

"You are the sort of man who'd make a good husband to any girl except one."

"Except one?"

"Except Belle Munk—Belle Shackford that was. She belongs to one man only, though he will never be much good to her. Still, she belongs. And I knew it long ago when you wanted her so much."

Dan did not believe his mother knew anything of the kind. Still, he thought her words were wise and he listened as she continued:

"Some men and women are like that—for one person only, and others are for everyone. You are among the others."

"What do you mean, Mum?"

"You could be happy married to any good girl, for what you really want is not love but marriage. When you come home you will marry again."

"How do you know?"

"Because you were made for marriage, and for a man marriage is easy."

A step sounded in the passage and his mother's expression changed. She withdrew her arm from his shoulder and looked up. He knew that Christopher had come home.

He rose and kissed her hastily, anxious to take leave before his brother appeared.

"Say good-by to Chris from me."

Outside the big stars hung over the Ouse Valley where the windings of the river showed pale in the darkness. Dan felt vaguely disturbed by what his mother had said. It seemed to rob him of his last claim to be interesting and romantic, if he had ever had any. Was it indeed true, then, that the woman of his dream who sat in an inn stable with her child upon her knee, was not Belle, nor even Rose, but just any woman—every woman whose heart was warm and whose eyes were kind? Was all that he craved for—only a home and a wife and a child? If so it was strange to go seeking them upon the sea. But there is a star of the sea which points to harbor, and a woman sits waiting with her child upon her knee and a star in the sky above her to lead the wise man to her feet.

THE END

THE LION'S MOUTH

NUTS

BY STANLEY WALKER

AL FOY was the oldest office boy in New York. For nearly fifty years his job had been to sit beside a desk at the entrance to the editorial offices of the *Morning Star*, where he opened the mail and received visitors.

His salary never rose above thirty dollars per week—through wars and panics, high prices and low—but he had saved most of it. He owned his home out in Bay Ridge, and the growth of Brooklyn in that direction enabled him to sell three lots at a good profit. Thus Al could retire any time he wanted to.

And yet he was only an office boy. True, his neighbors out in Bay Ridge called him "Mr. Foy," and they spoke of him vaguely as being "an editor or something on the *Morning Star*." But to everybody in the office he was simply Al, the head office boy—or, as one reporter once put it, the Director of Lesser Personnel.

It seemed to me that the question of Al's success, or lack of success, depended upon whether he was happy. He gave me but little satisfaction. Yes, his job was all right. He had only one complaint.

"It's these nuts," he said. "For nigh onto half a century now they have been pestering me. You see, I open all these letters addressed to the editor, and more than half of them are nutty. People are always complaining about something and they think the paper can fix it. And the people who call, they are the worst—all nuts! If they would only leave me alone!"

I pointed out that if it were not for these writers of strange letters, and the visitors with the vague and impossible complaints and requests, he would have no job. Al said he had thought of that, but nevertheless he wished the eccentrics would leave him in peace.

"It wouldn't matter much if I did lose my job," he confided to me slyly. "I'm thinking of retiring anyhow pretty soon. I could do it, you know."

All of us thought the world of Al Foy. He was a slight, well-kept old fellow with white hair and a neat white mustache. He dressed in black broadcloth and wore a wing collar with a gray tie. Across the bridge of his lean nose was a pair of gold-rimmed glasses through which he peered with kindly blue eyes. He was a dignified ornament to the office.

Al usually came to work at two in the afternoon, stayed until six, took two hours off to go home to dinner, and then returned for four more hours. He had set those hours for himself. No one questioned his coming or his going. He was as much of a fixture as the big clock that hung above his desk or the St. Gaudens bas-relief of "The Founder" down the hall.

As I talked to Al I found that he had a genuine hatred for the "nuts." He regarded them as vastly different from ordinary, sane, flesh-and-blood people like his neighbors in Bay Ridge. To Al the letter writers and the visitors were like those strange miscreants whose deeds filled so much space in the papers—the wife-beaters, girl bandits, fake

princes, bootlegger kings, underworld queens, and the rest of that unreal list.

One afternoon Al was timidly turning over in his mind the idea of retiring to a comfortable old age. He received the usual procession of callers and opened the usual batch of letters.

First there was the richly dressed woman, nervous and beautiful, who approached his desk and said:

"I want some advice. You look like such a kind, wise old man—who would understand. Can I trust you?"

"Yes," said Al Foy with a great weariness, "Tell me all."

"I hate my husband," said the woman. "I want to kill him. I can think of no other way. Now, shall I?"

Al was only mildly surprised. She was just another nut. He did his best to humor such people.

"No," he told her, "I wouldn't kill him. They will arrest you, and—you never know—the jury might convict you. It's a long chance."

She thanked Al and swept out of the office. An hour later she telephoned him. Al told me she said:

"I've thought of a splendid idea. I'll go ahead and shoot him and then shoot myself, so they can't do anything with me. What do you think of that?"

"Very good," said Al. "Yes, perhaps that is the best way out. Good-by."

"She's a nut," Al told me. "But she isn't going to kill her husband. She just hates him a little and wants to get it out of her system by telling somebody."

I thought Al must know a great deal about the human mind and the strange, uncatalogued emotions that move men and women. But it was hard to extract this wisdom from him. Besides, he was busy with a pile of letters. After a time he laid aside his glasses and said to me:

"The nuts are running strong to-day. Here's a man who says the obelisk in Central Park is set at the wrong angle. Another one, a woman over in Weehawken, is sore because the paper didn't mention her husband's name in the story of that parade up Fifth Avenue the other day. She says he led one of the thirty bands and didn't get a line. And here's another one—a man who shows that Venus was the first woman to dye her hair. Street paving, Oriental religions, persecutions—I've got 'em all to-day."

A bedraggled individual approached Al's desk, asked for a sheet of paper, and wrote feverishly for ten minutes, calling for more paper until he had finished half-a-dozen pages. Then he handed the product to Al and departed. Al showed it to me. Except for a word or two here and there it was utterly unintelligible. Al threw it into the waste basket.

"He's been coming in once a week for a year," explained Al. "I don't know yet what his message is. Every night when I go home I pass him out in City Hall Park, sitting on a bench and looking up at the stars."

Late in the afternoon the publisher, old Mr. Markle, stopped by Al's desk on his daily tour of the office.

"You've been with us a long time," said Mr. Markle. "How do you like the job. I mean to say, is it satisfying?"

"Oh, yes," said Al, puzzled at the question. "The only trouble is—well, I have to deal with a lot of nuts, and all these letters here are from queer people too."

"I dare say," remarked Mr. Markle as he passed on.

For a moment Al was panicky. Did the publisher think he was getting too old for the job? Then he became serene again. What did it matter after all? He could quit comfortably and be rid of the pests.

When Al Foy returned to the office he sensed that something had happened. Men were hurrying about. Groups were gathered here and there, laughing, swearing, gesticulating. He made a few inquiries and learned to his astonishment that the *Morning Star* had been sold to the owner of the *Morning Gazette* and

that the papers were to be combined the next day and called the *Gazette-Star*.

An hour later Al was summoned into the managing editor's office and there given two weeks' pay and his discharge. He met me outside. He was happy. I walked across City Hall Park with him. There was the letter-writer he had told me about, sitting sprawled on a bench.

"I'm through with 'em all," said Al joyously. "No more nuts for me."

Some time later I learned what Al did that evening. When he got home he told his wife what had happened, they rejoiced together, and he propped himself up by a rear window to smoke and read. From across the courtyard he heard sounds of riotous laughter and music. Looking over, he discerned a bottle on a table and people dancing. The noise continued until long after midnight. Al was angry. He shouted to them and politely asked them not to make so much noise.

"Oh, go soak your head!" came the insolent retort. Al called the police on the telephone. A desk sergeant advised him to go before a magistrate the next day and get a warrant. Al demanded immediate police action. The sergeant refused.

"What's the matter?" stormed Al into the telephone. "Must I grease your palm before ——" The rest was lost when the sergeant hung up the receiver. Al sat there speechless with rage. The pandemonium went on.

At last Al went with firm step to his desk and started writing. His missive was addressed "To the Editor of the *Gazette-Star*." After outlining his grievance Al wrote:

"I am a decent, law-abiding householder, Mr. Editor, and I leave it to you if this condition is not an outrage in a civilized city. Is there no justice? Has Tammany's grip on the Police Department become so strong and so demoralizing that respectable citizens cannot get relief from a nuisance? Sir, I rely on your sense of fair play and civic duty."

"There," said Al to his wife, as he sealed the letter, "that ought to wake 'em up!"

The next day the new head-office-boy on the *Gazette-Star*, who had never heard of Al Foy, read the letter, yawned, and grunted: "Just another nut."

OUR NEED FOR WASTING MORE TIME

BY FRED C. KELLY

SURELY it must be evident to any thoughtful person that we need newer and better means for wasting time. Methods of time-wasting which served well enough for our forefathers are no longer adequate. To keep pace with present-day conditions we must not only modernize but greatly amplify all known plans for frittering away golden hours in foolish or profitless pursuits. Golf players have the right idea. Instead of simplifying the game they constantly strive to add complications which will use up more energy and more hours. The first fellow to think of bunkers on a golf links must have had a streak of genius for taking slack out of one's spare time. Bunkers, judiciously placed, so retard the speed of golfers that they are frequently able to spend an entire afternoon in getting exercise the equivalent of, say, twenty minutes swimming or half an hour chopping wood.

What we need now is more application of the bunker scheme to everyday life. We must have more ways of seeming busy when we are not. Considerable progress has been made along this line but not nearly enough. A clever idler is frequently able to waste an entire day or even a week while convincing his neighbors, and perhaps himself also, that he is usefully engaged; but modern life requires better methods by which

one may waste not only an occasional day or week, but *every* day.

Now, this need of seeming busy while loafing has become greater recently since there is less important work to be done and a vastly increased number who have no desire to do it. When this country was in its pioneer stage with much land to be cleared, roads and bridges to be built—nearly everybody had to work. Both men and women toiled for useful purposes. Even the humblest work was highly respectable. Nobody wished to avoid work, for anything that looked like loafing would have met with sharp disapproval. But to-day so much of the fundamental job of getting the country organized to live in has already been accomplished, and the upkeep is so comparatively simple, that there is not enough real work to keep everybody busy.

The real problem of wasting time, however, is not due so much to a decreased amount of work to be done as to the rapidly growing groups who have no incentive for any kind of profitable employment. I refer to those who are amply provided for by toil of others. Included in these groups are beneficiaries of large fortunes—either by marriage or inheritance. In former times, when one inherited enough money to make work unnecessary he was fairly likely to squander it or, if he didn't, it was scattered by his children. To-day inherited fortunes are placed in permanent care of trust companies who painstakingly conserve them, even unto the third and fourth generations. Each year sees a shocking increase in the lists of those who are able to be to society what a flea is to a dog—that is, to live off the dog and annoy him without contributing to his upkeep. The difference, though, is that whereas the flea seems fairly content, the man or woman who has nothing to do sooner or later becomes bored and unhappy and must find means for properly wasting time. We must discover new things to do and more roundabout ways of doing them.

Any form of invalidism offers a convenient means for wasting a substantial share of one's time. It is not even necessary for one actually to be ill. Many persons consume an astounding amount of time seeking remedies for ills that are altogether imaginary. By going from one specialist to another and discussing one's self with a physician—or with a psycho-analyst—who will listen in return for a substantial fee, one cuts well into his day. A clever invalid with sufficient means is able, however, to go much farther. By going about from one sanitarium to another—where doctors and attendants will pound his chest, make impressive blood tests, and very gravely stroke their whiskers over his symptoms—one may waste weeks and weeks. And yet this is done with complete social immunity. Everybody agrees that one is entitled to seek restoration to health, and who shall say that he may not devote as much time to the problem as he can afford?

A friend of mine, who dislikes work almost as much as I do, tells me that when he does feel an illness coming upon him he at first has a sense of something akin to shame. He wonders if it is really an illness or just plain old-fashioned laziness which makes him desire to remain in bed instead of going forth to the marts to earn his living. But when, a day or so later, he breaks out with a fever and aches all over and knows he's in for a spell of influenza—or whatever it is—he feels a delightful sense of relief. For he knows that now he may be able to loll about the house and waste perhaps two or three weeks without fear of reproach.

Tired business men and society women are probably pre-eminent to-day as time-wasters. Indeed, society women—by devoting many hours a day to endless rounds of social "duties"—have long been rightly regarded almost as models in the difficult art of busily doing nothing. Even to-day—when many other avenues, including politics, offer an outlet for women's spare time—"social"

activities are still the most convenient means of organized wastefulness. In Washington, the city I happen to know most about, women have cleverly devised customs that consume an astonishing amount of time without any sensible purpose whatever. It is not uncommon for a society woman to drive about all afternoon and deposit as many as one hundred and fifty calling cards at homes of other women, with no thought or intention of meeting, face to face, the women thus called upon.

Now, this system has endured for a long time. It served its purpose as an ingenious plan for using up women's time in a period when any useful occupation for a woman high in the social and economic scale was considered more or less disgraceful. But in more recent years, colleges for women have greatly complicated the whole time-wasting problem by putting notions into feminine heads. As women have learned more about the great world in which they live, many have come to imagine an element of futility in the ordinary prescribed system of social gayeties. As already suggested, something in human nature makes us oppose futility. We like to feel that we are being fairly essential. Hence women have been forced to try wasting time a little less obviously by means of charities, welfare work, uplift movements, tag days, and what not. They have made deliberate efforts to appear *not* to be wasting their time. I have known society women in the name of charity to pay one dollar for an afternoon at bridge.

Though women have had greater experience in wasting time—due to a public opinion inspired by male vanity, which has long made it improper for them to be useful and consequently independent of men—the best job of squandering one's hours is ordinarily done by members of the well-known masculine sex. Business men far excel society women in ability to believe that the totally unnecessary things they do are of vast importance. Ten times as many articles are manufactured and sold as anybody needs, and salesmen for useless devices and foolish schemes of all kinds have become a nuisance—in order that those not needed in really necessary business may be able to occupy themselves. Business men have cleverly continued "conferences," noonday luncheon clubs, and banquets of trade associations for the ostensible purpose of getting something done, but in reality to use up part of the day and save themselves from facing the fact that they have *nothing to do.* If one wishes to learn how much surplus time an average business man has been compelled to consume it is only necessary to glance at a typical business letter. How often have you ever received a business letter that wasn't many times longer than necessary, obviously padded with pompous phrases to help use up the time of the man who dictated it as well as the time of his "assistant" or typist? Just recently I received one worded somewhat as follows:

> Your letter of the tenth instant is at hand and contents noted and in reply to same we beg to state that it will be a great pleasure to comply with the request set forth in the proposition embodied in your valued favor.

All that paragraph has actually said could have been put into the one word: *Yes.* But the stereotyped phrases, repeated over and over again in scores of letters, help a man to take an entire morning to simple dictation that could easily be accomplished in a few moments.

Secret orders at one time were a convenient means for wasting one or more evenings a week. But freedom from the necessity to be usefully employed has grown so much more rapidly than have secret orders that to-day a lodge is only a drop in the bucket compared with modern needs for taking up time.

Golf, of course, has proved a handy outlet for one's time—using up every afternoon if one so desires—with the additional advantage that, since it is supposed to be done in interest of one's health, one has a seeming excuse to play

and the game is relieved of part of its futility. But even at that it is beginning to dawn on players what a terribly irritating and irksome task golf is, and each year I notice an increasing number so bored with the game itself that they can endure it only by making wagers with opponents on the result at each hole.

Polo might offer a rich opportunity for time-wasting, because to be a good polo player it is almost necessary to have devoted most of one's life to it. In the long run, I imagine, the best polo players are those who have never done anything useful. Besides wasting time, polo enables one to spend a vast amount of money on membership in expensive clubs, high-priced horses, outfits, and attendants. But the objection to polo is that its futility is too self-evident. Only an exceptionally stupid person—or else an exceptionally daring person, above fear of public opinion—is willing to devote a major part of his life to polo. Similar objections may be raised to both movies and radio. They take up time, but who can fool himself into thinking, while at a movie or listening to radio, that he is being useful or doing anything even mildly beneficial?

What then is to be done? How are we to waste more and more time? I frankly am pessimistic about our being able to contrive enough new methods to keep pace with the rapidly increasing amount of leisure. Even in lower economic classes, working hours are astonishingly short and already there is talk of a six-hour day. Eventually we shall undoubtedly have a working day of only four hours or possibly still shorter. How are we then to waste all this greatly increased amount of spare time? Having more different kinds of clubs, societies, and neighborhood associations for discussion of trivial questions won't do it. I am convinced that we can grapple with the problem only by trying gradually to revolutionize our whole point of view. In other words, we must cease to be ashamed of various pursuits merely because they are futile. We must cultivate a habit of mind which will make us love golf, horse races, or whatever we want to do—not because it serves any useful purpose but because it *doesn't*.

Instead of playing golf because it is the doctor's orders—the highest priced doctors being those who obligingly recommend whatever the patient desires—we must play it simply because we like to be out in the open; because a chance to look at trees and sky is its own excuse, with no need for apology. I can even imagine a great spiritual exhilaration in playing golf or drinking an occasional cocktail—not because I think it good for my health but with full knowledge that it is injurious to my health and glorying in my willingness to pay the price! Our salvation, it seems to me, is to make pleasure itself our goal and utilitarian achievement a means instead of an end.

I'm by no means certain it wouldn't be a fine plan if we could all be brought to feel more contempt for toil. If all honest work were to be regarded as downright disgraceful, then work that really *has* to be done *would* still be done, and as well as ever, but the rewards would be greater—for, naturally, no self-respecting man would be willing to do something disgraceful unless well paid for it. This might tend to even things up. After facing public disapproval because one is a worker, one could soon save enough from his high earnings to join the leisure or time-wasting classes. This is practically what the modern bootlegger *is* doing. In a sense, he is the most philosophical worker we have—doing something he perhaps feels is disgraceful in the hope of being able to fritter his time later on. There is much evidence that life is of itself a delightful experience. No one needs any excuse to be alive. It is simply a rare privilege for which we should be grateful. We may as well accept this and quit making ourselves miserable trying to find onerous motives for enjoying life.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

DRIVES AND ECONOMY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE contemporary habit of drives invites attention. One used to think it belonged to the War and would pass when peace came, but it has not passed. There seems to be an abiding quality in it. What could be done by drives, by organized solicitation, in detaching people's money from them was one of the great discoveries of the War. People had given money before that, but until then no one had realized how much they might give if adequately dealt with. When Moses smote the rock and water gushed forth, that was a revelation. Folks did not know it could be done. When the drives smote the American pocket and money came leaping out—that was another revelation.

Some revelations have faded and some powers have been suffered to fall into disuse, but not this power of drives for money. That goes on working overtime. A large number of people in this country in this day—some philanthropic, some ambitious, and some merely restless—feel the need of devoting money to a vast number of purposes, most of them good. When they have devoted such funds of their own as they can spare to one or another of these purposes, they reach out with great power for anyone else's money they can get. And certainly they get it. The process of getting it—the mechanism—is so perfectly understood, so systematized, organized, and lubricated that a new business has come into being: that of conducting financial campaigns to raise money for concerns which think they ought to have it.

One finds the advertisements of these companies. One of them describes itself as "financial campaign counsellors to colleges, hospitals, fraternities, community centers and social agencies." Is not that remarkable! "The business of money-raising" is what confessedly engages the activities of this concern and others like it, and of hundreds and thousands of individual workers who do not make money-raising their profession.

No doubt most readers of this magazine get in the mail suggestions to subscribe for this or that and usually (as said above) very good objects. In larger centers of population such suggestions come daily by handfuls to anyone suspected of ability to give. What is the picture they make in the mind now? When one opens one of the appeals he finds some familiar and respected name at the bottom of it and usually a row of other highly respectable names set down elsewhere. Suppose the name signed is Henry Bolton, and suppose we have heard of Henry Bolton as a rich and generous philanthropist. We read the name and we see Henry Bolton in our mind's eye. We do see him; that is the magic of it; but it is getting to be, nowadays, that we also see something else—an office building somewhere; a large room full of girls operating typewriters and duplicating machines; somebody with a rubber stamp to sign them, the name on the rubber stamp being "Henry Bolton." Of course that is the way it is done, the way it has to be done on the scale that obtains nowadays. The

method seems still to be very successful; so one argues from what the mail brings. But how long can it be kept up? How long can the magic of the rubber stamp continue to bring in money?

REALLY, the rubber stamp is a very great institution. We all use it more or less. When we ask for something we like to sign our request with a signature that has drawing power, that compels attention, that inspires confidence. If our simple signature will not do all this we help it out with anything that comes handy, from the quality of our note paper to the statement of our occupation. If we are partners in some considerable concern and can sign the firm's name, of course that helps. All advertisement—all reputation that we may have accumulated on our journey through life—helps to give power to our signature. Great is the rubber stamp: not only in this matter of raising money but in politics, in religion, in everything in life that leans on advertisement.

Politicians search past history for good rubber stamps to aid policies which they wish to carry through. The favorite stamp of the people who were afraid, after the War, that we would get too deep into European complications was "George Washington." They put out notices to us to avoid foreign entanglements and signed them "George Washington." The favorite stamp of all politicians is "A. Lincoln." When they can put it at the bottom of something they feel that it will help to carry that purpose through. Just as the political separators dug into writings of Washington for something to suit their purpose, so all manner of political enthusiasts, and especially reformers, dig them out of Lincoln.

But what is the greatest and most coveted rubber stamp of all—the one which churches reach for, and which the political moralists and most of the reformers most desire to use? What is it? Nothing less than "God Almighty." They would not use it as frankly as that, but in so far as they put out in their statements of purpose, "Those who are with us are righteous, those who are against us are sinners," that is really the rubber stamp they aim to work with. But that should not be done. We are too fallible. We never are completely right about anything. No one has been, as far as we know, in this world for pretty nearly two thousand years. The less imperative stamps are all we can handle; those that say "I think this is right, come and help with it"; or those that go further and say, "This is the law of the land, obey or take the consequences."

MR. COOLIDGE at this writing has just been inaugurated and has made an address. Here is something he said in it: "In a republic the first rule for the guidance of the citizen is obedience to law."

But what about the citizen's conscience? What degree of attention would Mr. Coolidge have him pay to that?

Under despotism, he said, the law may be imposed upon the subject, but under a free government the citizen makes his own laws.

So he does, theoretically; but in practice how is it?

Is this a free government that we live under?

Oh yes; as governments go it is free. We have a voice in lawmaking, as Mr. Coolidge says.

But do we really make our own laws?

One would say rather that our laws, the new ones, are made for us by persons who have the energy to do it. It takes a lot of organization to make an important law; a good deal of lobbying, threats, "pulls," "blocs," money, and hard work. The law that results is the law of the strongest, the wiliest, the cleverest, the most resolute, and sometimes the wisest and best. It may be good; it may be bad. We had better obey it while it lasts if our consciences will let us. If we don't, the consequences may be troublesome.

But what is really the rubber stamp which we use for laws? "The State of New York"—"The United States of America." Certainly those are powerful stamps, but we do not sign our laws "God Almighty." No! No! And we had better not. They will come and they will go; they will change and (let us hope) they will improve. A lot of them are awful. Take the tax laws of the different States. Some of them are shocking, as Mr. Coolidge would probably agree. Take some of the drink laws of the States. Appalling! "Under a free government the citizen makes his own laws." Tut! Tut! Mr. Coolidge, doesn't your experience come too much from Massachusetts? As a rule some of the citizens make the new laws and put them over on the rest.

A correspondent writes, "I think it is not possible to *make* laws. You can only discover them. As Gierke says, 'Law is a result of a common conviction; not that a thing shall be, but that it is.'" That is the really right idea about laws.

The trouble with us in this country is that we are tremendous lawmakers and weak and careless law enforcers. We should be far better off with fewer laws better enforced. We put new laws—arbitrary and upsetting—in the statute books and go away thinking we have accomplished something. And we have, but not what we think. The Volstead law, for example, has deluged the courts with liquor cases while concerns far more vital and important wait for years for a hearing. Thieving, cheating, hold-ups, robbery, and murder abound as never before, and the automobile is showing itself a most notable factor in crime, and here are the police plagued and the courts snowed under with cases of infraction of laws which, in the estimation of a large proportion of the community, it is not wrong to sidestep.

BUT though one may dispute about details of Mr. Coolidge's inaugural, in the main it was excellent. All through it showed the mind of a man resolved to do right in so far as he can see it, and with a good notion of the direction in which right lies. What he said about foreign relations was acceptable and promising, but where he really warmed up was when he talked about economy. There you come to the kernel of Mr. Coolidge's character—his notions about economy. Why does he want to be so saving? Why is there in him so clearly that horror of waste, that distrust of self-indulgence? Is it because he wants money, because he values money, that he likes to save it so as to have it? Apparently not. His idea seems quite different. What he is after is freedom. What he would have is release of life, so far as possible, from the compulsions of expenditure. The great message to the country which one finds in his inaugural address is—Do not sacrifice life to money. Sacrifice, if necessary, money to life. That is an old message—a message, by the way, with a promise. One finds it in the New Testament: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." "I favor a policy of economy," said Mr. Coolidge, "not because I wish to save money but because I wish to save people."

SO we have a new and powerful apostle of the simple life: an antimaterialist, whose watchword, none the less, is economy. He is a valuable asset of our country just at this time. We have had Mr. Rockefeller as a remarkable demonstration of the power of economy as a means of accumulation, and of the habit of giving as a means of making riches less dangerous to their possessor. Accumulation of wealth as a means of defense against Fate can easily be overdone. Every newspaper tells us that mere money can do as ill by its owners as Fate can. It seems to belong to some people to be rich. It is the natural result of qualities they possess. Because of those qualities they are able to accumulate money without paying too great a price for it.

Mr. Coolidge is not a universal example. He is a specialist. His management of himself in politics has been extraordinary. His insistence in keeping free to follow the course he preferred has been most remarkable, but he is a very exceptional man. It is what a man is that he does. It is what he is that brings his conclusions and shapes his life. Clearly enough Mr. Coolidge has shaped his course in accordance with his mental and spiritual content. He has done the thing that is in him. He is obviously genuine, and that is the attractive thing about him.

But there are great money-makers who are just as genuine as he is and they are, in their way, extremely useful men and not always sticklers for economy. Lavish spenders, some of them; great collectors who gather together treasures of one sort and another—lands, buildings, objects of art—which eventually go to the people. Such men can do such things without losing freedom of action, without doing violence to the direction of their inward monitor, but they very rarely succeed in politics. Great politicians—like the great preachers, the great missionaries, the great teachers—have no time to make money. They run another errand altogether. Mr. Coolidge saw that. He knew that he had no time to make money, no time to think about it. What he did was to train himself to go without it.

He is perfectly right in his purpose to curb taxation. For the very rich people to lavish money on expenditures which they think are useful is all to the good; but to take the money out of the taxpayers and lavish it is not good at all. For one thing it deprives them of the privilege—the admirable exercise—of giving away their own money.

AND, really, an over-development of that great industry of raising money by drives and campaigns and organizations for purposes which the organizers and the drivers believe to be good may come—if it runs to excess—to be open to the same objection which concerns the diffusion of the funds of the taxpayers. It may take away from the givers whom it reaches the ability to give their own funds to objects they think about and care about. When these great ebullitions of money-raising go out of style, that will be one of the reasons for it. People will say—We would rather ourselves give to what we wish to help than give to you to give to what you wish to help. That is where the drives are weak. Where they are strong and useful is in detaching money from people who would not give it at all if they were not excited to do so by organized effort of some kind.

Back of the drives and all their noisy and somewhat tiresome mechanisms is a very wonderful desire to make this world better. Hosts of people are evidently stirred by the need of it, and fired by faith that it can be done. The epidemic of lawmaking—the none too discriminating crusade against rum—are part of that desire and that faith. Multitudes of people want life to go better; want to be good themselves and make everyone else good; and they are ready to spend money and move Heaven and Earth to accomplish it. The trouble is that they are their own examples of good people, and see their own lives as models for the lives of everyone. In that they fall down. They are Puritans, to whom Puritanism is the whole of life, whereas in truth this is not the whole of life. That is the great reason why their laws are disappointing in results. They are all the time trying to put impossible shackles on life, and life is all the time breaking the shackles and throwing them back in their teeth. Life always beats Puritanism, for better or worse—a good deal of the time for worse. For Puritanism passes, but life goes on.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WHAT is the matter with Congress? It has never fallen lower in popular esteem. Its capacity for making a botch of the public business is notorious. Is this mainly because Congress is composed of incompetent men or because its energies are misdirected? To this question ***Charles Merz*** of the editorial staff of the New York *World* (who, like his chief, Walter Lippmann, used to be an editor of *The New Republic*) devotes the opening article of the month. Mr. Merz's careful study of governmental affairs enables him to speak with authority. We should like to see his article in the hands of every Congressman.

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When ***Harlow Shapley*** was at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California he won a remarkable astronomical reputation by reason of his development and application of new methods of measuring star-distances. Some three years ago—while still in his thirties—he was appointed director of the Harvard College Observatory, and began using these methods in the interpretation of the enormous collection of star photographs taken at Cambridge over a period of fifty years and at the Harvard station in Peru over a thirty-year period. (Star-distances, as he shows, are now measured photographically.) As a result, he is now able to set forth fully, yet in simple terms, the shape and dimensions of our stellar system as ascertained by his own discoveries and those of other pioneers in modern astronomy. To say that the mind reels at his findings is to put it mildly. They are as overwhelming as they are important. (By the way, readers who enjoyed Professor Shapley's recent article on the total eclipse may be amused to know that he missed the eclipse itself. Harvard sent its observers to various points along the path of totality. He went to Buffalo, and at Buffalo it was cloudy! However, Professor Shapley assures us that he has seen other eclipses.)

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Wilbur Daniel Steele has so often been called the ablest short-story writer in America that his winning of the final competition of the HARPER Short Story Contest, the first which he entered, was perhaps to be expected. Two of the three Judges voted in favor of "When Hell Froze," and that gave him First Prize despite one dissident opinion. We need hardly point out again that the Judges did not know the identity of the authors whose stories were sent to them; "When Hell Froze" won on its merits, not on Mr. Steele's reputation. One Judge called it "quite as remarkable as 'Redbone'"; another called it "the best story of all that I have read in all four groups," and "beyond any story which I recall reading in years." Mr. Steele's novel, *Isles of the Blest*, appeared last fall and another story of his, engagingly entitled "Blue Murder," will soon be printed in the Magazine. Mr. Steele lives at Norwalk, Connecticut.

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Not all the gentlemen whom ***Philip Guedalla*** portrays in his present series of HARPER articles would have enjoyed being termed Fathers of the American Revolution. Lord North, for example, would have protested violently. He was a most unwilling Father. Mr. Guedalla, who makes him strut and stare and bellow again before our eyes, made a striking record at Oxford a dozen years or so ago, became a barrister, and later turned author with a series of books including *The Second Empire*, *A Gallery*, and *Supers and Supermen*. No Englishman save Lytton Strachey rivals him in the art of brief historical portraiture. We are promised shortly a study of that amiable ogre of American history, King George the Third.

Business booms are deceptively pleasant—while they last. But what goes up must come down, and the coming down hurts. Both booms and depressions on a large scale are unnecessary, according to ***Carl Snyder***, statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. If you would ask why, read his article on the new scientific methods in business.

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A detective story by ***G. K. Chesterton***, a delightful bit of parental philosophy by ***Manya Gordon*** (otherwise Mrs. Simeon Strunsky), and a story (which won honorable mention in the Short Story Contest) by ***Walter Millis*** of the New York *Sun*, are followed by ***Ludwig Lewisohn's*** long-awaited paper on "The Art of Being a Jew." We bespeak for the author of *Up-Stream* the attention of Gentile as well as of Jew: the problem on which he expresses so decided an opinion concerns both.

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There is nothing conventional or academic about the literary opinions of ***Ernest Boyd***, the brilliant Irish critic, now resident in New York. Witness his present article on Lord Byron.

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It is with regret that we come to the last installment of "The George and the Crown," ***Sheila Kaye-Smith's*** magnificent new novel, which has been running serially in HARPER'S since last November. It is indeed a story worthy of the author of *Joanna Godden*, and that—as any well-informed judge of the English fiction of the twentieth century will agree—is praise indeed. "The George and the Crown" is to be published in book form this spring by E. P. Dutton & Company.

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The contributors to the "Lion's Mouth" are ***Stanley Walker*** of the New York *Herald-Tribune* and ***Fred C. Kelly*** of Washington, D. C., whose amusing skits frequently enliven our columns. Having written a book on *The Wisdom of Laziness*, Mr. Kelly is admirably fitted to set forth the secret of wasting time successfully.

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Murray Bewley, whose delightful painting we reproduce on the cover of the Magazine, is a Texan by birth. He studied at the Chicago Art Institute, at the Pennsylvania Academy under Chase and Cecilia Beaux, in New York under Chase and Henri, and later in Italy and Paris, where he painted for ten years, exhibiting annually in the Salon and being awarded a medal. For the past six years he has painted in New York. He has been awarded prizes at the Salmagundi Club, the Central States Fair, and several Western shows, and is represented in the permanent collections of the Pennsylvania Academy and the museums at Dayton, Dallas, and Fort Worth (his native city). Of late years he has devoted himself almost exclusively to painting children.

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When we printed Louise Collier Willcox's article, "Shall We Pray?" we stated in these columns that we should count its publication justified if it brought to any of its readers a new sense of the meaning and value of life. That hope has been justified, to judge from many letters received by Mrs. Willcox, from one of which, by a reader in California, we take the liberty of quoting:

> I am writing to thank you from a grateful heart for your inspiring article "Shall We Pray?" published in the January issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It came to me at a time of heart-crushing depression and "life-weariness" when for days I had not been able to pray. . . . I longed for death in order to escape the slow paralysis, due to spinal trouble, that has been creeping over me for several years. I felt that I could not face years of growing helplessness, only to be a burden to the dear friend with whom I have made my home for twenty-six years. My life has been a very active one, full of many interests. I have even had a small degree of success in writing short stories, foolish ones probably, but I loved the work and the associations it brought me. But it has all been given up as I can use neither pen nor pencil, and the typewriter but sparingly. I have tried so hard to be a good sport and to face the inevitable as "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward," but there have been moments of weakness, that have spread over days, when I could see no light and my life-long faith weakened. It was in one of those moods that your words came to me and dispelled the clouds. They were like a voice from heaven and I can find no words to express all they meant to me. I have read the article many times, and each time with renewed inspiration. They have given me courage to "carry on." Thank you, thank you a thousand times for your inspiring message. I am loaning my copy of the magazine to friends who are also finding it most helpful.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

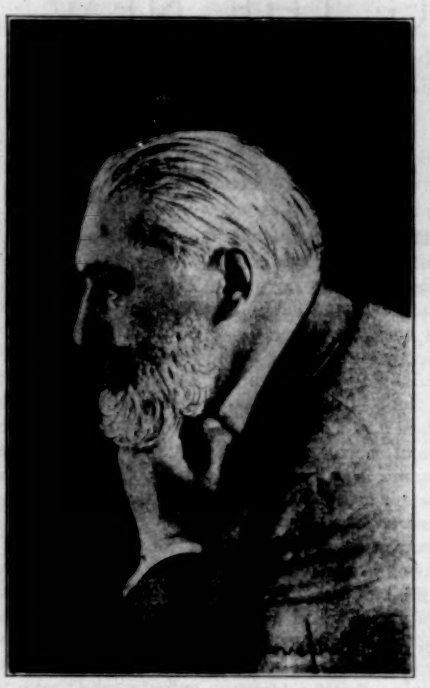
Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

THERE are so many well-written novels available this fall that anyone who has found fiction a bit bewildering and disappointing the last few years may now return to the fold with the assurance of being surprised and delighted. I still have to meet the man or woman who is not glad that E. M. Forster is on the scene, or that he wrote *A Passage to India*. Even a prominent East Indian scholar, who is in America for the winter, admitted that Mr. Forster has done a charming work of interpretation, "within the limits of any Englishman's understanding of India," and added that his prose style captivated him. *Balisand*, by Joseph Hergesheimer, is another book that has won a wide following deservedly and inspired many to reach for historical works illuminating the transitional period when the thirteen states came to think of themselves as one nation. Those who are interested in the differences of manners and temperament in nations have found *The Little French Girl* delightful reading, although it is as much a captivating story as a study. The style of Anne Douglas Sedgwick is well known from her earlier novels; this is easily her best book. In a week *The Green Hat* has bounded into popularity and a demand has arisen for the older books by Michael Arlen; it has become as fashionable to be seen with a copy of *The Green Hat* under the arm as to frolic in Cocoanut Grove. The large audience addressed by William J. Locke expresses itself as pleased with his new book, *The Coming of Amos*, which depicts how a bushranger from Australia deports himself in polite European society. Hugh Walpole is represented again with a novel, *The Old Ladies*, a fine tale of three women past three score and ten, and Donn Byrne has sketched in *Blind Raftery* a story of an Irish singer, a slight volume, but in his best vein. Stella Benson's novel, *Pipers and a Dancer*, has both humor and grace, and deals with a love story in China. Those who favor realism of a rough and rugged type will find in *The Apple of the Eye*, by Glenway Wescott, a modern novel of Wisconsin farm life that is drab, but strong in performance and full of promise for the future. *Plumes*, too, is still on the stalls, ready for those who seek masculinity and robustness, and finding increased favor because of the popularity of the play, "What Price Glory?" which was written by Laurence Stallings, the author of *Plumes*, and Maxwell Anderson. Mr. Stallings' publisher, Mr. Alfred Harcourt, says that he is going to publish the play also, and when I asked: "Just as written?" having in mind the uncompromising language, he replied: "Just as written." Harry Leon Wilson has again justified the confidence of his large public: *Professor, How Could You?* is his novel of the fall, full of his particular type of humor. The public which reads for the clean love story of familiar types is welcoming *Peacock Feathers*, by Temple Bailey, as worthy to stand with its predecessors. In

a season so bountiful as this, need anyone go without good reading?

On Forgetting Shakespeare for Arnold Bennett

Read plays for pure enjoyment; act in plays for enjoyment; and learn to enjoy them when you're young. This is the message J. W. Marriott means to tell us in his *One-Act Plays of To-day*. He feels that an appreciation for the drama should be cultivated in the impressionable years, and it is very evident that he is opposed to the present method of teaching only the traditional literature. But he does not disparage Shakespeare; he argues merely that since Shakespeare is at the top, the acknowledged genius, is it not anomalous to begin at the top? And he points out that the one-act plays included in his book are with one exception in prose, contain no words that have become obsolete or have changed their meaning, no obscure allusions or an outlook on life that is not of the present day. As a matter of fact most of us are heartily in sympathy with his contention, and we feel that children should get as much fun out of plays as they can, without feeling themselves burdened by archaic passages; but teachers, no doubt, have been over the same ground. Children must get the traditional literature in their youth, if ever, and most modern schools try to have a play now and then that is adapted to their age; farther than that few can go, for lack of time. Mr. Marriott's choice of plays is interesting. Most of them are comedies, but Lord Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn" is of another temper. There are "The Boy Comes Home," by A. A. Milne; "Followers," by Harold Brighouse; "The Stepmother," by Arnold Bennett; "The Maker of Dreams," by Oliphant Down; "The Little Man," by John Galsworthy; "Campbell of Kilmhor," by J. A. Ferguson; "The Grand Cham's Diamond," by Allan Monkhouse; "Thread o' Scarlet," by J. J. Bell; "Becky Sharp," by Olive Conway; and "The Seraphic Vision," by Laurence Housman. Notes and exercises are appended and will be of use to study clubs. (Small, Maynard & Co.)



CLAUDE FARRERE

Widely known French author of *Thomas the Lambkin*, now published here in translation.

Restoring Legends and Fairy Tales

Here is an unusual literary service. When most writers are engaged in tracing the evolution of myths and fairy tales and finding that they emanate from racial and psychological experiences, Lady Frazer has inverted the method and culled legends and fairy tales from the twelve volumes of *The Golden Bough*, her husband's monument. Here we have, therefore, a collection of tales, *Leaves from the Golden Bough*, each able to stand by itself and nothing in the book to give us an inkling of their significance. But it is not an adaptation. The compiler writes: "The tales are told in the author's own words; his magic wand has changed them into music; and the labor in which I delighted has merely been to weave the silver-lined leaves into a garland for the young." Do you recall that the mistletoe was called the golden bough, and why? That is the first legend in the book. Lady Frazer has divided the stories under six titles: Christmas and the Mistletoe, Uncanny Beings, Quaint Customs, Myths and Legends, Stories and Landscapes. It makes us more aware how simply Frazer wrote and how colorful his prose became, as in describing such scenes as the vale of the Adonis, now forever deserted by those who practiced the ancient rites, or the baths of Solomon or

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the cascades of Hierapolis. The line drawings by H. M. Brock add to the appeal of these fairy tales. What a treasury of knowledge is *The Golden Bough!* (Macmillan.)

With Lawrence, the Wonder Worker of Arabia

With Lawrence in Arabia is easily one of the best books of adventure in foreign lands that has been published in years. It is both biography and travel, romance and adventure. In it Lowell Thomas tells the story of how Col. T. E. Lawrence captured the support of the Arabs of Hussein for the British power in the World War. There should be no need to recount how important this was for the allied cause. No one saw the whole coup with such advantages as did Lowell Thomas, a young American writer and lecturer, who had given up his position on the faculty of Princeton University to follow the World War with a camera. Lawrence was an Oxford man, a scholar who had been excavating in the Near East for seven years with Woolley and the workers of the Palestine Exploration Fund before the war began. When it came he was first attached to the secret corps in Cairo with the rank of lieutenant, but his distaste for military discipline led him to long for wider fields. When the Emir Hussein declared war on the Turks and wrested Mecca from their grasp Lawrence sought a two weeks' vacation and went into Arabia. Here, without regard for his work in Cairo, he helped Feisal, the third son of Hussein, to rebuild his army, and to begin the campaign that led to the capture of Damascus. What actually happened is told in this book, and it makes a thrilling story, full of action, plots and counterplots. Colonel Lawrence, a quiet-spoken archæologist, became one of the most dangerous enemies of the Turks, skilled in guerilla warfare, expert in organizing large bodies, winning new tribes to the standard of Feisal and Hedjaz by his adroit diplomacy. In the background of this story are the picturesque Bedouins with their loves and hates. Colonel Lawrence endeavored to bring them all together for the cause of Arabia. He marshaled the chieftains, "in some of whom enthusiasm for Arabian nationalism had to be kindled, others cajoled by appeals to their vanity, and almost all inflamed with the zest for war on a big scale —the game they had known and played at from childhood. When they had once sworn allegiance they were as true as steel. Without their loyalty and dauntless courage and epic love of bloodcurdling adventure the Arabian campaign would have been a dream on paper fabricated by an impractical young archæologist." With the speed of a motion picture Mr. Thomas' story unfolds; raids, intrigues and counter-intrigues, the wrecking of Turkish supply trains, the making of princes and rulers—all this is part of the story of Thomas E. Lawrence. At twenty-nine years of age he dictated the policies of Arabia. When he entered Damascus by the side of the Emir Feisal hundreds of thousands shouted a greeting. "The people hung priceless Oriental carpets from their balconies and showered Lawrence and his companions with silken head-cloths, flowers and attar of roses." So wrote John Finley. The lovable personality of Lawrence is revealed. He proves to be one of the world's most modest, and most capable, "executives." (The Century Co.)

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK
Her new book, *Collector's Luck in France*, tells what "finds" come to an amateur.

Getting Acquainted with Walter de la Mare

Mr. Walter de la Mare's present visit to the United States will lead many new readers to his lovely books of poetry and prose, most of which have been published under an American imprint within the last few years. No one who has ever wandered

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about in his exquisite anthology of poetry called *Come Hither* will ever part with the book; we recommend it unequivocally as a most desirable gift. Both young and old who have a bit of dream life left within them will welcome it. *Henry Brocken* is a prose fantasy that has long been cherished by the few, and by reprinting it early this year Mr. Alfred A. Knopf again made it available. It is a characteristic of the work of Mr. de la Mare that although ostensibly he writes a book for children in *The Three Mulla-Mulgars*, the prose story of a life in *The Memoirs of a Midget* and a ghostly tale in *Crossings*, he never forgets to reach out for the land of dream and fantasy and to embellish his tale with rich satire or poetry. *The Riddle and Other Stories* and *The Return*, a psychic fantasy, and *Ding Dong Bell* are also published by Mr. Knopf. A collection of poems by Mr. de la Mare, *Collected Poems*, in two volumes, is issued by Henry Holt & Co. But the reader who seeks a loyal and unobtrusive guide to Mr. de la Mare's writings can do no better than to get *Walter de la Mare*, by R. L. Megroz. (George H. Doran Co.) This is an unusually well-balanced book. The author has joined biography and criticism: "I have been at pains," he writes, "to show the poet of dream in a human light and in relation to the rest of society, and also to contradict the too common belief that he is narrow in range of thought and interests and technique." A few of the tenets held by Mr. de la Mare may be quoted here: "A work of fiction should first have for the reader a recognizable resemblance to life, and if a story has a liberal measure of this kind of truth for the general reader it has a quality I should call universality. But, of course, there is also a personal element, that which is true to the writer's individuality. A fine work of fiction must reflect truly the first-hand knowledge and experience of the life of its writer. It is neither a copy of life in general nor of the author's particular life. It is a compound; its materials are selected and reshaped and so we get a new unity which comes from the imagination." A reading of Mr. Megroz's book may profitably precede a closer acquaintance with the writing of Walter de la Mare.

WALTER DE LA MARE
Author of *Ding Dong Bell*.

Three New Books on London

Proud cities—Damascus, Athens, Rome, Alexandria, Paris and London—these names ring through history. A man born there spoke proudly of his nativity. It mattered not how many others shared it with him—it was a birthright, a rich legacy. To-day Paris and London appear to have the greatest fascination for American travelers. We doubt not that in a few decades the native of London will find his loyalty matched by countless Americans who avidly breathe the romance of forgotten days. The London bookshelf has received half a dozen interesting additions this year, among which three have been published within the month: *A Loiterer in London*, by Helen W. Henderson; *The London of Charles Dickens*, by E. Beresford Chancellor, and *Rambles in Old London*, by George Byron Gordon. For the wayfarer *A Loiterer in London* is the most inviting. Miss Henderson has written four other books about loitering, of which *A Loiterer in Paris* proved profitable reading to many American visitors there during last summer. Miss Henderson writes informally, but with much acquaintance of streets, lanes, houses and historical events, so that one misses very little. She is always interested in the human beings who inhabited these places, and so makes her narrative

Books in Brief for Christmas Buyers

UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS

ANONYMOUS

The literary tid-bit of the season—the book all America and all Europe will devour this year. King George, it is reported, has read his copy three times, and this is not to be wondered at, considering its piquant and racy revelations. "The most entertaining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for many a season."—*New York Herald Tribune.* Eight printings have already been necessary to satisfy the demand here and abroad. 346 pages. Large octavo. $4.50

SEEING CANADA. By John T. Faris. A tour through the Land of Moose and Salmon, from Cape Breton to the Rockies. Completes Dr. Faris' popular American Travel Series, now covering every section of the United States and Canada. Frontispiece in color, 150 illustrations in doubletone. $6.50

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BY REEF AND PALM and THE EBBING OF THE TIDE.
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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vivid and sparkling. *Rambles in Old London*, by George Byron Gordon, on the other hand, places its emphasis on archæology and history, rather than on people. It gives much information that has the ring of authority, and goes into detail as only a student can. The author is director of the museum of the University of Pennsylvania. Those who read Mr. Chancellor's earlier book, *The London of Thackeray*, will appreciate the advantage of having at hand a book of Dickens' London, uniform with the first volume. Mr. Chancellor's method is contrary to that of guide-books: he takes Dickens by books, and follows the characters round about. Thus the chapter on Pickwick reveals Pickwick's movements in the whole London area, from Goswell street, where Mr. Pickwick first looked out of his window on May 13, 1827, to the Adelphi hotel, then Osborne's, where the climax of the story occurs. Moreover, Mr. Chancellor brings to bear not only his own knowledge, but also all comments made by Dickens upon his stories after they were written, and takes up the books chronologically, so that the reader may say that he grows with Dickens in his discovery of London, an excellent method. Thus, although here are three books on London, each has its own distinction, and each will be welcomed for the quality it possesses.

EUGENE FIELD
The poet of childhood, in his study, in 1893.

Folklore of the South American Indian

"Long, long ago, when there were giants and before there were horses in this land" . . . So begins one of the tales that Charles J. Finger has spun for the joy of young and old in *Tales from Silver Lands*, a chronicle of folklore of South America. Here are tales indigenous and often wholly new to us, and yet so thoroughly human that they fit into any racial setting. Folklore deals always with the young man who rescues the maiden he loves from the witch who would slaughter them both; with rabbits, and deer, and birds in the wild life round about; with the great unknown spirit that broods over the waters; with the winds that come like old men and blow hot and cold with the season. This book is a logical successor to the work of the Brothers Grimm, Andrew Lang and Kipling, and like them the author relates in simple fashion tales that come from the people. The quaint southern names give novelty to the telling—Colibri, for the humming-bird, Florecilla, for the flower, Maconahola and Tlapa for the king in rags and the witch, and such melodious nouns as despolvadores, who gather up dust; industriosos, who do odd jobs, moledores, who grind corn, trotadores, who run errands, and the like. There are nineteen stories, each told simply and effectively, sometimes disclosing novel situations and settings, sometimes bringing one back to the plots of European folklore, proving thereby that the great human race is kin and that it differs only in externals that do not go very deep. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

A New Printing of "Rain"

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is off for Mexico, to put in the winter among the mountains and on the sands, in civilized parts and in the wilds. He may go south of Yucatan to the comic opera republics. "I find," he said, "that few persons can give the names of the six Central American republics." Just before leaving New York in

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October he remarked to me, apropos of the difficulty of knowing how an audience would take a play: "I have always been able to tell on the opening night whether a play of mine was likely to succeed or flop." But it is common knowledge that when he wrote "Miss Thompson" he had no inkling of the tremendous sensation it was to become in the theater. This story has now been reprinted under its better known title of "Rain" in the collection *The Trembling of a Leaf*, for the Murray Hill library, that group of books by modern authors, done in maroon leather and gold and including such important novels as *Of Human Bondage*, *Clayhanger*, *Nocturne* and *The Judge*. Three titles by Mr. Maugham are now in this collection, the two named above and "The Moon and Sixpence."

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Literary Life Thirty Years Ago

One great profit gained from reading *Eugene Field's Creative Years*, by Charles H. Dennis, is the perspective it gives of American literary life in the eighties and nineties. Eugene Field was many-sided enough to enter actively into it, and his friendships included many Americans at that time prominent in writing and acting. There was a lively interest in Americana; the American authors of the middle of the Nineteenth century had not yet been displaced by psychologists and analysts, and Tennyson and Browning were still interpreters of a new spirit in letters. Most interesting are the passages in Mr. Dennis' book that tell of the battle waged between the romanticists, to which Eugene Field adhered, and the realists. The latter were led by William Dean Howells and warmly championed in the Middle West by Hamlin Garland. Field wrote that "Mr. Garland's heroes sweat and do not wear socks; his heroines eat cold huckleberry pie and are so unfeminine as not to call a cow 'he.'" He spoke of the "baleful influence" of W. D. Howells. It is interesting at this day to repeat Mr. Garland's enthusiastic advocacy of the school of the realists. "Realism or veritism or sincerity or Americanism (at bottom these words mean practically the same thing) is on the increase. I admit I have so few acquaintances among people who really believe in the lance and morion and nectar and tapestry that only at rare intervals do I get a glimpse into the sad court where you romanticists sit upon the ground and wail the death of kings." Mr. Garland's party of that day included James Whitcomb Riley, Miss Alice French, George W. Cable and Joel Chandler Harris. But he had no idea that the revolt against romanticism would move so far to the left and leave him practically a conservative, bemoaning the tendency of the younger men to expose too much. One recalls Mr. Garland's realistic stories of Wisconsin farm life and then compares them with the modernity of a tale like Glenway Wescott's *The Apple of the Eye*. Mr. Dennis remarked the other day how far the writing and making of books has progressed since the day of Eugene Field. "There were many poor books then; the market was flooded with pirated editions, and authors earned

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very little." Eugene Field is remembered best as the laureate of childhood. In this book is revealed a fascinating human character, who had a great capacity for friendship. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Pretty Lady of the Restoration

Lewis Melville has salvaged so much entertaining biography from the pages of English history that the reader may well have confidence in the accuracy of *Nell Gwyn; the Story of Her Life.* (George H. Doran Co.) Moreover, Mr. Melville is neither apologist nor detractor; he reaches out for official records, entries in important diaries and reliable accounts and then tells his story without embroidery. It is true that the story of Nell Gwyn has been told many times with much innuendo and suggestiveness. Mr. Melville, already the author of a score or so of biographies, has no tricks. As a result, "pretty, witty Nell" and Charles II stand out rather as they were, people who disregarded church and social laws. Nell Gwyn's mother was drowned, "being in drink," and Nell's earliest surroundings were those of the public house and worse. As for morals, Mr. Melville finds that neither the orange girls nor the actresses of Drury Lane knew what they were, and the king himself set the example in loose living. Mr. Melville gives an account of Charles' loves, that is to say, his better known loves, for those with whom the king dallied briefly need not be remembered, thinks the author. Nell's career was notable for the long hold she had on the king, and for the fact that she had her sons ennobled and married into the best families; their descendants live and hold title to this day. This book gains unusual piquancy from the illustrations in color by Kitty Shannon.

A Respite from Serious Thinking

Don Herold is one of those welcome human beings who help fill the intervals between cataclysms. Even a well-oiled civilization which gets a murder with every morning newspaper and a robbery with every evening edition has time for a hearty chuckle now and then. Mr. Herold supplies the excuse. There are numerous chuckles in his little book, *So Human*, for which he supplies text and drawings. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Give one to the man who needs a reading tonic and you will find him smiling at "Man is the

only animal that plays poker," and "I would rather sing grand opera than listen to it." "It takes a lot of things to prove that you are smart, but only one thing to prove you are ignorant." Each sketch occupies about two or three pages and deals with some of the customs and foibles of modern times, such as "the first country skyscraper," which tells how Mr. and Mrs. Fred Squogart, "of near Columbus, Ind.," have erected a fifteen-story building at the crossroads to sell hot dogs, chicken dinners, frankfurters, etc., to motoring parties.

A Reliable Whitman Biography

Anyone desiring to know the tangible facts of the life of Walt Whitman will find George Rice Carpenter's *Walt Whitman* in the "English Men of Letters" series profitable reading. It was published fifteen years ago and has now been reissued by the Macmillan Company without change. Since the first publication of this book, knowledge of Whitman has filtrated widely, and the free verse movement of the last decade and the coming of the experimenters in poetry have made Whitman appear almost orthodox. It is interesting to find, however, that wider popularity and interpretation, and the publication of ancient Whitman texts that had lain buried in newspaper files, do not invalidate Mr. Carpenter's well-poised judgments. He saw Whitman as "a great acceptor and unifier" of life and declared that he "spoke with the voice of Demos." This book is recommended to all to whom Whitman is not truly known.

"America" for Young Folks

America: the Great Adventure is a well-written history of the United States by George Philip Krapp, prepared after the manner made popular by Hendrik Willem van Loon in *The Story of Mankind*. The illustrations by Philip von Saltza in black and white and in color also show the influence of Van Loon's pioneering. The present narrative is simple, with no bias to speak of, and may well be considered for Christmas giving. The distinctive flavor, however, which Van Loon gives to his books by his liberalism and his decided individuality, is lacking. Conservative readers will find this an advantage; others may regard it as a drawback. So there you are. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

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The Humanity of Archibald Butt

The fine human quality that shines forth from *The Letters of Archie Butt* makes this a noble book. The average work by men around a president either discusses secrets out of a stenographer's notebook or plays with personalities. Captain Butt's disclosures are personal and chatty, but the tone never drops to the level of idle gossip, and something of the man goes into each of the letters he writes to his mother, brother and other intimates. Naturally we have here another sidelight on Theodore Roosevelt. Lawrence F. Abbott says in his introduction that he "found the letters of Archie Butt of unusual interest because they are a fresh and original disclosure of the character and qualities of the president he served, the man he lived with and the friend he loved." And he admits that Theodore Roosevelt "was more kinds of a man than biographical literature has heretofore attempted to embody in one person. No one of his associates, no one of his interpreters, quite saw every side of him." The letters contained in this book deal entirely with the period when Captain Butt was the military aide of President Roosevelt, and do not touch on the period of President Taft, whom Captain Butt also served. They stop with 1909 and further letters have not been disclosed. It is remarked, however, that Captain Butt felt very keenly the break between Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft and that this affected his health. He had a great love for both men and an intense loyalty to the Roosevelt family. The trip to Europe in 1912 was taken at the suggestion of President Taft, who observed his mental strain. It is probably well known that Captain Butt died on the *Titanic*, April 14, 1912; it was my fortune to meet Colonel Roosevelt the morning the news was published and when he was inquiring after word from Archie Butt. President Taft said that he was sure Butt had gone down after exerting himself to help others to safety. These letters are delightful. There is an interesting explanation by Captain Butt of the fact that Colonel Roosevelt called men liars when they betrayed his confidence. He writes his mother from Sagamore Hill, in 1908: "There is always a perfect abandonment in the way he gives out confidences, and I often stop to wonder if it is the President of the United States speaking or some intimate chum of my college days. But when one remembers

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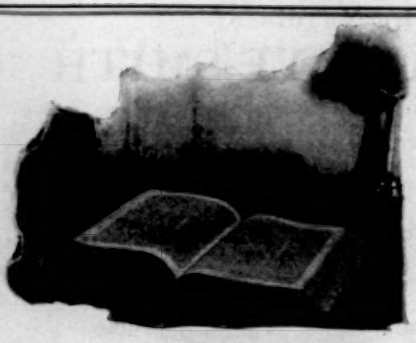

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the way he stamps people liars when they repeat or betray these confidences, one is careful to retain a certain silence regarding them. Of course he is perfectly right, for what kind of honor has a man who will repeat private conversations or betray confidences? After all, a man is a liar who gains knowledge under false pretences and then betrays it, just as much of a liar as one who makes up conversations or repeats things which have never been said." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Clyde Fitch and His Theater

Letters are rarely dull reading. Men have the habit of pouring out their hearts in letters to intimates, throwing aside the mask they wear in their dealings with the world. So it is with Clyde Fitch, who comes forward as a fine, lovable man in his letters, just edited under the title *Clyde Fitch and His Letters*, by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. The authors have prepared a biography, telling the story of Fitch's life and introducing a letter whenever it fits the theme and the moment. Consequently here are revelations of the most intense interest, for many of the persons whom Fitch knew and dealt with are still alive. Fitch was only forty-four years old when he died September 4, 1909, at the height of his powers and America's most successful dramatist of the day. Consequently the theater he writes about is almost contemporary. In addition to the fine friendships that he possessed and cherished, he lived and breathed the theater. There is too much to quote, but a few extracts will show the extent of his interests. He was most highly gratified by the success of "The Truth" and by its reception in Europe. He writes Mr. Moses: "The unfortunate part for me, so far as public criticism of my work goes here, is that I am treated nearly always superficially, my superficial qualities dwelt upon. But when I go to Europe—where I am not known or talked of in advance, and where my work must speak for itself—even in that most serious and critical of countries, Germany, it is the psychology, the truth and the technique, which are praised. How do you account for this? Isn't it that unconsciously we are all more or less influenced by our environment, and the environment about the criticism of my work, or those who don't know me, is still the echo of fifteen years ago when I was said to be superficial, writing too

fast, etc., an attitude at first struck by the press, because they didn't like the cut of my coat, nor my sensitive shyness, which looked like a lack of good fellowship, or conceit!" To Robert Herrick he writes an enthusiastic letter about "Together"—one of many letters to this friend—sending congratulations "on your big accomplishment. It's great! There is, of course, drama, and one superb 'situation' in the last half of the book, but still I don't want to see it staged." To John Corbin he writes: "Do you realize that you are constantly echoing, as well as quoting, Broadway and Park Row? No man, I don't care whether he is critic or creator, can really do anything unless he gets away from the others, and by himself. You can't tell me one who was moulded by criticism and hardly one big man who didn't resent and scorn it. To William Dean Howells he wrote, in 1904: "I grew up on you. And so when I began to bump along the thirties I began to grow hungry to please you, not in your way, but in my own. I have an individual trait that one sees in children; I cannot be guided. I must learn to walk in my work alone. Tumble after tumble doesn't discourage me." There is interesting correspondence with Charles Frohman, Maude Adams, Edith Wharton, Channing Pollock, Emma Eames Story, Kate Douglas Wiggin, William Lyon Phelps, and many more, and the Richard Mansfield period, of course, is a chapter in American theatrical history. Anyone who loves the theater and bigness of heart in a man will cherish this book. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Through Boston with Mary Caroline Crawford

There is still enough of old Boston left to make a pilgrimage a delightful event, but so many of its ancient lanes stand in the path of progress that the lover of old colonial days and manners trembles for many landmarks. Already hundreds have been cleared away, and it is to be expected that the demands of industry and a large population will mean the sacrifice of countless old structures in the next few decades. Mary Caroline Crawford, writing a few years ago in *Old Boston Ways and Days*, listed many famous haunts that no longer existed. In a new edition of this book, just issued by Little, Brown & Co., she repeats her regret that so many memorials of an earlier day are disappearing. Of books on Boston, those by Miss Crawford have always been singularly

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A Librarian Recommends Books for Children

Parents who have difficulty in choosing books for their children may turn with confidence to the librarians of America, many of whom have made a special study of this subject. Experts on reading for children are now to be found in practically every library of any size that has two or more assistant librarians. Miss Jessie Gay van Cleve, a specialist in children's literature and a member of the Booklist, published by the American Library Association, related at a meeting of the Illinois Library Association how the librarian is helping teachers and parents choose reading for the child. Each year the output of children's books reaches large proportions, but it is the opinion of many that the truly great contributions come slowly. And a masterpiece of child literature survives for generations. The task of the librarian, said Miss van Cleve, is to choose from each year's output of children's books those which not only foster and add to the child's enjoyment in reading but in some way measure up to the standards the older books have established. Miss van Cleve discussed twenty of the present season's books and named as especially noteworthy *The Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories*, selected and edited by Mary D. H. Hodgkins, and *Stories and How to Tell Them*, by W. A. Bone. The *Atlantic Treasury* is especially valuable for a home collection or in a library with a very limited number of children's books. Miss van Cleve recommended also Walter de la Mare's anthology of poetry, *Come Hither*, Charles Boardman Hawe's *The Dark Frigate*, which won the Newberry medal as the most distinguished contribution to children's literature during the year, and for little children, *Children of the Lighthouse*, by N. A. Smith, and a story entitled "Tony," by E. O. White.

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"The Golden Flower"; Essays by Gobineau

The acclaim with which France has greeted the name of Joseph Gobineau on numerous occasions, especially within the last few years, has rarely had an echo in America, where men are too busy with a variety of gods to become intensively interested in one. Aside from *The Renaissance* and certain summaries of Gobineau's racial theories, we have little available in translation, whereas one frequently comes upon essays devoted to his *Rassenphilosophie*, as the Germans call it, in foreign periodicals. The publication, therefore, of *The Golden Flower* is to be welcomed. This is a compilation of five essays on the Italian renaissance, written when Gobineau was preparing *The Renaissance*, and having a direct relation to his five principal spokesmen, Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Julius II, Leo X and Michael Angelo, and what they stand for. The translation has been made by Ben Ray Redman, with a long introduction in which Mr. Redman points out that these essays constitute a recantation by Gobineau of his original theory that only the Aryan race has been capable of pronouncing a real civilization and that it has ruined itself by miscegenation. The book may well revive interest in Gobineau's theories; certainly it can be read with profit and enjoyment together with *The Renaissance*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"What Have You on Charles Dickens?"

A revival of interest in Dickens is a straw in the wind for somebody to explain. All that I can contribute at this moment is to say that it exists. It also has no relation to the increased buying of Dickens books in the holiday season, when they are often given as gifts and also find a large welcome among children. The Dickens revival has apparently a healthy growth among men, women and children. No doubt the activities of the Dickens Fellowship throughout America has something to do with it, but students of Dickens tell me that his present popularity is not so marked among "professionals" as among readers who often come to him for the first time and pronounce his tales "bully." A letter that came to me recently said: "Can you give me the names of the most satisfactory Dickens editions, books that will cast some light on how his books were written, and how he lived?" It was in

trying to answer this inquiry that I found what tremendous wealth of material on Dickens is available in any library or in the bookstores, and also what a great number of books have been written on this subject in the last few years. This, it seems, is a question that may well be answered in public, for no doubt a list of that character will serve as a guide to other readers, now that the holidays are close upon us. The following list is fairly comprehensive. At least it gives enough reading matter for one month; if the inquirer exhausts this list before our next printing, well, come again. It is published here in the hope that it may be of wide service.

Biography—*Letters, 1833-1870* (Macmillan); *Charles Dickens as Editor* (Macmillan); *Charles Dickens*, by G. K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead); *Life*, by John Forster (Lippincott); *Life*, by John Forster, Gadshill edition, 2 volumes (Scribner); *The Dickens Circle*, by J. W. T. Ley (Dutton); *Life*, by F. T. Marzials, Great Writers Series (Scribner); *Dickens's Own Story*, by W. R. Nicoll (Stokes).

The Dickens Country—*The London of Charles Dickens*, by E. Beresford Chancellor (Doran); *The London of Dickens*, by Walter Dexter, Dickens Fellowship Edition (Dutton); *Dickensian Inns and Taverns*, by B. W. M. Matz (Scribner); *The Inns and Taverns of Pickwick*, by B. W. Matz (Scribner); *Dickens Pilgrimage*, London *Times* Series (Dutton).

Criticism and Appreciation—*Dickens: How to Know Him*, by Richard Burton (Bobbs); *Appreciation*, by G. K. Chesterton (Dutton); *Dickens in Camp*, by B. Harte (Howell, San Francisco); *Dickens the Immortal*, by E. B. Impton (Fowler, Kansas City); *Dickens, Reade and Collins: Sensation Novelists*, by W. C. Phillips (Columbia University Press); *Charles Dickens: An Appreciation*, by C. D. Warner (Cateret Book Club, Newark); *Charles Dickens, the Man and His Work*, by E. P. Whipple, Riverside Press Edition (Houghton, Mifflin); *Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play*, by Alexander Woollcott (Putnam); *Critical Studies*, by George Gissing (Greenberg).

Dictionaries—*Dickens Dictionary*, by A. J. A. Philip (Dutton); *Dickens Dictionary*, by A. G. Pierce (Houghton, Mifflin); *Who's Who in Dickens*, by T. A. Fyfe (Doran); *Dickens Atlas*, by A. A. Hopkins and N. F. Read (New York); *Dickens Encyclopedia*, by Arthur L. Hayward (Dutton).

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd St. N. Y. C.

a well-balanced and important book. (Yale University Press.)

A Group of Roosevelt Letters

A new book of Roosevelt letters is called *Letters from Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles, 1870-1918.* (Scribner.) They begin with notes written by Theodore Roosevelt to his older sister in 1870, when he was eleven years old, and end a few days before his death. Consequently they touch on many phases of his career. Especially interesting are those dated from the navy department, just before the war with Cuba, when the militant assistant secretary feared that McKinley was for peace, and those from Cuba, when he was leading the rough riders. The letters are not always exhaustive—many of them are little notes and asides—but they are always illuminating of the character of the many-sided Roosevelt. One of the famous "picture" letters is reproduced in full. The letters reveal the wide interests and sympathy and unflagging loyalty to his family of the president.

"Magellan" in Book Form

Readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE who desire to present a friend with a book of which they know the value will be glad that *Magellan*, by Arthur Sturges Hildebrand, is now available in book form. It is bound attractively in blue cloth, with old mariner's maps of the world as end sheets. (Harcourt, Brace.) With the book comes this pathetic little note: "Arthur S. Hildebrand started in June in a small sailboat to follow the voyage of the vikings from Norway by Iceland and Greenland to the continent of North America. He has not been heard from since August 10, when he sailed from Iceland for Greenland. Such a man as Hildebrand, with his love of the sea and danger, could certainly understand Magellan and could enter into the spirit of his voyage around the world."

Shooting Big Game with a Camera

Shooting big game with a camera in equatorial Africa is a hazardous occupation at times, but much more worth doing than going out with a gun for pelts. Marius Maxwell has done it so often and so well that he is considered one of the best game photographers in England. His exhibition

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R. H. Davis
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Gautier
Bayard Taylor
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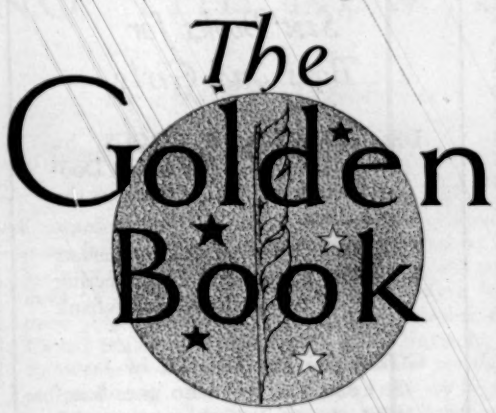

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Travel on a Royal Road

Subscriptions are pouring in for the new magazine, with enthusiastic letters of thanks for the wonderful entertainment it affords the whole family. One subscriber puts it very aptly: "I've found the royal road to a command of good English! Why should I read dull books on rhetoric when I can read a magazine full of thrilling stories that at the same time helps me to gain style? Though my writings are chiefly sales letters, I know that style helps here as much as anywhere to win and hold the attention of the reader."

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of photographs at the South Kensington Museum of Natural History was widely acclaimed. He has related many of his adventures while photographing game, in *Stalking Big Game with a Camera*. (The Century Co.) Sidney F. Harmer recommends the work of Mr. Maxwell in a short preface. Mr. Maxwell went to Africa to get good photographs of elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo and giraffe. His book discloses that his interest is not solely that of the photographer; he is a careful student of the habits of wild animals, and prefers photographs that disclose something of value to the scientist. Moreover, his elephant is not merely a great beast with tusks and flapping ears, for he is careful to observe the habits of different species and to catalogue their traits. Also he shows acquaintance with the history of the animals he photographs, and he goes back to the days of the *elephas* of antiquity, the mammoth and other ancient beasts, discussing their habits and the means of capturing them. The style of the book is rather matter of fact, but what it loses in drama it gains in exactness. Many full-page photographs prove the author's skill in his own field.

Among the New Arrivals

The House with the Green Shutters, by George Douglas, belongs to literary history. It was first published in 1900 and represented a departure from conventional Victorian modes. Its author became famous, but lived only two years after its publication. It is now issued anew in the United States by Thomas Seltzer.

James B. Forgan was a great Chicago banker. He has written how he came to rise to the presidency of an influential bank in *Recollections of a Busy Life*, published by the Bankers Publishing Co. of New York. It is interesting to note that at the opening he says: "The extraordinary business development of the United States and Canada during the past generation has afforded opportunities for bankers and banking in both countries unparalleled in any previous generation in any country in the world's history. All that we bankers had to do, therefore, was to keep the middle of the road, manage the affairs of our banks honestly and with ordinary care, and success for ourselves and our institutions was inevitable."

The whole story of banking for one hundred years in the United States has been told, so that mere depositors would understand it, by William O. Scroggs, Ph.D., in *A Century of Banking Progress*. (Doubleday, Page.)

Anyone who is interested in the breeding and care of police dogs, and dogs in general, will be interested in *The Police Dog*, by David Brockwell, with introduction by George G. Anderson and pictures by R. W. Tauskey, official photographer of the American Kennel Club. (G. Howard Watt.)

Six Books for Boys and Girls

DR. DOOLITTLE'S CIRCUS, by Hugh Lofting. The fourth Doolittle book and just as funny as the first three.

THE HEART OF A DOG, by Albert Payson Terhune. The affecting story of a wonderful Sunnybank collie.

GOIN' ON FOURTEEN, by Irvin S. Cobb. A boy who goes barefoot, hunts buried treasure, 'n' everything.

NUMBER TWO JOY STREET, by G. K. Chesterton, Walter de la Mare, Hugh Walpole, Hilaire Belloc, Rose Fyleman, Laurence Housman, etc., as wonderful as Number One Joy Street.

JIBBY JONES AND THE ALLIGATOR, by Ellis Parker Butler. Boy life on the Mississippi.

A BOY AT GETTYSBURG, by Elsie Singmaster. A fine story of the Civil War days.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

THE award of the Nobel prize for literature to Ladislav Stanislav Reymont is apt to be of more benefit to the United States than to Europe or even to the author himself. For it has become the custom for many readers to regard the Nobel prize as an excellent tip on what's worth buying in the literary market. Without it Reymont's fine novel of the soil, *The Peasants*, might have reached a limited group of cognoscenti, a few of the leading libraries, and then been left among the classics. The Nobel prize at least assures it a large audience, and as in the case of *The Growth of the Soil*, by Knut Hamsun, the audience will be the gainer. It is likely that Thomas Mann's famous book, *Buddenbrooks*, would have been read much more widely if it had received the Nobel prize a year ago, when it was "runner-up." The story of the publication of *The Peasants* in English is of interest here. It dates from 1906, and has been translated into Russian, French, German, Swedish and Spanish from the original Polish. But the English-speaking world remained almost without knowledge of this author's capacity. Mr. Alfred A. Knopf tells how he heard about the book from I. K. Friedman, author of *By Bread Alone*, and from others often enough, and that he determined eventually to publish it. The time came this year. An excellent translation was prepared by Michael H. Dziewicki, professor of English literature at the University of Cracow. The first book of *The Peasants*—it will run into four volumes—was issued only a few weeks before the award of the Nobel prize. Unknown in 1919, when Reymont visited the United States, he is now acclaimed and eagerly read. And from now on he will have a niche of his own in the American library, which has profited heretofore by the Nobel award—for many readers owe their interest in Knut Hamsun and Anatole France to this distinction. Reymont is now sixty-one years old. Like Hamsun, he worked at many odd jobs early in his career, and so came to know intimately the peasantry he describes. At one time he was on the stage; in 1894 he turned to writing. He has already written over twenty books, some of them running into several volumes, of which the best known titles are *Death*, *The Comedienne*, *Fermention*, *The Promised Land*, *The Vampire* and *The Dreamer*. A trilogy describes the partition of Poland and the insurrection led by Kosciuszko in 1794. His family has always been intensely patriotic and active for Polish nationalism, and he spoke Polish all his life in defiance of the Russian schools. Into his books he pours the rich knowledge of the ways and character of the Polish people and depicts them against the background of the soil. The influence of the land in their lives never leaves him, especially in *Autumn*, the only book now available in English other than *The Comedienne*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1920. The

picture is complete, but the brush is unobtrusive and the brushstrokes so simple that one forgets the painter. The characteristics of the Russian psychologist and realist are lacking in Reymont; in their place is something precious of his own.

A Tory's View of the American Revolution

There are a great many passages in *The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell* that will interest the student of Revolutionary days in America. Cresswell came from Edale, in Derbyshire, when he was twenty-four, and passed from 1774 to 1777 in America, at the time of the crisis between Great Britain and the colonies. His diary, which records travels, political conditions, wartime scenes and sketches of General Washington and other leaders, was carefully preserved in his family and is now owned by Samuel Thornley, who has made the present transcription for the new Dial Press. (Lincoln MacVeagh.) It does not take the reader long to become enamoured of Cresswell's old-fashioned spelling of familiar words like Moningahaley, Dellawar, Potowmeck, and to enjoy his leisurely but difficult travel over hard, boggy roads in the heart of Virginia and Pennsylvania, where fast trains now take the modern wayfarer in comfort. Under date of April 16, 1775, he was at "Fort Pitt, Virginia," and thence visited the battlefield where Braddock was defeated, July 9, 1775. "It is on the banks of the Moningahaley river," writes Cresswell. "Found great numbers of bones, both men and horses. The trees are injured, I suppose by the artillery. We could not find one whole skull, all of them broke to pieces in the upper part, some of them had holes broken in them about an inch diameter, suppose it to be done with a Pipe Tomahawk. I am told the wounded were all massacred by the Indians." Cresswell believed in conforming to the custom of the country. When among the Indians he took to himself an Indian consort, leaving her when finally he reached the white settlements again. Most interesting are his descriptions of Indian and frontier customs. Now and then he digresses to describe rattlesnakes, or mountains. The book is probably of most value because it reflects the agitation for war in the colonies as seen by an Englishman who suffered much inconvenience among the "rebels" before he got back to his native land. He reserves his best passages for General Washington, "a most surprising man, one of Nature's geniuses, a Heaven-born general, if there is any of that sort. That a negro-driver should, with a ragged banditti of undisciplined people, the scum and refuse of all nations on earth, so long keep a British General at bay, nay, even, oblige him, with as fine an army of Veteran Soldiers as ever England had on the American Continent, to retreat—it is astonishing. It is too much. By Heavens, there must be double-dealing somewhere. General Howe, a man brought up to war from his youth, to be puzzled and plagued for two years together, with a Virginia Tobacco planter. O! Britain how thy laurels tarnish in the hands of such a Lubber! The life of General Washington will be a copious subject for some able Biographer to exercise his pen upon." Cresswell's further description of Washington is full of praise.

Drawings by Claude Lovat Fraser

Claude Lovat Fraser sat down in 1912 and drew a group of colorful figures to illustrate Walter de la Mare's *Peacock Pie*, which first saw the light, without illustrations, in 1913. The plates and the rhymes are now published together for the first time in a handsome edition. (Henry Holt & Co.) Fraser called these drawings "embellishments," and in a little note Mr. De la Mare writes: "I can remember, indeed, as vividly as if it were yesterday, talking to him as he sat at his board with his brush and his bright inks, and watching them positively leap into life on the paper."

The Charm of *The White Monkey*

John Galsworthy's new novel, *The White Monkey*, is bringing delight to those who enjoyed *The Forsyte Saga* and to those who have never read that group of books. It is one of the few novels that will survive the Christmas holidays and be popular all winter. Mr. Galsworthy has put into it much of his old self, and has written it in an informal, often colloquial style, dropping now and then into the vernacular with much success. There are two dominating stories in the novel, but in addition the whole of British post-war society comes into view, and the new conventions get an airing. We are interested principally in the fortunes of Fleur, the daughter of Soames Forsyte, who, after an unfortunate love affair, married Michael Mont, a publisher. Here, then, is a

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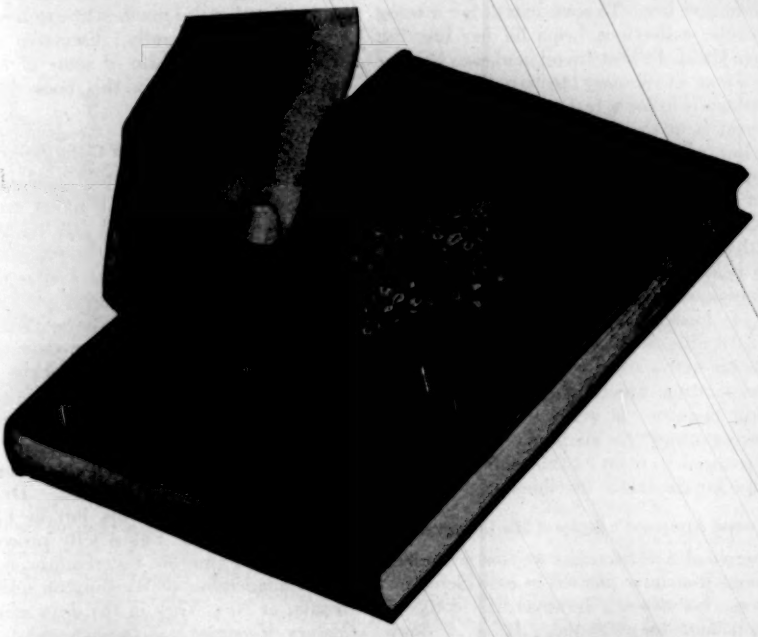

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marriage built on the basis of companionship rather than passion, and although Michael is an estimable character, it is easy to see that Fleur craves stimulants that he cannot give her. To some extent her interest in exotic collections helps fill her life, but when Michael's best friend confesses his love for Fleur it is easy to see that modern marriage is in for a test. The second line of interest is in the fortunes of Fleur's father, Soames, who is in danger of ruin because the company with which he is associated has been mismanaged. And while portraying what goes on in the mind of Fleur, Mr. Galsworthy steps down a stratum or so to a wife who poses as an artists' model in order to earn enough money for a passage for herself and her husband to Australia, and discloses her attitude toward the changing age. The white monkey, strangely enough, appeared on a painting which hung in the room of George Soames. It was sucking an orange, throwing away the rind and glancing furtively about it. Out of this comes a sort of motive for the tale. (Scribner.)

Sherwood Anderson's Story of His Literary Life

Sherwood Anderson has written a number of books that have pleased or bewildered his readers; his newest, however, is likely to explain him to everyone. It is *A Story Teller's Story* and comes in the form of an episodic autobiography. Mr. Anderson has always used autobiography in his story-telling, and in his essays on writing he usually falls back on the theme that the artist is almost engulfed in the American world of industry and business and has a hard time swimming out. The present book begins with a series of anecdotes of his life as a boy, revealing a captivating father, who told tales, adorned himself with a romantic halo, and was otherwise rather shiftless. Mr. Anderson relates anecdotes of his father with much gusto and satisfaction, and recalls early events in his career with much humor. When he progresses to tell how he managed a factory, or wrote advertising copy, or attempted to hold half a dozen jobs that involved manual labor, he enters into an attempt to explain his mental growth and his view of the tangible universe. It is likely that readers will like best the early chapters that tell objectively of a boy's adventures, but there is plenty of meat in the later ones, and although his repeated discussions on the fate of the artist and the love of the craftsman for his materials grow a bit tiresome, there is much worth thinking about. One learns that Mr. Anderson loved men and horses, brooded much about art, liked to take solitary walks, and altogether did much introspective soliloquizing. The friendly, discursive manner which is characteristic of some of his best prose is often used in this book. (B. W. Huebsch, Inc.)

A Biography Full of Cheerfulness

Few books in the field of modern autobiography carry the joy in living expressed in *Recollections of a Happy Life*, by Maurice Francis Egan. (Doran.) Somehow most of our autobiographies deal with somber themes. Daniel Drew, it is true, had a good time of it, but principally because he so thoroughly enjoyed cheating somebody or defeating his competitors. When men who have grown powerful in industry and business write their apologia they invariably take themselves very seriously and devote much space to the methods that they invented or the systems that they followed in their "rise." Dr. Egan also tells how he grew up, but he likes to remind you that it was a jolly proceeding. When he draws on his reminiscences of early Philadelphia, or Washington under the Grants, or New York in the days when the *Century Magazine* was the gateway to literary distinction, he always contributes something that starts you chuckling. This man, then, who knew all the fine points about a luncheon, has written a book that hardly follows any rules of etiquette for autobiographies. He recalls the generous drinking, even at breakfast, in political circles in Washington in the Seventies; the spirited religious arguments precipitated by the Darwinian theory of evolution, causing more perturbation among the Protestants than among Roman Catholics like himself; the aloofness of Matthew Arnold, bored beyond measure by American manners; the social quibbling of James McMaster in an earlier New York. When he writes of foreign scenes he is at his best; here he reflects the life of an American diplomat in an old-world capital where manners were centuries old and etiquette had to be learned by rote. He knew the value of putting diplomats at ease, so upon his arrival at Copenhagen he put in a good cellar. But the grave days of the war came, when Château Yquen failed to mollify enemies compelled to meet each other on neutral ground. Dr. Maurice

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Francis Egan served in Copenhagen under three presidents and died in January, 1924.

Joseph Pulitzer and the *World*

Joseph Pulitzer wrote once to his old friend and associate, Dr. George W. Hosmer: "My heart was and still is in the editorial page." This explains why the New York *World* developed as a powerful newspaper, whose independence of opinion became a great asset. Don C. Seitz brings out this quality in his biography: *Joseph Pulitzer: His Life and Letters.* (Simon & Schuster.) There is a great deal of life in this book, but the letters are principally notes and memoranda on political and business policies. Mr. Pulitzer chose his subordinates carefully and for many years managed his newspaper properties from afar. He wished editorial opinion to be expressed clearly and forcibly, and his various notes to that effect are an interesting contribution to newspaper history. When Mr. William H. Merrill was editor of the *World* in 1904 Mr. Pulitzer wrote: "I shall be disappointed if the [editorial] page does not show force, vigor and above all independent leadership. And don't forget that leader. I will forgive dullness in other articles, if you will only manage to have one leader strong, striking and respect-commanding. After a while people will be educated to look for that leader, and therefore the man who writes it should touch no other thing the same day. Indeed, I will give him forty-eight hours, making him rewrite it sixteen times." It was Mr. Pulitzer who once said: "Every reporter is a hope and every editor is a disappointment." Mr. Seitz was long personally associated with Mr. Pulitzer and in this book has revealed how the latter decided on his policies and ruled his newspaper world.

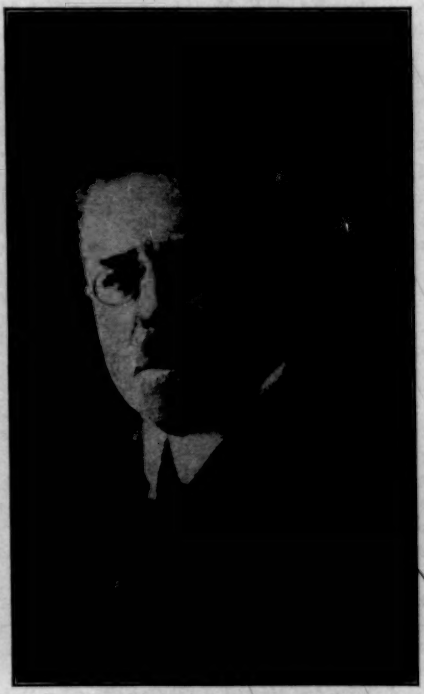
New Adjectives for the Yoho Valley

When a traveler on mountain trails who is a good observer becomes lyrical he ought to produce prose that is a pleasure both to the eye and to the ear. *Trail Life in the Canadian Rockies* was being read aloud when I first discovered it, and the musical lines in which the author told of his tramps over glaciers, moraines, and the eternal hills sounded very much like poetry. Later on I found that they merited closer examination. Yoho is the Indian name for "the marvelous." Splendors unnamed have been crowded into the Yoho valley, says Mr. B. W. Mitchell, the author who leads the armchair reader to these entrancing wilds. The vale of Kashmir—ah, yes! the vale of Chamounix—yes, again, but the vale of Yoho, that, says the author, "for beauty and magnificent grandeur rivals any other cleft in the Earth's enduring framework." The author has tramped for nine summers in the Canadian Rockies and has written for *Field and Stream*. He tramped all over the Selkirks, followed the Revelstoke trail, watched the Assiniboine by moonlight, caught the romance and beauty of a thousand picturesque panorama. He had an eye for geology and for flora; he caught the inspirational quality of sunlight and shadow and of the rich smell of the forest. Every once in a while he stopped to appreciate the bounties of nature. "A balsam tree has a personality," he writes in one chapter. "You instinctively credit balsam with an almost maternal power of lulling you to sleep when you stretch your weary limbs upon a pile of its resilient boughs. And when one really knows how to build a balsam bed, with the butts of the branches carefully built in under the thatch of soft fronds, it is the most comfortable couch in the world." There is much here about camping and the luck of the trail. Fortunately all this area is national property, and the springs, the falls, the woods, and the waters will be preserved as they are. Those for whom the Canadian Rockies are still an undiscovered paradise will welcome this book as Columbus would have welcomed a map of the western world when he sailed on his first cruise. (The Macmillan Co.)

From the Stone Axe to the Radio

All invention is romance. The romance that lies back of our simplest mechanical devices is obviously a part of the history of the human race. So this story of a thousand inventions becomes the story also of a thousand romances. It is called *A Popular History of American Invention*, and once a boy or a man seizes the book, all feeling for time vanishes. He will read on into the early hours about facts that are more thrilling than imaginative fiction. There are two volumes in this book, which is made up of chapters written by experts under the direction of Waldemar Kaempffert. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.) It is one of those compilations so popular now, which somehow is just one step beyond a series of articles in a magazine, for a book insures permanency, at least

a longer life. Human curiosity is at the basis of the popularity of books like this—but it is a curiosity that is easily understood and accounted for. Take, for instance, the story of the axe. As an implement it comes down to us much in the form in which it was first used, and yet every age has adapted it a bit better to its function. Now in our own time it is made of one piece of steel, the edge tempered, the whole built of the same steel that goes into armor plate and projectiles. To tell that story, as well as the story of the saw, the writer is compelled also to tell the story of lumber; how it is felled, how the lumbermen live, and what gigantic tasks are performed in the woods. So what is ostensibly the story of a simple, familiar tool, becomes a romance that touches every one of us. The book has so much to give. The first volume deals with transportation, communication and power; in other words, here we meet the story of the telephone and telegraph and radio, the locomotive and the motor car. The second volume takes up material resources and labor-saving machines. Sociologists frequently elaborate on the effect of machines on the human race. Political thinkers point to a new order of political and economic thinking brought about by the machine. Here we have the actual story of how these devices came to us, and what effect they have had. And the emphasis on American invention makes this story an unusual contribution to American history. One reads with a chuckle that in 1895 a policeman in Chicago stopped Elwood Haynes, inventor of a motor car, and told him to get his horseless carriage off the street. And that was only thirty years ago!



LADISLAV STANISLAV REYMONT

Polish author of *The Peasants*, who won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Steed, Northcliffe and the London *Times*

When you read *Through Thirty Years*, by Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the London *Times* under Lord Northcliffe, you come in touch again with a newspaper that moulded public opinion. In fact it never occurs to Mr. Steed to doubt that the word he wrote in the late hours for the editorial page would rock Europe the next morning. In the United States such confidence on the part of an editor is rarely justified, for the change of the newspaper from a party organ to a money-making machine has undermined its power. But Mr. Steed was justified in believing in the power of the *Times*, for during the war it was the spokesman of the most forceful "war mind" in England—that of Northcliffe, whose policy was to make war with vigor and to stop short of nothing but a victorious peace. Mr. Steed discloses in these pages how the policy of the *Times* was laid down from day to day, and on what slender threads the fate of nations hung. Moreover he furnishes an insight into the task of the political correspondent, who should be able to deduce, from the flicker of an eyelid on the face of a German official, whether war or peace was to be served with the next morning's breakfast. Mr. Steed was political observer for the Northcliffe press through thirty years and learned to estimate well every political movement of the European nations. Like Northcliffe, he believed in the inevitability of the great war, and urged England to prepare for it. With Northcliffe, also, he despised the "peace mind," that is, those Englishmen who wanted to compromise the issue and thereby cause England to lose the fruits of the war. All

this is told in two volumes of informal but highly informing political gossip, giving the reader an excellent explanation of the British position during the war. Mr. Steed reveals himself as a man thoroughly in sympathy with realism in politics. Pacifism was to him akin to treason. Long before the war he saw England's interests at stake. He could only hope that when the hour came England would be prepared. During the war Mr. Steed was associated with the Northcliffe propaganda directed from Crewe house. At the peace conference he found Col. E. M. House the most skillful diplomat in Paris, and agreed with him on numerous occasions when President Wilson was firmly in opposition. In view of the fact that Northcliffe and the *Times* fought Lloyd George during a part of the war, Mr. Steed's disclosures have more than a provincial interest. They should be read for what they are—the personal story of a well-trained, highly competent political correspondent, who firmly believed and lived up to the idea that he held "the premier position in journalism in the world." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

On Finding Pieces to Speak

Parents are always inquiring for recitations for boys and girls. I regard *Recitations Old and New for Boys and Girls*, by Grace Gaige, as adequate and comprehensive as the title. Every once in a while somebody has to revise our favorite books of recitations and include the new poems that have merit and charm. This book is a fit companion volume to *Golden Poems* of Browne and *The Book of Humorous Verse* of Carolyn Wells. For the present volume Christopher Morley has written an amusing preface, lamenting that many of the grown-ups nowadays rarely do any reciting after school days are passed. "How happily," writes Mr. Morley, "one could unlock the private energies of his bosom, whiff away all those repressed emotions, polish his self-esteem, by bursting on occasion into public harangue or verse. Only wise fellows like Vachel Lindsay get this pleasure. There should be appropriate declamations written for the joyous and difficult turning points of our careers—a ritual magnificat for Having Caught a Train, a dirge for Losing a Job, and so on." And then, having spoken of the pleasure of holding an imaginary harangue, or making a speech in secret solitude, Mr. Morley hopes these old and new recitations may help humanity to "show off." Yes, they are all here—Keats and Eddie Guest, Thomas Buchanan Read and Anon, Bayard Taylor and Amelia E. Barr, Christina Rossetti and Christopher Morley. Parents and teachers will approve. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Woodrow Wilson as a Human Being

William Allen White's long-awaited book, *Woodrow Wilson*, became available a few weeks ago and may be expected to form a lively topic for discussion for many months to come. It is a warm-hearted, sympathetic book, for all of Mr. White's protests that he means to analyze the late President without fear or favor. It reveals not a cold, cynical statesman, but a human being who was often aloof, solitary, and at the same time eager for companionship. "He was neither God nor fiend," writes Mr. White, "but in his political career rather a shy, middle-aged gentleman, with the hoar frost of the cloister upon his public manner, with an academic respect for facts and with a Calvinistic addiction for digesting the facts into his own God-given truth. On the surface he was half or two-thirds Irish, and so turned to his friends a gay and lovely face. But the dour Scot, big and dominant inside him, turned to his adversaries a cold, implacable heart that transformed even the most amiable of his opponents into ardent foes with a lust for torture." Out of the pages of this book steps a most unusual character. To draw him truly Mr. White goes back to his parentage, his boyhood and young manhood, and later, when he describes him during "a crisis in our civilization," he turns the reader's mind back to early characteristics that foreshadowed his conduct while an executive. To do this Mr. White describes the Irish Presbyterianism of Joseph Ruggles Wilson and of Janet Woodrow, daughter of the Presbyterian minister at Chillicothe, Ohio; he sees the young "Tommy" Wilson at play, meeting Ellen Axson for the first time; he traces his career at Princeton as "a normal human animal in trousers," a lad with a love for books, a debater, a good comrade and companion. Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan at Middletown, Conn., Princeton again—here the career of Woodrow Wilson began. And then Mr. White's keen insight into the machinery of a political body is put to good use. He relates, in illuminating passages, how Woodrow Wilson, the liberal, became the candidate of the bosses for Governor of New Jersey, and how he conducted himself; he tells

the unforgettable tale of how the college president, whose whole life had been passed in academic seclusion, stood for the first time on the floor of a political convention on the day that he had been nominated for governor by his party. Just as illuminating is the story of the Democratic convention which nominated Wilson for the Presidency; here is an intimate understanding of all the factors and men that contributed to elevate this professor to the highest office in the land. All this time Mr. White was also active as a liberal in politics, both as a Republican and as a Progressive, and he sees Woodrow Wilson as a leader in the liberal movement that also claimed Theodore Roosevelt, although the two men were antipathetic on many points. Mr. White, then, sees Wilson not solely as an individual but reveals him also as the expression of his times, and provides thereby an analysis of the spirit in the United States which made possible the strong support of "Wilson idealism" during the war. The reason why the President took up men and dropped them, why he was both warm-hearted and aloof, why he permitted his confidence in himself to mar some of his noblest work, is told better here than I have ever seen it in print. Moreover, Mr. White, after searching archives, consulting old friends and interviewing public officials who were associated with Woodrow Wilson, presents all sides of his subject. Notable is the description of the President's loyalty to his domestic shrine and of the great influence two women had in his life, nor has Mr. White failed to lay low the malicious gossip that feeds upon the characters of public men. It would be foolish for me to draw comparisons, to say that this portrait of Woodrow Wilson is more or less accurate than that drawn by Ray Stannard Baker, or David Lawrence, or many another, but surely it will hold the interest both of those who regard Wilson as a martyr and those who considered him an unpractical idealist. It is easily the most convincing picture; it is just, always warmly human, often affectionate. And between the lines the reader finds written down the character of another liberal American, a warm-hearted man, who can be both subtle and ironical when he needs to be—William Allen White. (The Houghton Mifflin Co.)

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM
Noted British author of *The Conquest of the River Plate.*

These Also Await the Reader

The newest addition to the limited edition of Leonard Merrick's works, built up in the last year, is *The Quaint Companions*, a quaint title for a discussion of marriage between white and negro. Its importance is enhanced by an introduction by H. G. Wells.

Leon Bazalgette, who translated Walt Whitman into French, has recently provided French readers with an inspiring book called *Henry Thoreau: Sauvage*, which has been translated into English by Van Wyck Brooks and published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Among books of permanent value recently published is the first volume of Elie Halévy's *Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siecle*, which is called in English, *A History of the English People in 1815*. There is an introduction by Graham Wallas. (Harcourt, Brace.)

The American Scandinavian Foundation, which has frequently made available Scandinavian classics in excellent translations, has just published two new volumes: *Norwegian Fairy Tales*, from the collection of A. Asbjornsen and Moe, and *America of the Fifties: Letters of Frederika Bremer.*

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

THE man who thinks about architecture as the expression of a nation's soul in iron and stone may well ponder over the building that is now in progress in every first-class city in America. Are Americans of the next few decades going to buy their automobiles in Venetian palaces, pay their gas bills in Italian campanili, and order their clothes in Gothic cathedrals? Or will they give free rein to architects who want to express American life in terms of buildings that harmonize with our needs and our environment? Something of the latter spirit has come into the building of homes, as Mrs. Augusta Owen Patterson records in her new book, *American Homes of To-day*. Not so very long ago, when Americans ordered their houses as they do a meal—with very little regard for the details of either—a few architects dominated the scene and impressed their form of "adaptation" on their countrymen. Henry Hobson Richardson was the principal offender, in the eyes of Mrs. Patterson, despite the fact that he built Trinity Church in Boston, and his "battle-axe manner" fastened itself upon numerous contemporaries. The Queen Anne came in his time—"the sort of thing, that, as a wedding cake, would be a pastry cook's triumph"—but since then America has cast off its Victorianism, says Mrs. Patterson, and has produced some really good examples of domestic architecture, although its mercantile and office buildings still have little originality other than size. When read with this in view Mrs. Patterson's book becomes an argument in favor of native art and originality. One must admit that she has presented her theme with much skill and diplomacy; for her book is one of those large, heavy volumes made up of full-page illustrations of homes such as are built solely by opulent Americans, and most of them, naturally, are located in the East. The temptation of the compiler of such a book is to be overfriendly to those who have furnished him with such admirable photographs of walls and interiors, and to offer criticism only in the abstract. Mrs. Patterson is not critical, but there is much excellent advice in what she has to say about American homes. She has told in a clear and understanding manner how America emerged from its architectural infancy, how it copied from foreign models and then adapted, sometimes usefully, sometimes sinfully. She is able to explain why certain houses fit certain sites—why the Mediterranean type has a place in Pasadena and Miami, with its low stucco walls, courtyards, tiles, few windows and loggias, and is exotic in Chicago and New York. Her examples are chosen with excellent taste. Her chapter of definitions is done with much humor. Gothic, she explains, has never been surpassed for church or fortress, but as a form of domestic architecture it is "as impossible of modern wear as plate armor." The renaissance style is worn out; it needs spacious grounds, long approaches,

and any attempt to adapt it to city lots, says the author, is failure. Denouncing the "floridly, over-decorated Baroque sort of thing," she speaks of a very famous mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, "past which, so the legend runs, the drivers of sight-seeing automobiles are compelled to get down and lead the bus." The colonial, in the eyes of Mrs. Patterson, "is America's one great outstanding contribution to the gallery of architectural styles." It grew on the English house, but certain local changes made it American. "The clapboard was America's most distinctive contribution to the style. The second was the porch—an outdoor living room." Among the notable homes pictured here are those of Arthur Curtiss James, New York City; George Arents, Jr., Rye, N. Y.; William B. Osgood Field, Lenox, Mass.; Mrs. L. C. Hanna, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Robert J. Collier, Wickatunk, N. J.; Ogden L. Mills, Westbury, L. I.; Mrs. Henry P. Davison, Locust Valley, L. I.; Otto H. Kahn, Coldspring Harbor, L. I.; John S. Rogers, New York City, N. Y.; Charles H. Sabin, Peconic Bay, L. I.; Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Roslyn, L. I.; James Deering, Miami, Fla., and hundreds of others. (The Macmillan Co.)

Arnold Bennett Praises the French Riviera

To feel a delight and ecstacy in being alive one must go to the Riviera, writes Arnold Bennett. "Call it heliotherapy," he adds, in an introduction to a book, *The French Riviera*, which proclaims the wonders of life in Nice, Mentone, Grasse, Hyères, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and countless other hamlets on the Grande Corniche and the coast line. This is one of the attractive books known as *The Picture Guides* and published by the Medici Society, Ltd., of which I have spoken before. The present book was written by Pierre Devoluy and Pierre Borel, but much of its attractiveness is due to the unusual selection of photographs by the famous Ballance of Mentone, Bertault of Paris, Henri Ferrand, and others. These are reproduced in sepia. It may be recalled that two books in this series, *The Italian Lakes* and *The Land of St. Francis of Assisi*, were written by the gifted Gabriel Faure, whose death occurred about two months ago in Paris.

Songs of the Old Clipper Ships

Two new books of sailors' chanteys have appeared within the last few months, together with half a dozen other books relating to sailing ships, the clipper era, and adventures at sea. And the old songs chanted at the capstan have never been presented with more effective embellishment than appears in *Iron Men and Wooden Ships*, edited by Frank Shay, with decorations and woodcuts by Edward A. Wilson and introduction by William McFee. Frank Shay says of this collection that it includes songs of work and songs of leisure. The chantey belongs to work; the ballad, or "forebitter" (so called because the singer stood near the forebitts at the foremast), was sung when the crew had leisure to listen to a story. And as these songs were never written down, they varied much; frequently when more verses were desired, the soloist (the chanteyman) improvised them. It is remarkable, however, to find how widely they were known and how nearly they run true to an accepted version. William McFee speaks of the sailor's chantey as his contribution to art, "which is only 'artless' because it is unconscious and the pure revelation of untutored souls. A true chantey," he continues, "is as authentic as a saga, and like a saga it is composed independent of the written word; it is handed on from one votary to another, like a prophecy, a legend or a tradition. Like the medieval church, it comprises within itself the spiritual and emotional life of humble folk." Mr. McFee speaks of the discrepancy between the oral original and "the undeniably brilliant renderings of modern poets," and regrets the vanishing opportunity to hear the former. He learned many of the chanteys in the second mate's cabin of a tramp steamer in the Indian Ocean, "with many notable verses of necessity omitted in a volume purporting to be read by the general public." Mr. McFee says that "there is a naïve innocence of heart even about the unavailable chanteys that is in striking contrast to the sophisticated nastiness of modern innuendoes. A sailor's method of telling a story is as direct as a bullet, and it is not surprising that his songs should have the same quality. But the Rabelaisian factor was never a predominating one." The good taste that has been exercised in the making of this book makes impossible the inclusion of any offensive versions, but it is to be hoped that a complete collection will be available to students eventually, just as accurate transcriptions of folk songs and sagas have been made in Europe. The large

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Said Emerson: "Any man with an ordinary common brain can make good if he has the willingness to run that brain up to 80 per cent of its highest efficiency."

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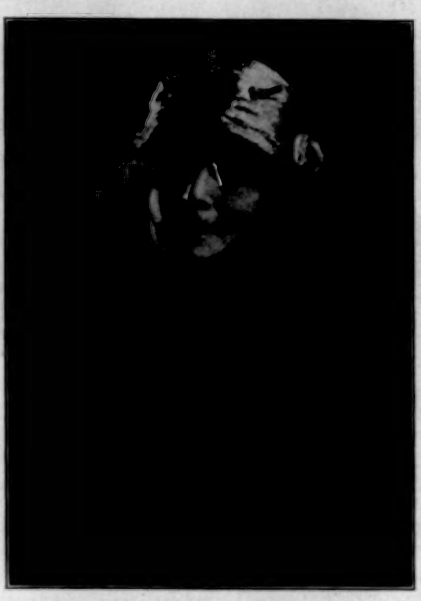
full-page illustrations by Edward A. Wilson are in the spirit of the text and give this book an air of distinction. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Colcord Collection of Sailors' Songs

A more complete collection of sailors' songs is called *Roll and Go; Songs of American Sailormen*, edited by Joanna C. Colcord, with an introduction by Lincoln Colcord. This is not so elaborate a book as that of Frank Shay, but it has been conceived more as a contribution to the literature of American folklore. The Colcords spell the word "shanty," as does W. H. Whall in his fine collection of English sailor songs. Mr. Colcord is impressed with the importance of the shanty as an expression of American sailing life, and speaks bitterly of that blindness to art which has permitted the songs to be forgotten without being recorded by an intelligent pen. "For shanties, especially, were the very essence of seafaring life, the rollick and bloom of it, and a practical part, withal, of the work that daily and hourly went forward. They were a ship's 'local color'." He wonders whether puritanical convention put a ban on shanties as a low, unliterary form of expression because some of them were ribald—perhaps not quite decent. He also regards them as the product of the sailing-ship era, and makes the point that sailing brought men to their fullest development, whereas steam does not do so, putting no test upon a crew. Joanna C. Colcord, who edits this book, was born at sea, the daughter of a shipmaster, descended from five generations of deep-water seamen of the New England coast, and spent most of her girlhood (up to the eighteenth year) at sea with her father. The reader of this book will get a complete introduction to sailors' songs, their origin and their use, as well as some knowledge of sailing days. Not merely the words are given but the music as well, and in several cases two or more versions are published. The Colcord book also gives the sources of information used in its compilation and thus performs a service for the reader who is eager to pursue this subject. Harry Kemp has written about the songs in a poem which he calls (and spells) "Chanteys":



EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY

Her new book *Viennese Medley* deals with diplomatic days in Vienna.

These are the songs that we sing with crowding feet,
Heaving up the anchor chain,
Or walking down the deck in the wind and sleet
And in the drizzle and rain.

These are the songs that we sing beneath the sun,
Or under the stars of night,
And they help us through with the work to be done
When the moon climbs into sight.

These are the songs that tell our inmost hopes
While we pull and haul amain,
The bosun booming as we lean with the ropes,
And we, bringing in the refrain.

And Joanna Colcord writes: "No roadstead resounds any more with Santy Anna or Rio Grande while the men tramp round the capstan and the cable clanks into the lockers under their feet. No yards rise swaying to the tune of Whiskey Johnnie, nor does the invocation to Paddy Doyle aid bleeding fingers to furl the steel-hard canvas as the ship goes plunging through a Cape Horn night. *Autre temps, autre moeurs;* and steam asks no help from song." But the

old songs, happily, survive in part in these collections. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Prose Tales of the Sea

While I am on this interesting topic let me recommend another book of the sea—one that was intended originally for youths, to which the editor might well have added "of whatever age." Joseph Lewis French, who made an excellent collection of pioneer adventures a year ago, has compiled *Sagas of the Seas*, being extracts from books of American writers. This fact is especially approved by none other than James B. Connolly, who remarks in the introduction that "this nation of ours has produced more vigorous literature of the sea than any other nation whatever." The contents of this book show much vitality and variety in American story-telling. Mr. French begins with documents of historic interest: first, "The Voyage of the *Mayflower*, 1620," as told by Governor William Bradford; then "The *Bon Homme Richard*," related by John Paul Jones. Then come "The Chase and the Capture," by J. Cobb; "The Privateer," by James Fenimore Cooper, taken from *The Water Witch;* "The Main-Truck," from *The Book of the Ocean*, published in Auburn, N. Y., in 1857; "The Log of the *Arethusa*," by William Hussey Macey, from *There She Blows;* "Leviathan," by J. Ross Browne, from *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*, 1846; "*An Old-Time Mate*," by Roland F. Coffin, 1878; "The Gale" and "Flogging," by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., both taken from *Two Years Before the Mast;* "The Slave Trade," by Willis J. Abbot, from *American Merchant Ships and Sailors;* the famous "Ms. Found in a Bottle," of Poe; "Mother Carey's Chickens," by J. Cobb; "The Frozen North," by Elisha Kent Kane, first published in his *Journal of Arctic Explorations in Search of Sir John Franklin*, in 1856; "The Enchanted Valley," by Herman Melville, being a chapter out of *Typee;* "The Superstitious Seaman," by Thomas Gibbons, 1892; "The Race It Blew," by James B. Connolly, and "Riley," by Hall and Nordhoff, the most recent of the stories, having been included in *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, in 1921. The wide variations in the tales makes it impossible to compare them, but the flavor of the sea is there. The book is attractively bound, with maps as end-paper. (Lincoln MacVeagh: the Dial Press.)

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Among the New Books

Ibanez Denounces Alfonso XIII

Vicente Blasco Ibanez may be known to Americans as the writer of lurid romances of love and tragedy, but in Spain he is spoken of (in a whisper) as the revolutionist who is not afraid to defy the king in public. Naturally Ibanez cannot live in his beloved Spain; his villa is on the Côte d'Azur, just across the border. For thirty-five years he has been laboring for the establishment of a republic on Spanish soil. He has now set forth his views in a book addressed to Europe and called: *Alfonso XIII; The Military Terror in Spain*, which has been published simultaneously in America, England, France, and —*sub rosa*, no doubt—in Spain. In it he denounces Alfonso as a crafty, unscrupulous ruler, in league with a group of exploiters, exhausting the riches of Spain, and keeping a tyrannous control over the people by a military directorate. He uses plain words, such as graced the debates in the first meetings of the Congress of the United States. Ibanez accuses Alfonso and the directorate of Primo de Rivera of chicanery, traitorous conduct, and corruption, declaring that "Spain is being looted as never before in her history." His indictments include these: that Alfonso was during the War and is now co-operating with the Germans; that he is financially interested in various corporations and monopolies that have been favored by the government over the rights of others; that he recognizes none but Catholics as citizens of Spain and is permitting the Jesuits to regain control of Spain; and that he is personally corrupt. "Nothing he touches escapes contamination. He is like the proverbial pitch, that clings and defiles." Ibanez describes the Spanish disasters in Africa and attributes them to the incompetence of the officers, the low standard of the army, and the obtuse military direction of Alfonso. He accuses Rivera of betraying the interests of the people, suppressing free speech, violating the mails, and ruling through a military machine. This has a direct effect on certain Latin-American republics, says the novelist, for it encourages their rulers to adopt the same methods. The book is a violent denunciation and one that has already caused a great deal of discussion in Europe. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Moffatt Version of the Old Testament

The careful and scholarly translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew into modern English made by Dr. James Moffatt, of Glasgow, Scotland, has provoked much comment in the last few weeks. The book is being made available to American readers by its publication here by the George H. Doran Co. Doctor Moffatt is professor of church history in the United Free Church College of Glasgow, and widely honored for his knowledge of both Hebrew and Greek. His task, which occupied eight years, was similar to that of the scholars who wrote the King James version, for they also simply translated the original into the English of their day. It would be an interesting study to take the new Moffatt version and discover how far the English it uses springs from the traditional English based upon a wide reading and study of the King James version. The latter influenced English writing for many generations, and it is only within recent times that authors appear no longer to cherish its influence. Doctor Moffatt regards the Bible as a collection of Oriental books, hence has tried to preserve the Oriental flavor of the original Hebrew in his translation. Certain modern terms are likely to arrest the reader's eye—Noah's ark, for instance, is a barge; the Garden of Eden is a park; the city of David is Davidsburg, and in Russian, no doubt, it would become Davidgrad. The story of the flood is related in the following words:

> So God said to Noah: "I have resolved to put an end to every human being, for they have filled the earth with insolence and outrage. I will destroy them and the earth together.
>
> "Build a barge of cypress wood; build cabins inside the barge, and cover it with pitch inside and out.
>
> "This is how you are to build it: the barge is to be 450 ft. long, 75 ft. broad and 45 ft. high.
>
> "You must put windows in the barge eighteen inches from the roof and make a door in the side of the barge; also put three decks in it.
>
> "For I am sending a deluge of water on the earth to destroy every living creature under heaven; everything on earth shall perish."

Doctor Moffatt's work is said to be valuable because it clears up certain disputed passages and puts them into English that may be easily understood. But it is a ques-

tion whether Doctor Moffatt's interpretation of the old Hebrew texts will be uniformly welcomed by the numerous sects that use the Bible and that read their own kind of salvation out of it. A change in a passage may easily disarrange the beliefs of thousands of Christians, who therefore prefer to pin their faith on the King James version. Doctor Moffatt's book, however, is not an interpretation in the sense that Hendrick W. van Loon's *The Story of the Bible* is. It is a literal rending of the original in modern English. The first volume, now published, deals with Genesis to Esther.

A Book About Beautiful Gardens

The first edition of *Beautiful Gardens in America*, by Louise Shelton, was published nearly ten years ago; since then so much progress has been made in the development of gardens adjacent to American homes that a new printing with entirely new photographs has become necessary. The present revised edition is a book of 560 pages in which the editor attempts to give representation to all states of the Union; as a result the book cannot claim to be exhaustive, nor to treat any one type of garden in detail. The introductions by the editor are rather general and give very little special information, but the full-page illustrations are excellent and will give many suggestions to those who are planning and developing gardens. For the most part these are the gardens of large estates and magnificent residences; colonnades, balustrades, fountains, sculpture, terraces, pools, and magnificent walks reveal an opulent America, now developing its gardens on an European scale. But beyond the illustrations almost no information about trees and flowers used in the gardens is offered. The book, however, takes its place as an aid in the movement to bring about beautiful gardens everywhere. (Scribner.)

AUGUSTA OWEN PATTERSON
Author of *American Homes of Today*

Discovering an Ancient World

To the learned world the name of Rodolfo Lanciani is one highly honored, standing for a lifetime of unselfish endeavor and accomplishment in archæology. Yet the general reader has little opportunity to read him, and few Americans are aware that we owe much of our knowledge of the monuments of ancient Rome that survive either wholly or in fragments to this scholar and student. Over ten years ago, when I first saw Lanciani's authoritative book, *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, in the window of a bookseller's shop in Rome, I have watched eagerly for the occasional publications by this man, most of them in foreign periodicals. The book named above was already thirty years old when I found it, and yet it seemed to supersede any other commentary on the antiquities of Rome. His books are numerous, but few are available. The publication of another in America is a singularly fortunate event, and I hope that readers who are interested in the ancient Roman basilicas, in the preservation of relics and works of art of olden times, and especially in adventure attached to archæological discovery, will examine *Wanderings Through Ancient Roman Churches*, just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in a splendid volume illustrated with many reproductions of photographs. One needs only to dip into the book to comprehend with what detailed information and what rich resources of historical learning Signore Lanciani works. He has, among other subjects, an explanation of his point of view, that remains of many of the first Christian churches are still buried under the foundations of modern churches, and that were these to be exposed we should discover likewise the pagan temples that preceded them, for it is well known that the first Christian houses of worship were often simply tem-

ples converted into churches. The churches later than the eleventh century are nearly all on the level of the modern city, while those existing in 1084, the date of the sack of Rome by Robert of Normany, are below this level. Although Signore Lanciani often finds traces of barbarian invasions in Rome of today, he develops the thesis that the ancient works of art suffered less from the barbarians and the early Christians than from those of comparatively late times, especially within the last four hundred years; that Constantine was tolerant toward the old temples and that many of the Christian rulers protected them and their statues as works of art. Even the great baths of Caracalla functioned long after Rome had become a thoroughly Christian city. But it would be idle to attempt to sketch the scope of a book of this kind in a paragraph. Reading it has the character of an adventure. The discovery of an ancient statue, the deciphering of an old inscription, the identification of old bones found in a crypt—all this proves that the pursuit of learning and culture may become as exciting as following the fortunes of an elephant hunt in the African jungle.

English Pennies in Roman Churches

Signore Lanciani gives an interesting explanation of how the term "Peter's pence" came into existence. When the barbarians of the north had exhausted their warlike energies in the early part of the Middle Ages and became pilgrims to Rome instead of raiders bent on looting, the northern nations —such as the Teutons, Saxons, Longobards, Franks, Goths and Frisians, formerly worshippers of Wotan and Thor—established hospices, churches, and halls in Rome. The whole group was termed "scola." The Anglo-Saxons came in large numbers and in the seventh and eighth centuries their kings came also. The Anglican hospice became the richest in Rome, and for its maintenance a tax was imposed on the residents of the English isles, to the extent of one silver penny for each family owning a piece of land. This was the original of the "Peter's pence." Despite the imposition of this tax, very few English coins have been found in excavations, and Signore Lanciani believes that this is due to the fact that the silver was immediately melted down in the papal mint. However, one treasure trove of this character was found in recent times—in 1843, when more than a thousand silver pennies of English origin, dating from the tenth and eleventh centuries, were found in the old belfry of St. Paul's without the Walls: the church of the kings of England before the Reformation. These pennies no doubt were contributed for the support of English churches in Rome in the Middle Ages.

Herbert Quick Completes an Important Trilogy

Herbert Quick has written, in *The Invisible Woman*, a tale that deserves to become part of the nation's archives. It is not only a good story; it is authentic history. It demonstrates the truth that fiction may be much more faithful to the life of a community than fact, for the novelist sees events in their proper relation to each other, whereas in actual life the incident of the moment may make all others disproportionate. *The Invisible Woman* is the third book in a series that began with *Vandemark's Folly* and continued in *The Hawkeye*, and which has one community through three generations as its theme. This means that some of the actors appear in two books, and that the earliest settlers are still alive in the memory of the third generation. Jake Vandemark passed from his boyhood along the Erie Canal to the unsettled farmlands of Iowa at the place Mr. Quick calls "Monterey Center"; the second generation in *The Hawkeye* reached down past the Civil War into the seventies; now the third comes down to the nineties and later. Readers of *The Hawkeye* will recall Buck Gowdy and his relations with Rowena Fewkes, whom Magnus Thorkelson later married out of the goodness of his heart. The story of *The Invisible Woman* is really the story of the growth and development of Christina Thorkelson, the daughter of Magnus and Rowena, who becomes a highly competent stenographer for a legal firm. Upon the death of old Gowdy an attempt is made to procure for Owen Gowdy, the son of Buck Gowdy and Rowena, the estate. Christina is placed in a position of strategic importance and becomes, to the reader, the key to the whole entanglement. It appears that under the Iowa law an illegitimate son has rights to the estate of his father that cannot be set aside. The greater part of the book is given over to the trial of the case, and this is done with clearness, with the story well sustained and the suspense well kept. Mr. Quick knows Iowa law and, what is more important, he knows intimately the country he describes. He pictures the farming and small-

town folk with accuracy and much good humor, using a larger canvas than Ruth Suckow does in *Country People*, and adopting a more generous attitude toward his characters. Both pictures are accurate, but as the books belong to two wholly different schools, they offer interesting examples of how the artist makes use of his material. Mr. Quick's stories recall to mind the stories with a Wisconsin setting written by Hamlin Garland years ago. Mr. Quick told me once: "Twenty years ago I tried to interest editors in these stories, but they said Iowa was not literary material. Now, it seems, Iowa is just as good material for the writer as any other place." (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Joseph Conrad as a Great Human Being

Anyone who loves the work of Joseph Conrad will be grateful for the "personal remembrance" which Ford Madox Ford (one-time Ford Madox Hueffer) has put into print under the title *Joseph Conrad*. The book is intensely personal; it brings to the reader perhaps much more about Ford than about Conrad, but we will not quarrel over that, for much that is worthy of preservation about the great novelist is here given. The writer and the student of writing will be especially interested in the passages which tell what books Conrad had read, what ones he preferred, how he prepared his tales, and what his ideals of writing were. Conrad had been "spared," so Mr. Ford tells us, "the usual literature that attends on the upbringing of the British writer." He found dog-eared books in ships' cabins; he rarely got as high as William Black or "the pseudo-literary writers of his day." Once some one gave him a Bible printed on rice paper; he used the leaves for rolling cigarettes. *The Family Herald*, it seems, helped him to acquire a command of English. But in French he had many literary loves—Flaubert, Maupassant, Daudet, Gautier. *Almayer's Folly*, so Mr. Ford tells us, was begun on the end-papers of *Madame Bovary*. But despite the incident of the Bible on rice paper, "somewhere on the dark waters" Conrad found religion. Most interesting to students of Conrad's methods are those that tell how this writer toiled to present his tale in its best possible light to his audience—in fact, he turns topsy-turvy the contention that the great artist writes without regard for his audience. "We thought just simply of the reader," writes Mr. Ford, in explaining one collaboration. "Would this passage grip him? If not, it

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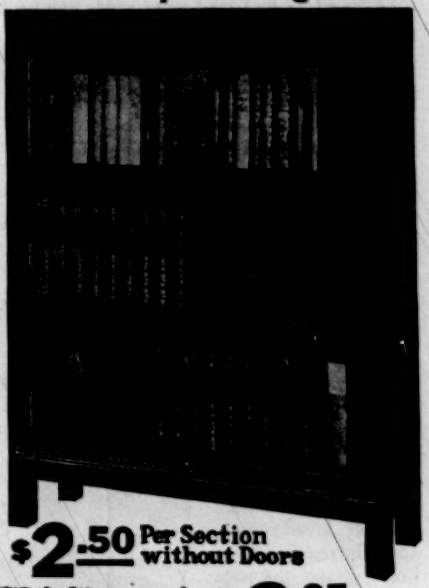

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must go. Will this word make him pause and so slow down the story? If there is any danger of that, away with it. Tremendous readers, both of us, we tried to gather from the books we had read what made one book readable and the other not. We tried to turn out the sort of book that the English gentleman might read in his library. We had the intimate conviction that two and only two classes of books are of universal appeal: the very best and the very worst. We used to say the first lesson that an author has to learn is that of humility." Most important is Mr. Ford's revelation of Conrad's reverence for the Englishmen who served in the old frigates over one hundred years ago, and who were the mainstay of Captain Marryatt's stories. In them Conrad found self-sacrifice, patience, fidelity to an ideal. This he loved. Yes, there is much in this book about the rich humanity of Joseph Conrad. (Little, Brown & Co.)

FORD MADOX FORD
Author of *Joseph Conrad.*

Howells down to Commas and Periods

Here is an ambitious and detailed study of an American writer who dominated his era—*William Dean Howells*, by Oscar W. Firkins. (Harvard University Press.) But after reading it one wonders, just as Mr. Firkins does, what posterity will have to say about this careful American author whose star is, temporarily at least, in eclipse. Is there enough vitality in his books, or enough verisimilitude to life, to make them the classics of the future? Whatever evidence is needed for a study of that question may be found here; Mr. Firkins may be credited with doing a complete job; in fact, he almost makes Howells thoroughly uninteresting. This impression may be due to the meticulous massing of detail, or it may be due to the excessively literary character of Mr. Firkins' style, which seems to indicate the possession by the author of a vocabulary more than adequate to the demands made upon it by this study. The description of Howells' views and standards in literature, his reading and his methods, is of great value to any student of writing in America. One gets the impression that there were great gaps in Howells' reading, but he was too honest to pretend a liking for classics that bored him. No academic standard of thoroughness beguiled Howells; in 1895, Mr. Firkins remarks, he had read most of Thackeray but had never finished *The Virginians*, and had not yet read one of Shakespeare's most esteemed plays. "To read an author perfunctorily had for him the horror of a *mariage de convenance;* the reluctant perusal which reviewing demands is one of the outstanding counts in his sharp indictment of 'that wretched trade,' and the reading of an old author to stop a gap in knowledge is described as 'beggarly.'" It would seem a bit presumptuous, therefore, for Howells to have announced that "the art of fiction, as Jane Austen knew it, declined from her through Scott, and Bulwer, and Dickens, and Charlotte Brontë, and Thackeray, and even George Eliot." Mr. Firkins remarks elsewhere: "Mr. Howells' principle is truth. He believes in the transference of life to the page with as little alteration as is compatible with the difference between being and discourse." This is a long book which omits nothing, so far as I can judge, giving serious attention even to the farces. Although it is not a biography, enough attention is given to Howells' boyhood and later life to give the reader an idea of the influences that shaped him.

The Literary Monument of Henry Arthur Jones

The publication early in January of *Representative Plays by Henry Arthur Jones*, in

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four volumes, suddenly brings back to the reader a realization of the active part played by this author in a theater that is already of the past. With it comes the feeling that this collection constitutes a well-earned monument for Mr. Jones, and he is fortunate in having it presented to the world in so attractive a form. (Little, Brown & Co.) The collection is not complete, for Mr. Jones wrote upwards of sixty plays during his active career. Clayton Hamilton, who has written introductions for the plays, explains that these are representative, although some familiar titles, like "Saints and Sinners," are missing. He writes that the War definitely set a period to the productivity of Mr. Jones who, with Sir Arthur Pinero, was too old to recover from it. Shaw, however, has demonstrated the flexibility of his dramatic technique despite his years; and Barrie and Galsworthy were able to continue their writing, probably because, as Mr. Hamilton explains, they were younger. When Mr. Jones began to write plays they were published solely in paper-bound copies, and so, remarks Mr. Hamilton, some students regarded them as of less importance than plays published in cloth. He has here performed an excellent service for a living writer—explaining the plays without proselyting for their author, and giving much historical information about the "renascence" of the English drama which Mr. Jones helped set in motion thirty years ago. Alas! the theater has moved far from the themes used by Mr. Jones—if not the themes, at least the treatment of them; one recalls "The Hypocrites," and compares it with such milestones as "Hindle Wakes" of ten years ago and the plays of Eugene O'Neill of to-day. This library edition will stand beside that of the plays of Sir Arthur Pinero, also edited by Clayton Hamilton. It is of especial use to colleges and libraries.

The Restless Spirit of A. Henry Savage-Landor

The death in the last few days of the old year of A. Henry Savage-Landor, writer and explorer, came close upon the publication of his life story—named, rather appropriately, *Everywhere*. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) It was issued in two volumes and contains probably more personal adventures than any similar work. Mr. Savage-Landor must have been a restless spirit, for he went out of his way to seek strange and unusual experiences, finding them all over the globe—in Africa, South America, Tibet, Mongolia, Korea, Albania, the Philippines, France, Belgium, Italy. His more pacific adventures, in drawing rooms and salons, likewise were unusual and arresting. He relates with some pride that during a visit to President Roosevelt at the White House he informed him of the fine record in the Philippines of a certain captain, John J. Pershing, of whom President Roosevelt had never heard. Mr. Savage-Landor suggested that the President make Pershing a brigadier general, and it was done. He was not so successful with the bureaucracy in England during the War, for many of his suggestions were not taken. These two volumes, permeated so thoroughly with his personality, make excellent reading for those who love adventure.

Other Deserving Books of the Month

The Salem Witch Trials, by William Nelson Gemmill, is a jurist's study of that famous event in American history; and although the reader may expect much emphasis on the law and the evidence he will be surprised to find this a well-rounded tale, perhaps the most comprehensive and compact of its subject. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

The career of William Crawford Gorgas is definitely associated with the history of the United States. So the story of his life and his fight against yellow fever in the Canal Zone is an important one. It has been set down by Marie D. Gorgas and Burton J. Hendrick in a readable book just published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Old Glass; European and American, is a new book by N. Hudson Moore, whose earlier books have been of unusual service to collectors. This is a large book, well illustrated; a welcome addition to the authorities on glass. (Stokes.)

Modern Plays, Short and Long, will be of interest to clubs and schools. It is edited by Frederick H. Law, English instructor in the Stuyvesant High School of New York City. The plays are followed by questions for study which will prove useful to informal groups. Among the authors represented are William Archer, Joseph Jefferson, Constance D'Arcy Mackay, W. S. Gilbert, and Dougald Macmillan. (Century.)

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

WHEN Miss Amy Lowell was asked to deliver the address at Yale University commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the death of John Keats, in 1921, she realized the extent and importance of the information about Keats in her own possession and in other American collections. It was then that she decided to write a new biography of the poet, not to supplant existing works, but to supplement them. The fruit of her labor is now at hand; *John Keats*, in two volumes, may easily be called "the last word," for one doubts that much more of a biographical nature will be added thereto, although criticism will vary with each age. Fundamentally, this is a work which anyone may read with delight, both for the life story of the poet and for the critical estimate of his poetry, and I might add that a reading of this book is sufficient to give an entire stranger—no longer the man from New Zealand, but just possibly the man from Moscow—an entire understanding of how Keats' genius came to flower, and present as well a survey of his poetry.

This is the latest in a long line of informing books, of which the most important are the first Life by Lord Houghton (1848 and 1867); the compilations and writings of Harry Buxton Forman (Keats' Letters to Fanny Brawne, 1876, and Complete Correspondence, 1895); the life by W. M. Rossetti, and the writings of Sir Sidney Colvin, published in 1887, 1891 and 1917. The last date marks the publication of Colvin's *John Keats; His Life and Poetry; His Friends, Critics and After-Fame*, the most comprehensive of the studies of Keats up to the time of Miss Lowell's book. It is unnecessary to list the numerous critical studies, of which the best known are those of Ruskin, Swinburne and Matthew Arnold, for the reason that each represents the work of one great mind on a certain subject, and so there can be no talk of its being amended or supervened. But Miss Lowell certainly amends the Colvin life, and demonstrates that American collections are likely to be rich treasure ground for the future student of English literature who, like Miss Lowell, has the time and the patience to pursue the trail.

Miss Lowell is awake to the influence of environment and early training and interprets these in the modern spirit; in fact, by quoting freely from a memoir prepared from the unguarded remarks of Keats' guardian, Abbey, she presents Keats' mother as a passionate and sensuous woman; John Keats, in his relations with women, was at first diffident and then obviously laboring under restraint; his love for Fanny Brawne blossomed just at the moment when he was growing into manhood, and he became a most exacting and difficult lover. Writes Miss Lowell: "One of the many reasons for Keats' failure in his relations with Fanny Brawne was that he sought in her a mother as well as a lover, and she had not yet grown up enough to stand him in both capacities."

And more than any other biographer Miss Lowell makes out a convincing case for the good faith of Fanny Brawne; points out how Keats without cause misinterpreted her dancing as unfaithfulness to him, and proves that Fanny was more patient with Keats than many another girl of her age might have been. In recounting the story of the attack on "Endymion" by the British reviewers, Miss Lowell calls them "ruffians," but supplements the argument of earlier writers, notably Sir Sidney Colvin, that Keats did not suffer half so much under the strictures as his friends did, and she identifies John G. Lockhart, later the biographer of Walter Scott, as the man who wrote the principal attack. Her story of the last days in Rome and of Severn's attachment is likewise no doubt the exact truth. Lord Byron's peculiar *volte face* on the reviewers and Keats is carefully explained as being prompted by personal considerations, and Shelley's "Adonais" is described as the work of a man who wrote before he knew the whole truth, and so gave English literature a great poem on a subject half-imagined. Thus all the moot points come up for clarification, and in addition much new light is shed by the production of original documents now in the Morgan library, Miss Lowell's collection and elsewhere in the United States.

AMY LOWELL
Author of *John Keats*

But it is in the field of criticism that Miss Lowell does her best work. A thoroughly modern biographer, Miss Lowell has psychology and psychoanalysis in mind as she writes, so that her analysis of Keats' mental state and powers at the time of production of specific poems is excellent. She records that he was thoroughly a modern; that of all the earlier English poets of the nineteenth century he alone writes as poets write to-day. Ruskin made a similar statement, but even modernity has advanced since his day. The fact that Keats wrote without a moral consciously in view is one proof of his modernity; Miss Lowell cites particularly how he tells the story in "The Eve of St. Agnes." I am reminded, per contra, of a passage in the work of the first biographer, Lord Houghton, who apologizes thus for "Endymion": "The artistic absence of moral purpose may offend many readers and the just harmony of the colour may appear to others a displeasing monotony." Miss Lowell remarks: "I am almost inclined to call Keats the first of the colour writers, certainly no one before his time was so impressed by pure colour as he. But he had also another sense, the feeling for line simply as line." She finds his "painter's vision" giving him exact and modern images—"what I call 'images of effect' he never lost." Later she remarks: "He sees as a man of imagination sees, and records as a man of science records." He had a good critical sense; Miss Lowell says that what Keats thought about "The Pot of Basil" in 1819, the world thinks about it now.

But my summary of the bounties in Miss Lowell's book must be meager and inadequate at best; let the reader keep in mind Keats' line: "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." If my opening her book at random and marking a paragraph for you here and there stirs your interest, let me add that taken either as biography or criticism, Miss Lowell's *John Keats* is a milestone. The reader may or may not agree with her critical analysis; but he must know that it is the modern approach to a life by a writer who knows modern psychology and science. The book proves that we who come one hundred years after Keats' death may know more about him than did all his contemporaries, or even he himself. (The Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

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Among the New Books

The Emergence of the Real Edward Bok

The new Edward W. Bok—the man who came to the front when his name as editor left the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*—has written a book called *Twice Thirty* which sounds the manifesto of the American leisure class. It was another man, a practical man, so the author explains, who wrote *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, for that was a book about the success of an editor. The author of the present book is an individual in full possession of his faculties, who does not have to suppress any part of himself in order to meet the tastes and views of readers of a great magazine. He has had over five years of life away from the harness and he likes it. He recommends it to others. In fact he predicts that soon other men in business and professional life will follow his example. "Gradually the American business man is learning restraint and wisdom, and the days ahead are certain to see a larger number stepping aside while life still holds possibilities of enjoyment for them. The exact age of retirement is immaterial, so long as a man's years when he does retire still assure vitality for performance and capacity for enjoyment." So writes Edward Bok. Most interesting is his discussion of the editor who displaced the individual. Several times the individual Bok came to the surface and impressed his views on the editor, and each time the editor failed. For instance, there was the publication of Kipling's "Just So" stories and "Puck of Pook's Hill." The individual Bok wanted the stories, and accepted them. But the editor in the man had advised against them. The latter's judgment was justified. Soon subscribers began to complain and to cancel their subscriptions. Then the editor determined that the human being would have to be suppressed. Mr. Bok formulated his program. He writes: "My real self recognized the literary quality of the work (Kipling), and felt the necessity of giving the people the best obtainable—not only what they thought they liked but what I thought they should have. With this view the editorial Edward Bok never had the least patience. 'Give the people what they want' was his slogan. 'Give the people what they ought to have and don't know they want' was mine." Mr. Bok found that it was impossible to edit the magazine from a personal standpoint. So he is led into a discussion of dual personality, and of the different sides of character, some of which we suppress. When he retired from the editorship it was because he felt that the real Edward Bok had been suppressed long enough. Now he is happy in service of a public and semi-public nature. It delights him. He writes sagely: "When a man works at a compensated job, he works for himself. When he works at a job for which there is no compensation, he works for others." His book will appeal to many business men. It is written in simple phraseology, contains many anecdotes, is easy on the eyes. (Scribner.)

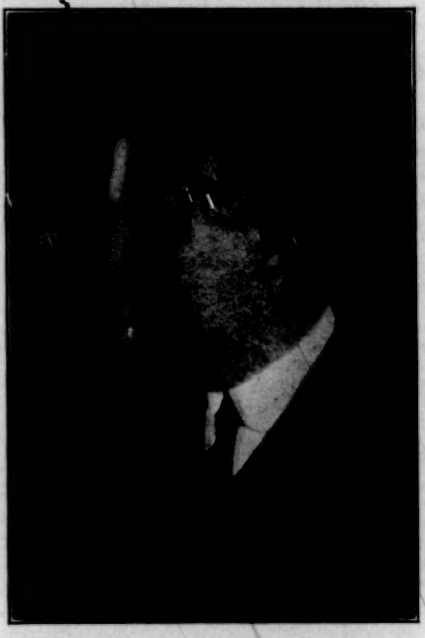
German Disintegration from the Inside

Bernhard Kellermann's novel of Germany's disintegration, *The 9th of November*, is an example of the saying that fiction is often more likely to portray the truth than fact. The shots of the revolution must have been echoing in the ears of the author when he wrote this book, for it was first published in Germany in 1920. In two years it reached fifty editions. Kellermann betrays in this book an extraordinary power to portray the psychology of the mass by laying bare the minds of half a dozen individuals. His setting is Berlin during the last year of the war, and particularly at the time of the revolution. Ostensibly here is a small circle of individuals who cross each other's paths. In reality this is Germany of the cataclysm. And even though it is difficult to convey the psychology of a people in any language but the native tongue, the translation does give the reader some idea of the German mental state in 1918. One may be quite sure that Kellermann hates the war, hates servility on the part of the mass and arrogance on the part of the officials and military rulers, and yet his attitude toward the revolution appears to be the same as that toward the war—he maintains a sort of ironical aloofness, with pity tempering his portraits of the poor human beings who seem caught in a circle that has no outlet. His strength, and his principal difference from American writers, may be said to lie in the fact that, whatever his own views, he loves the materials with which he works, whereas the serious American novelist only too often despises his own creatures. In his book, one man, carrying a message of the new dawn in his simple, human way, would seem to have the novelist's sympathy. Before he can prove himself a political redeemer he is shot down by the powerful machine which is about to be

displaced by the bleeding mob. His name—Ackermann—may not be a clue, but it is likely that the author had Liebknecht vaguely in mind when he drew the portrait. The horror of the war—the terrible sacrifices in the homes, the factories, the hospitals and on the battlefields—is never forgotten by the author. The tremendous significance of the blind forces itself on the reader. This book is not merely a novel about the war. It deals with those incomprehensible forces that move human beings for good or ill, and as such deserves a wide hearing. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

Amusing Stories of Grub Street Life

The literary fringe of London has yielded more than one yarn to J. C. Squire, who comes forward with a book of stories about people who live "'roundabout books," in *The Grub Street NightsEntertainments*. Mr. Squire's stories are light and amusing; in contrast to Mr. Michael Arlen, Mr. Squire stops in the reception room, or at most in the library. The first story, "The Man Who Kept a Diary," is an example of his method: Mr. William Wigglesworth, a bachelor, has been taunted by his niece because of indolence. On a modest income Mr. Wigglesworth gets along very well without becoming the chairman of committees or an agitator for this or that movement. One day, however, he informs his niece that he has begun a diary, and from that time on he is a marked man. Statesmen, great ladies, leading citizens, seek him out with the unexpressed hope of becoming figures in a diary that, no doubt, will rival those of Pepys and Greville. His career expands—Mr. Squire does the trick handsomely. "The Best Seller" is the story of the wife of a commonplace middle-class motor engineer, who happens to write a novel in the prevailing mode, and what happened to her economic status and her married life. "The Success" is the other side of the picture. And thus the reader finds open to him a world of writers, poets, reviewers, publishers, with London as the setting. Some of the stories have appeared in periodicals. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)



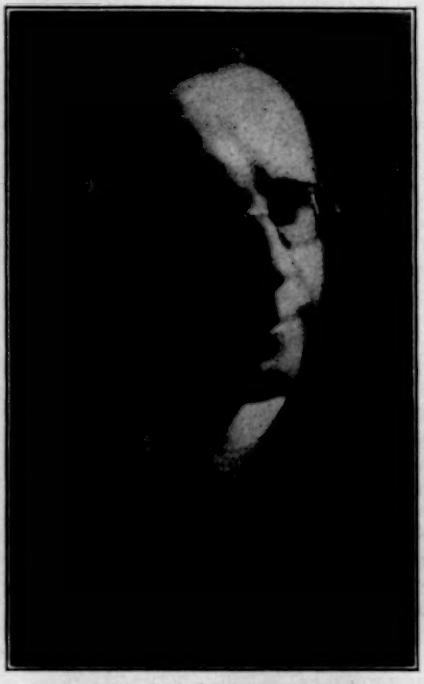
CLAYTON HAMILTON

Author of *Conversations on Contemporary Drama* and editor of the *Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones.*

The Mythical Legends of Paul Bunyan

Few Americans know that ever since men have been cutting down trees in the Northwest a series of wild legends about a mythical Hercules named Paul Bunyan has been growing up among the lumberjacks. Now and then a traveler who wanders into the timber regions hears of him; Sinclair Lewis came back from a Northern trip once and related to me at least a dozen legends connected with Paul Bunyan. But books on this subject are scarce. For that reason this readable work, *Paul Bunyan*, will be welcome to many who do not know what a tempting storehouse of legend there is in America. The stories have been collected by Esther Shephard and published in book form by the McNeil Press in Seattle, Washington. Remembering that most of these stories are told by lumberjacks, Miss Shephard has kept a hint of their dialect in the narrative, but has refrained from reproducing it completely. Thus the flavor of the telling is retained without causing the reader too much trouble with unfamiliar hieroglyphics. In the old days, writes Miss Shephard, there were men who could tell yarns about Paul Bunyan evening after evening for weeks together without repeating themselves. The principal element in the telling is exaggeration.

Lumberjacks like to tell how Paul had a hot-cake griddle so big that twenty men with strips of bacon tied to their feet had to skate around on it in order to grease it: later, when he begins logging in North Dakota, Paul puts up his hot-cake batter in six concrete-mixers, with a sixty-foot tank as a reservoir for each mixer. In the winter, when the cook made little hot-cakes, "he would string them up on hay-wire, f'rinstance, and make 'em up in rings, and then the waiters could ride along on horseback, and sling a bunch to each man as they galloped along." The dimensions of the cooking establishment are always huge. Thus: "The stove in the cookhouse in North Dakota was so big it took three acres of timber every day to keep the fire goin' in it. One day one of the cooks put some bread in the oven and went around to the other side to look at it, but it was so far around it'd baked and burned to a crisp before he could get there. The table in the dinin' room was covered with brown oilcloth, and was so long that Paul had to have waiters on roller-skates to get the food down to the lower end before it would be all eaten up by them that was lucky enough to be at the upper end of the table. . . . There was one fellow whose job it was to drive the salt and pepper wagons around the tables. He'd generally start out in the mornin' and get to the lower end at night, and he'd be ready to start back next mornin' again." Perhaps it need but be added that it was Paul Bunyan who dug out Puget Sound. He did it with his own spade. My brudder Sylvest was not in the same class with Paul Bunyan.



DONALD OGDEN STEWART
Author of *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad*

The Second Book of *The Peasants*

If you have not read the first book in the series of four called *The Peasants*, by Ladislas S. Reymont, winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1924, begin it now that you have the added advantage of following it at once with the second volume. In all there will be four books, bearing the names of the seasons, with *Autumn* and *Winter* now ready. The second book proves the importance of the work, for here the author shows his ability to depict human emotions and to describe individuals and the mass. The first book prepares for misunderstanding and hatred between Boryna, a peasant who has a great deal of land, and his son Antek who is married and lives with him. Boryna woos Yagna, a young girl whom Antek loves clandestinely. The first book is occupied with the setting, the community, and the wedding of Boryna and Yagna, resulting in the estrangement between father and son. The second book begins with Antek still permitting his family to suffer while he remains irresolute, but gradually, driven by the goading of his wife, he shoulders the responsibilities that are his and begins working for the miller as a common laborer, hewing wood. In his heart smoulders a passion for Yagna. The latter has, until now, been able to maintain the superior position in her household, keeping her older husband in leash by her coquetry. But the time comes when Antek meets Yagna and resumes his relations with her, and soon tongues are wagging and Boryna becomes suspicious. Every character grows under the author's touch. Boryna's attitude toward Yagna, Antek's attitude toward his family, the growth of the lover's passion—all this is portrayed so skillfully that every part remains in the picture and true to the author's aim of presenting not the emotions of isolated individuals, but life as a whole. *Winter*

rises to a climax of intensity and great force. The arrogance of the lords of the manor permits men of a neighboring village to come into this clannish community to cut down the timber, which the peasants regard as their heritage. A tremendous fight ensues, in which Antek, suffering under a sense of deep injury, is tempted to waylay his father, but at the height of the battle his father is severely hurt and the son rushes to his aid. The book ends with this note of reconciliation, but with the threads of the story still hopelessly tangled. *The Peasants* makes plain that the place of Reymont among the Nobel prize winners is well earned. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

On Intelligent Traveling in Europe

The man who came back recently from Europe and complained about the waste space in the towers of the Cologne Cathedral, which, based on an estimate of the ground rent in that part of Cologne, meant the loss of a handsome fee, needed the guidance of one of those travel courses that Miss Clara E. Laughlin, author of *So You're Going to Paris*, has prepared for restless Americans. Miss Laughlin's new book, *So You're Going to Italy*," will be issued this spring, uniform with the book which so many Americans used in Paris last summer. Miss Laughlin now has available a series of pamphlets that outline specific travels for Americans and give information of service to those who value the literary associations of old cities. A new series of ten pamphlets called *Your Trip to Italy* gives specific advice on what books to read before approaching the classic land. Of course it tells a lot of other things—and even seasoned travelers will recognize its usefulness.

Miss Laughlin's booklets are published at the Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Harry Furniss Writes More Reminiscences

The good old Victorian era is always hovering in the wings, ready to appear and bow every time the jazz stops. Without doubt it is immortal, and so long as books are written, its characters will amuse us. Harry Furniss is the latest to recall its greatness in *Some Victorian Men*, and so impressed is he by their posturings that he wipes out the twentieth century at the same moment. I can agree with him that the Victorian age was an age of genius, perhaps even follow him when he writes: "The Victorian era, after the Elizabethan, was the greatest in

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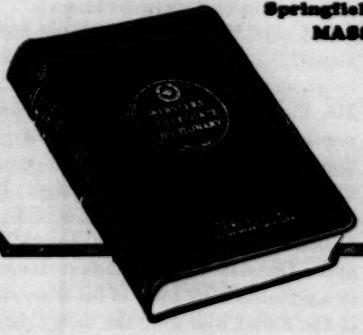

the history of England and by far the most interesting, humanly speaking." But it is difficult to agree that our century is "a mechanical, superficial, second- or third-rate commonplace period." That would seem to be getting down to the lowest stage of the commonplace. And the reason? Mr. Furniss believes that "the gradual assimilation and levelling of classes has resulted in an absence of distinction and individuality. Men and boys have become slovenly in dress. We have settled down to a kind of go-as-you-please, wear-what-you-like way of existence, and our women and girls have become alarmingly unconventional in attire." At this point I looked up Mr. Furniss' long and interesting record as a writer and an illustrator; he was born in 1854, and joined the staff of *Punch* in 1880. Well, then, I shall not begrudge him his little gibe at my own generation. Upon reading in this interesting book, I find it to be made up largely of fascinating anecdotes aboutfamous men, most of whom Mr. Furniss knew personally. Carlyle he saw for the last time on the Embankment, "as usual smoking and stargazing. Ruskin, when I last saw him, was book-gazing at a shop in Garrick street, and Meredith, old and decrepit, was fixed in his donkey-chaise near Flint cottage, Box hill, a handsome, picturesque old man." Swinburne, says Mr. Furniss, "was not master of himself." One is reminded that in the Victorian age puns were in good social standing. Mr. Furniss records: "The Victorian punster has no follower in the present generation. It seems that puns are considered silly, and by some almost offensive. It may be that we have not the wits to invent them." Sometimes men acquired a reputation for puns. Oneof them, observing a great agitation in a private dining room of his club, inquired of the waiter who were the merry party.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE

A caricature drawn by Harry Furniss, famous London illustrator, for his *Some Victorian Men*.

"It's the pawnbrokers' association, sir."

"Ah, I suppose they are pledging one another."

Mr. Furniss will be remembered as the illustrator of Lewis Carroll, Charles Dickens and many others. His book roams the Victorian field—authors, poets, entertainers, political leaders—all find a place in his reminiscences. He wrote, you may recall, *Some Victorian Women*. And an entertaining book on boxing in bygone days. The present book is copiously illustrated with drawings by himself. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Unmasking the Male Sex

Few women have dealt so frankly with their generation as has Rheta Childe Dorr in her confession, *A Woman of Fifty*. Mrs. Dorr has been prominent in many efforts to liberate women. From the beginning man to her was the feudal lord who must be made to give up his privileges to his less fortunate serfs. She fought the battle of the factory girl, the sweatshop worker, the unenfranchised mother, and broke down countless barriers. Therefore this book will have an especial appeal to women who have been active in feminist movements in the last thirty years. Mrs. Dorr began as a journalist, and her most effective work in the battle for liberation was done for newspapers and magazines. At first she was a socialist and joined in meetings attended by such worthies as Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Hutchins Hapgood, Arthur Bullard, Ernest Poole, Graham Stokes, and many another whose name has since been attached to other causes. She writes: "I wish Comrade Lewis would write a socialist novel. He stayed in the party longer than I did." Mrs. Dorr tried co-operative housekeeping in the tenement districts, and personally suffered with the underpaid sweatshop workers, learning "from the inside" the truth about the treat-

ment of women in industry. To her energy no doubt is due much of the success attained by women in their movements. It is characteristic that she used the tools that came to hand, and that she co-operated as readily with the woman's clubs that showed an ability to get something done as with the socialists of her earliest days. Altogether she preferred action to discussion and was always to be found at the front. Her opinion of men will interest the few that have the temerity to read her views. On the whole she makes the rulers of the universe look like small potatoes. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

More About "These United States"

A few seasons ago Ernest Gruening edited the first book in a series called *These United States*, which contained papers on various states of the union, written, for the most part, by young men who seemed to take unusual delight in proving that theirs was not the land of the free and the home of the brave. Among the widely known writers who acted as pall-bearers at that event were Zona Gale, who wrote of Wisconsin, H. L. Mencken, who "handled" Maryland, Robert Herrick, who described Maine, Sherwood Anderson, who tore up his return ticket to Ohio, and many others. The second book in the series is now ready, made up, for the most part, of essays that have appeared in periodicals in the last year. In this "symposium" are included Minnesota by Sinclair Lewis, Illinois by Howard Vincent O'Brien, New Hampshire by Ralph D. Paine, Nebraska by Willa S. Cather, Oklahoma by Burton Rascoe, New Mexico by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, Indiana by Theodore Dreiser, Georgia by W. E. Burghardt DuBois, Alaska by Bruce Rogers, and Hawaii by Clayton Hamilton. Not all of these essays are iconoclastic or satirical, but the book does not pretend to have the city album prepared by its best citizens. The book reflects a healthy spirit of inquiry and militant watchfulness, which is all the more needed since the growth of bad government in so many places in the United States. It is at least of some importance to our own generation to become aware of keen, spirited criticism. The historian who surveys the American scene one hundred years from now, and laments over the tremendous wave of politi-

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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cal profiteering that spread over America in the second and third decades of the twentieth century, will discover, through books like these, that not all of his forefathers were asleep. Even Howard Vincent O'Brien, the author, who is a gentle soul, becomes militant when he faces the phenomenon of Chicago—"a gross lout of a city, long on health and vigor and ruthlessness and imagination and money, with less sign of sprouting what is known as 'culture' than a cement sidewalk shows of sprouting grass. . . . The Chicago seal is graced by a somewhat portly

EDWARD A. FILENE

President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, whose book, *The Way Out*, deals with changes in business and industry.

female of Grecian origin, whose motto is 'I Will.' The words are better than the picture. There is nothing feminine or Hellenic about Chicago. A better personalization of it would be the type so familiar in the recent era of high prices and labor scarcity—hands rough and a little soiled, wearing a silk shirt and diamonds, who ordered two pianos at a time, stripping bills from the 'wad' extracted from his 'pants' to pay for them." Well, Mr. O'Brien may be right. He lives, as I do, in Winnetka, which is twenty miles outside the pall of smoke, and neither of us needs to go into the city save for such trivial matters as the day's occupation and the week's pay. (Boni & Liveright.)

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

THERE is a real adventure in reading the titles that catch your eye in the window of the bookshops, and making mental note of the ones you mean to read. This merry game goes on day after day, and you know very well that you will never read them all, because nature and society will not grant you the time. At this season of the year authors come back like birds from the south; they flit in, perch on your window sill, and chirp of the books with which they mean to honor and ensnare you. Already the titles have made me determine to read far more than my eyes can ever hold. But of the new books that are announced for this spring, who would not want to dip into Richard LeGallienne's anthology of American poetry to determine who has been included in this roll of honor? Or into the new popular edition of the *Anthology of Pure Poetry*, by George Moore? The new life of Leon Bakst by Andre Levinson will catch your eye as it stands beside *Presenting Morris Gest*, by Emil Spewack. Now that R. H. Mottram's *The Spanish Farm* has been crowned with laurel in England, more friends than ever will watch for the new book, *Sixty-Four-Ninety-Four*, in which he is said to carry forward the original story from a new angle. Perhaps you will be eager to follow the vicissitudes of *Bobbed Hair* as it comes from the pens of twenty authors, including Carolyn Wells, Alexander Woollcott, Wallace Irwin, and others, or to read *The Virgin Flame*, by Ernest Pascal, to discover why it was called *Ragtime* in England. Those of you who take your poetry in bulk, by the gross, will want to see what new poems Burton E. Stevenson has added to his bulky *Home Book of Modern Verse*. William McFee's slim little pamphlet *An Engineer's Note Book* has grown to large proportions and will be a full-sized book for his loyal audience. One publisher announces a facsimile reissue of the thirteen volumes of the famous *Yellow Book*, which has long been a collector's item. And so the list grows larger until one finds on it authors of honored names, and authors who appear for the first time, and some who, no doubt, will lisp in accents yet unknown. For a continuation of this fascinating list see any bookseller's window.

From Peak to Peak with H. G. Wells

H. G. Wells is like a guide in the Alps: he gives you a rope to cling to and then with his staff seeks new paths for safe wayfaring. To express the wish and the hope of an inarticulate body of intelligent men is an unusual talent, and links Mr. Wells with the great preachers of an age when the pulpit rather than the book was the guide in social progress. But the old preachers were often platitudinous—their sermons in sets of ten and twenty volumes will often afford proof of that—and Mr. Wells is no exception to the fact that one cannot always have pearls to cast. His best quality is that he deals with contemporary events, and that whatever he dis-

cusses is linked up with the political, racial and national movements of our own day. *A Year of Prophesying* is distinctly a book of that sort—it deals with affairs of the moment and with Mr. Wells' stimulating views on them. These are put forcibly, with a great deal of conviction behind them. Because of this fervor it is very likely that Mr. Wells succeeds, more than any other writer in his field, in stirring those submerged promptings to strive for beauty and justice which he believes exist in nearly everyone. Much as Mr. Wells abhors greed, selfishness, commercialism and nationalism, he still thinks that these are but surface manifestations which can be put into a proper channel, so that the better aspirations of humankind can come to the fore. What a powerful writer of editorials Mr. Wells would be if he worked anonymously day after day on a newspaper that gave him free rein! He would give his readers something to think about, and especially something that was not wholly beyond them, nor beneath them. (The Macmillan Co.)

Books Useful for Students of the Theater

There is such an interested audience in America for books on modern plays and on play production that it is a pleasure to announce two new publications which should prove most helpful to study clubs, dramatic organizations and amateurs generally. The most important is *A Study of the Modern Drama*, by Barrett H. Clark, which has for its subtitle this accurate description: "A handbook for the study and appreciation of the best plays, European, English and American, of the last half century." Mr. Clark endeavors to "suggest, rather than teach," and in this he is successful, for he is explicit and careful. He addresses an audience which seeks to be informed and is interested without being highly critical. Thus thousands will find him helpful. The ground he covers includes modern plays of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, England, Ireland, America and the Yiddish drama. Many of the plays are familiar ones. Russian authors represented, for instance, are Tolstoi, Gorky, Chekov and Andreyev. The Germans are Hauptmann, Sudermann and Wedekind. The Austrians are Bahr, Schnitzler, and Hugo von Hoffmannstal. The Americans are Bronson Howard, Mackaye, Cohan, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, Walter, Sheldon, Tarkington and O'Neill. For the most part he gives no attention to the experimental theater, nor to the modernists and expressionists—O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" is probably the most recent of the plays discussed. (Appleton.) Another book of interest to students of the theater is *Acting and Play Production*, a manual for classes, dramatic clubs and little theaters, by Harry Lee Andrews and Bruce Weirick. (Longmans, Green & Co.) This book takes its illustrations almost entirely from very recent plays. There is much emphasis on technique, and exercises for the actor are given in great detail, with descriptions of how to walk, talk, laugh, with examples. Some of this savors of the elocutionary school, but no doubt much of the advice is helpful, if accepted by the novice as a guide. Practical suggestions for make-up, costuming, etc., are a part of the book. A third volume which aims to meet the needs of study clubs and schools is *The Living Drama*, by Nellie Burget Miller, chairman of the department of literature of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This gives a sketch of the play from the earliest days down to the present time, and presents summaries of sixty plays and references to many more. (The Century Co.)

The "Good Old Days" of Real Sport

And now the Eighteen Nineties are historical material, useful for the novelist and the biographer. Only a few short years ago, so it seems to me, men were wearing little brown derbies with tiny rims, short double-breasted coats with wide lapels, Ascot ties with diamond horseshoe stickpins and collars that kept the chin tilted up forty-five degrees. Those were the days when race-track and ringside men dominated the world of sport. They come back in all their tinselled glory in James J. Corbett's *The Roar of the Crowd*, a bit shoddy, often a bit vulgar, but nevertheless a part of America only a few decades ago. (Putnam.) This is the book of Corbett's fighting. Old familiar names and episodes float back out of the pink pages of yesterday's newspaper: Choynski, John L. Sullivan, Kilrain, Peter Jackson, William A. Brady before he made his stake, Sharkey, Jeffries, Maurice Barrymore. Corbett has told his memoirs to Robert Gordon Anderson and they bring back the atmosphere of the days before fighting was "commercialized." The good old days are gone, laments the author, for now no man will enter the ring unless a fortune awaits him, whereas in the old days men loved to fight for the fun of

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A YEAR OF PROPHESYING

by H. G. Wells

Mr. Wells does not believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, and so he criticizes our clothes and our houses, our amusements, our ways of trading, our laws, our political governors, the British Empire, the American constitution and the policy of France since the Armistice. But he does it all with so graceful an airiness that it is impossible to be angry with him, and those who agree with him least will be most amused and edified by his outlook on present-day conditions all over the world. $2.00

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it. The book reveals Corbett as an energetic character, but one who relied on strategy as much as his fists. Here is one of his anecdotes:

I had not known Mark Twain before, but seeing him in a crowd at a benefit, I introduced myself to him.

"I've always admired you, Mr. Twain," I said, "though I've never met you before. I want to shake your hand. My name's Jim Corbett."

Putting his dear old white head down on my shoulder, he held out his hand.

"Don't hit me, Jim," he said with a smile.

Galsworthy's "Old English"

In *Old English* John Galsworthy has built a play around one of those old, independent Englishmen that he loves to portray. This man has lived according to his own dictates, and we meet him when he is old, portly, pinched for money but in no wise ready to surrender. As chairman of a shipowning firm he is able to bulldoze the shareholders, and in his own house he brooks no dissent. Old Heythorp is trying to provide for the widow of his natural son and for her two children, who do not know that he is actually their grandfather. To do this he engages in an illegal commission deal while purchasing ships for his corporation. A lawyer to whom he has owed three hundred pounds for thirteen years gets wind of it and threatens blackmail to get his own money, but Heythorp defies him. The play is principally a study in portraiture and lacks the plot interest of *Loyalties*. Making use of three or four familiar situations, Mr. Galsworthy applies them to a new character. Heythorp is the last of his kind, and he goes out with his flag still at the masthead. For him, too, the present age is worthless. In his gruff, acerbic manner he comments: "No actors now. Statesmen then—roast beef. Stout oak! Old Pam!" The old gentleman dominates the play. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

EMIL FUCHS

In *With Pencil, Brush and Chisel* he describes his life as an artist

Unconscious Humor

Real humor is a rare thing in the United States, where so many of our professional humorists are engaged in tickling their audience in the ribs and laughing a loud "Ha! ha!" at their own jokes. Unconscious humor is even more rare. I am told that Harry F. Liscomb had no idea that he was going to provide his readers with plenty of chuckles and a lot of hearty laughter when he wrote *The Prince of Washington Square*. Like Daisy Ashford, he wrote the best that was in him and the publishers have presented his manuscript without alterations. The prince was Jack Layton, an orphaned newsboy of the square, who appears first avenging the wrongs of his friends with his fists. He was enamored of his landlady's daughter Beatrice, "an unusually pretty and golden-haired virgin of fourteen." Jack is like an ancient chivalrous knight who has time for fighting and time for love, and little else. No one can help feel the lure of Beatrice when she pleads: "Take me into your strong arms, my beloved." "Before Beatrice's tearful orbs and her alluring rosebud lips," says the author, "Jack's apparent marble-heartedness was commencing to vanish as mysteriously as one's personal bootlegger when he has been put in receipt of the awe-inspiring tidings that prohibition agents are dogging his tracks. Emotionally Jack placed his arms around Beatrice's slender waistline, drew her tenderly to his bosom, and kissed her ruby lips. The buss set every fiber of Jack's being athrill with courtship. The blood coursed cursorily and unrestrainedly through his body, leaving a never-to-be-forgotten thrill in its wake. Beatrice underwent similar emo-

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tions — perchance more thrilling and exhilarating than those experienced by Jack. Love was having its first awakening in their hitherto dormant hearts." However much fire there may have been in the lovemaking of Jack and Beatrice, especially when, as the author tells us, Jack was "osculating her lips," it could not compare with the courtship of Rastus and Mandy, who "kissed the kiss that was heard round the park." Of Harlem the author tells us: "The men sallied forth in their smartly tailored suits of the prevalent vogue, while the women flaunted their bejewelled gowns and their fingers aglitter with sapphire adamants." And in every other line the author shows himself a master in the slang of the square—at least so it appears at this distance. We read that "Rastus's peepers welled with teardrops" and many similar effusions. *The Prince of Washington Square* will be a good tonic for rainy nights this spring. Read aloud to a group of friends makes it a dangerous rival of the radio. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

ERNEST PASCAL

Author of *The Virgin Flame*, a novel about the Jazz age

The Valedictory of a Critic of Music

Red is to be Carl Van Vechten's last book on music—unless he publishes, as he threatens, a group of older studies under the title of *Excavations*. *Red* is made up of papers on musical subjects, and takes its title from a line credited to Robert Schumann: "Red is the color of youth: oxen and turkeys are always enraged when they see it." Mr. Van Vechten says in his valedictory that he found twenty years of musical reviewing enough to satiate and dull his appetite. "I began to prefer Johann Strauss' waltzes to the last sonatas of Beethoven; Chopin pleased me more than Brahms." Musical criticism, he finds, has two purposes: "The first is to entertain the reader, because criticism, like any other form of literature, should stand by itself and not lean too heavily on the matter of which it treats; the second is to interest the reader in music, or in books about music, or even in musicians." In the essays in this book Mr. Van Vechten writes informally, with much information at his command but no attempt to bore the reader with erudition. His comment on the changes that are made continuously in the scores of great operas caught my eye. Scores, it seems, are constantly being edited, and what is traditional may not all be what the composer literally intended. Brahms was liberal with singers and artists; he was ready to permit a singer to change a note provided the composer's general plan and intent remained. "Composers not only rewrite and cut operas before they perform them; they actually rewrite them during performance," says Mr. Van Vechten; finally he offers this startling bit: "Certain changes of this nature have been made so frequently in opera airs that they have become traditional. It is no uncommon thing for an ignorant critic to severely condemn a singer for restoring the original, but infrequently heard, text." On consideration, editing by able conductors and composers does not seem as criminal as one might suppose. Wagner should have had a skillful editor to blue pencil his long-winded dreams; the same service, in drama, might do wonders for Shakespeare. It is not of the "Ring" that I complain; I have sat through "Rienzi" at the royal opera in Vienna and prayed not only for an abbreviated text but for abbreviated costumes for the males. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Getting Casanova through Ellis Island

In observing the new publications that have Jacques Casanova for their hero one

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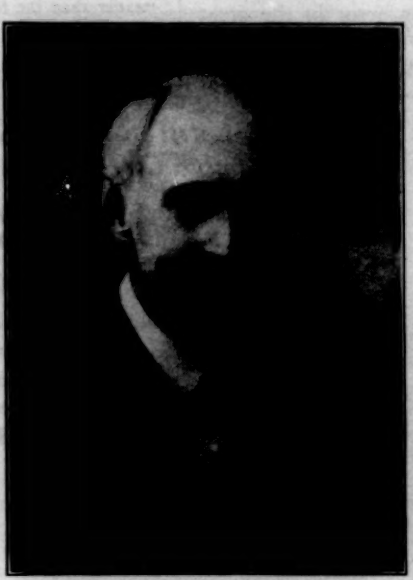
wonders how long the ban against his memoirs will last in this country. At present this famous adventurer's tales are "bootleg literature," but there is so much sniping around the subject that he may soon slip by Ellis Island in fragments. The fascinating story of his escape from the prison of the Doges in Venice has been published this month under the title *Casanova's Escape from the Leads*, with an introduction by Arthur Machen. (Alfred A. Knopf.) Another interesting work is *The Life of Casanova from 1774 to 1798*, a supplement to the memoirs edited by Mitchell S. Buck. (Nicholas L. Brown.) This traces the career of the old rogue and his publications. It is important to learn that the old library that Casanova worked in at the castle of Dux, together with its autograph letters, has been transferred by its owner, Count Waldstein, to his castle at Hirschfeld, Czecho-Slovakia. Dux has been turned into a public museum by the state.



FRED L. PATTEE

Who will defend the older standards of writing in *Tradition and Jazz*, out this Spring

The Most Fascinating Medieval Towns

If I were asked to name the most fascinating medieval towns it is very likely that Carcassonne would be first on my list, and many another ancient keep of Provence and the Pyrenees would be included. Other travelers no doubt would choose hamlets nestling in the mountains near the Adige or ancient German strongholds with memories of Roman and tribal times. I hold in memory the picture of a delightful old walled city lying like a toy town somewhere in the Carinthian Alps as the train winds into the mountain passes on its way from the Carso to the plateau of the Semmering, but it is only a miniature when compared with Carcassonne. Of Carcassonne there are many legends, and many books; the first I ever read was written, I believe, by Sir Theodore Andrea Cook, who must be, by this time, the dean of all travelers to the Provence country. But every succeeding visitor has something to tell, and the latest is Paul Wilstach, whose pencil is always busy transcribing history and color for us. In his new book, *Along the Pyrenees*, he begins at Toulouse, and thence we penetrate into the Pyrenees, visiting both Spain and France, and finding picturesque towns and interesting people along the old roads that echoed to the tramp of the soldiers of Charlemagne and the notes of Roland's horn. Mr. Wilstach forgets none of them, and as his camera is in use as he passes along, his book is enriched with pictures of towers and cathedrals, towns and mountains. His is a book for the traveler who does not demand too much; his method is to chat pleasantly of the trip and to chronicle incidents of the tour, with a sprinkling of history. The book is easy to read and refreshing. (The Bobbs Merrill Company.)

Four Short Tales by Joseph Conrad

The four stories contained in *Tales of Hearsay*, by Joseph Conrad, are well worth adding to your Conrad bookshelf. Would that the harvest were larger, but so far as anyone knows little more is to be expected except a fragment of the unfinished novel which has Napoleon at Elba for one of its characters. In this little volume are four tales, "The Warrior's Soul," "The Black Mate," "Prince Roman," and "The Tale." My own favorite is "The Warrior's Soul," with its remarkably sympathetic figure of a young subaltern, Tomassov, who is faced by a point of honor that he must solve, and its powerful description of the Grand Army of 1812 in retreat from Moscow. The Polish farmlands in winter are the setting for this tragedy. "Prince Roman" is one of those character sketches in which Conrad tells the

life story of a man whom he caught a glimpse of once. Here are intimate details of life in Poland which must have been dormant in the memory of the novelist. In "The Tale," which deals with an incident out of the late War, one finds again that subtle weighing of the imponderables while two men are matched against each other, one stern in his adherence to duty and justice, the other with an air of craftiness about him. Conrad has a remarkable picture of the retreat from Moscow in "The Warrior's Soul." "It was an amazing and terrible sight," relates the cavalry officer who has been delegated to harass the retreating soldiers. "A crawling, stumbling, starved, half-demented mob. It issued from the forest a mile away and its head was lost in the murk of the fields. We rode into it at a trot, which was the most we could get out of our horses, and we stuck in that human mass as if in a moving bog. There was no resistance. I heard a few shots, half a dozen perhaps. Their very senses seemed frozen within them. There was no tumult—only a low, deep murmur dwelt over them, interspersed with louder cries and groans, while the mob kept on pushing and surging past us, sightless and without feeling. A smell of scorched rags and festering wounds hung in the air. My horse staggered in the eddies of swaying men." There is an introduction by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. It is in the nature of a memorial. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Kathleen Norris Tells of Her Career

Noon is such a warm and friendly book that it helps explain why Kathleen Norris has found an audience all her own for books like *Mother* and *Rose of the World*. She has told here informally of her ambitions and struggles to succeed as a writer, and incidentally, just incidentally, she tells of the help offered by her husband, Charles G. Norris. He suggested New York, on $25 a week, and his courage never ebbed. Mrs. Norris writes of her first year in New York: "On five thousand a year New York is one of the most difficult cities in the world in which to live. And on fifty thousand it is supremely unsatisfactory. But fifteen years ago it was possible to manage a small establishment there very nicely on twenty-five dollars a week, to live well and to save money." Just how they did it is part of Mrs. Norris' tale, but whether aspirants to literary fame will be encouraged to do likewise is doubtful. Both members of the family faced the same problem, which

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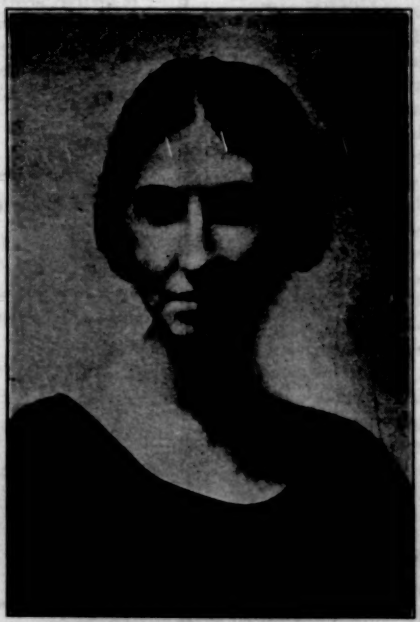
was to write books and become successful, and both have achieved this result in fifteen years. Mrs. Norris states her writing creed: "I believe, of course, in the happy ending. There are a million guideposts all along the road, leading to a million happy endings. . . . A story about service and love may be a good story, but fiction is but the guinea's stamp, after all. Real service and real love must always be more wonderful. . . . But for the genuine love that we can remember, all the great books would be so much print and paper only." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

How to Study American History

The important group of books known as *The Chronicles of America*, published by Yale University, is now being supplemented by *The Yale Course of Home Study*, which is intended to be a guide to the chronicles. All those who use these books will find this course most useful for directing the work of the student. The editors, Ralph H. Gabriel and Arthur B. Darling, provide a brief summary for every chapter and then indicate by subjects the contents of the various books. Sometimes summaries are provided as part of the index. The book becomes exceedingly useful, therefore, for its suggestiveness to students and to the general reader. Possession of the chronicles is not possible for everyone, but with the help of this study book any reader may go to the public library and find the information he wishes easily and quickly. It should be indispensable to schools. (Yale University Press.)



MARGARET KENNEDY

Her English success, *The Constant Nymph*, has just been published in America

The Collapse of Mediocrity

Gold by Gold is the story of the lad of meager talent who comes to New York City believing he is destined to rise to fame in the literary world. There must be many such that arrive month after month from all parts of the United States, offer up their simple wares and then either become the fringe that surrounds the more successful men or drift into more remunerative work. Herbert S. Gorman, one of the New York critics who has interpreted James Joyce in a clarifying book called *James Joyce: His First Forty Years*, is the author of *Gold by Gold*, which tells how Karl Nevins became too big for Springvale because a New York publisher had accepted his book of poetry. His home afforded Nevins no escape, but his marriage with an uninspiring but wholesome girl of Springvale should have disciplined him, had he understood himself. But he believed himself greater than he was, turned his back on his wife and home, and tried his fortunes in New York City. His experiences there are, for the most part, unlovely, but the truth is unquestioned. Karl remains a mediocrity. Mr. Gorman maintains his point of view toward his character and permits him no tragic climax or grandiose sacrifice. Karl simply peters out and finally returns to his home, hoping to find the girl he married and to win her back. But only his mother, a household drudge, welcomes him. The girl has divorced him and remarried. Mr. Gorman gives one the impression of having profited by the methods of James Joyce and of having introduced them here and there in a modified form. The passages that are meant to reflect Nevins' thoughts are not always coherent, and the question arises whether they ought to be. Has a reader the right to expect the author always to express what he sees and feels in symbols that are comprehensible? The book affords an interesting example of the application of new

methods of writing by an author who, for the most part, strives to be coherent and logical. (Boni & Liveright.)

A Lost Speech by Abraham Lincoln

The diligence with which investigators and scholars turn up relics of Abraham Lincoln reminds one of the excavations at Deir el-Bahri in the Theban necropolis and along the ramparts of Dover Castle. In the course of an active career in law and politics Lincoln wrote many letters, some of which are still buried as deep as the papyri in the sands of the Fayum. But biographers and collectors are on their trail. Some of the most important collections of Lincoln material are now housed in Chicago and are owned by Oliver R. Barrett, the Rev. William E. Barton and the Chicago Historical Society. Mr. Barrett has just permitted the public to share one of the unusual items of his collection by publishing a speech delivered by Lincoln on October 30, 1858, at the close of the memorable campaign which gave us the Lincoln-Douglas debates. This speech was referred to by William H. Herndon in a letter to Theodore Parker, of Boston, and was described in the Springfield, Ill., *Journal* of November 1, 1858, but was never quoted in full by any historian. Mr. Barrett has the original manuscript of the speech. The book that he has prepared is called *Lincoln's Last Speech in Springfield in the Campaign of 1858* and is issued by the University of Chicago Press. In an introduction he tells how Lincoln entered the race for senator against Douglas, considering himself a failure up to that time, and Douglas "a splendid success." In the speech Lincoln sums up the campaign with the words: "The planting and the culture are over; and there remains but the preparation, and the harvest." Then he says, among other things: "To the best of my judgment I have labored for, and not against the Union. As I have not felt, so I have not expressed any harsh sentiment towards our Southern brethren. I have constantly declared, as I really be-

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lieved, the only difference between them and us, is the difference of circumstances." The speech is short. With it comes a reprinting of the account of the meeting in the Springfield *Journal*, which remarks that "It would have required a corps of twenty reporters to take notes of all the good things said and shown during the day," but which failed to publish a copy of the speech, and a letter from John H. Morgan, of Petersburg, Ill., who heard Lincoln make the speech.

Hints and Advice on the New Books

The reviewer begs to reply to Mrs. A. D. F., Pasadena, Cal., that although numerous books on the new theater have been published recently—see especially Sheldon Cheney—she is justified in her belief that the ground work is to be found in Gordon Craig's *On the Art of the Theatre*, and that one may continue to read this book with profit. A new edition with a new preface has just been issued by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, at $3. . . . To J. R., Chicago, and Mrs. V. C. L., Germantown, Pa., he suggests that a complete bibliography of the writings of Carl Van Vechten has just been published by the Centaur Book Shop of Philadelphia, uniform with those on Stephen Crane and H. L. Mencken. . . . John Arthur, New York City, will be able to obtain information regarding copyrights from the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., as well as forms for registration of titles. . . . Mrs. Benj. H. Stephens, Woodland, Cal., is referred for an essay on the work of Edna St. Vincent Millay to *American Poetry Since 1900*, by Louis Untermeyer, available in most libraries, or from the publisher, Henry Holt & Co. . . . Mrs. F. C. Scott, New York City, is advised that a very interesting series of biographical sketches of authors, including Joseph Conrad, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., at 10 cents each. These are excellent for study club programs.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

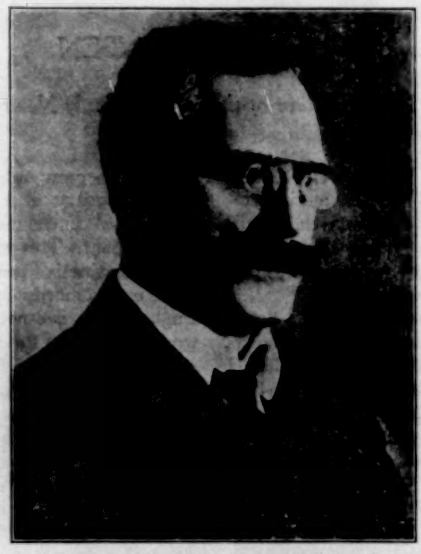
Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

MISS WILLA CATHER has written an informing essay on the qualities in an author that make for survival, in an introduction for *The Best Short Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*, an interesting collection in two volumes just published by Houghton Mifflin. Miss Cather tells how Miss Jewett's quiet tales may not have seemed half so valuable in her own day as they do now, for "a great many good stories were being written upon New England themes at the same time that Miss Jewett was writing; stories that to many contemporary readers may have seemed more interesting than hers, because they dealt with more startling 'situations,' were more heavily accented, more elaborately costumed and posed in the studio. But most of them are not very interesting to read and re-read today; they have not the one thing that survives all arresting situations, all good writing and clever story-making—inherent, individual beauty, the kind of beauty we feel when a beautiful song is sung by a beautiful voice that is exactly suited to the song." And then she goes on to say that "to note an artist's limitations is but to define his genius. A reporter can write equally well about everything that is presented to his view, but a creative writer can do his best only with what lies within the range and character of his talent." And again, of Miss Jewett's particular talent: "Miss Jewett wrote of the people who grew out of the soil and the life of the country near her heart, not about exceptional individuals at war with their environment. This was not a creed with her, but an instinctive preference." Miss Cather finds many merits in these stories of New England; she is especially interested in their workmanship, in the relation between theme and manner, and the fine command that Miss Jewett had of her talent. In fact she writes: "If I were asked to name three American books which have the possibility of a long, long life, I would say at once, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. I can think of no others that confront time and change so serenely." The latter story makes up the first volume of this series; the second volume contains "A White Heron," "The Flight of Betsey Lane," "Martha's Lady," "The Hilton's Holiday," "The Guest of Mrs. Timms," and half a dozen more short stories. The books have been given a charming dress.

Hobo Life in the United States

It must be thirty years or more since the man who called himself Josiah Flynt tramped the roads with the hoboes of the United States and Europe and recorded his observations in well-written books. These books are still being consulted by students of tramp life, and every once in a while I see second-hand book dealers advertising for them. Flynt was a student of social phenomena, but Glen H. Mullin, his modern counterpart, took to the road as an experience. But, like

Flynt, Mullin was an educated man and he remembered vividly what he experienced. In fact the book that he has written to record this experience, *Adventures of a Scholar Tramp*, has held my attention as few novels do. It is thrilling and fascinating and so well put together that the reader gets something of the hobo's point of view and comprehends the restlessness that leads men to steal precarious rides on trains and dodge constables and policemen in all the cities of the country. Mr. Mullin shows that even today it is possible for two grimy hoboes to climb aboard a crack train like the Twentieth Century Limited and ride sedately "on the decks" free of charge, while more affluent patrons pay large sums of money for the same accommodation. But the hobo cannot always ride on fast trains; often he has to "glom a rattler," or climb aboard a freight, and if he can avoid "shacks" or brakemen, he can ride fairly comfortably in "gondolas"—pronounced with the accent on the second syllable—or in empty freight cars. Up and down the country he goes, meeting all sorts of derelicts, frayed, broken characters and adventuresome ones, jumping a train as it leaves the railroad yards, and departing from it in the early dawn when it enters a new town. Wiping the grime from his face with his bandana, the hobo then tries to beg breakfast, a practice called "throwing your feet," while the actual work of asking for food from door to door bears the name of "battering the privates." Of all the feats of stealing rides described in the book, that of "riding the rods" seems the most hazardous. The rods are the long truss-rods that run from front to rear under a Pullman. Mr. Mullin writes of his first adventures on the rods: "My fear seemed to be that the train would start suddenly and grind me beneath the wheels. When I felt myself out of danger of this, I became conscious of lying at full-length sidewise upon a rod about a foot from the road-bed. This rod was about the diameter of an ordinary broom-handle and extended parallel with the car just inside the wheels. It ran alongside a wooden battery-box. This box not only served as a partial support to me as I lay upon the rod, but it screened me pretty effectually from an observer on the platform. A few inches above, the floor of my coach (my ceiling) was traversed by many rods of various dimensions; but there was enough space between them and the floor of the car to afford a hold for my hands, and even to hook in one foot for still greater security." And with trains running at full speed the practiced hobo not only is fairly comfortable, but sometimes even drops off to sleep in this precarious position. Some of the words with which hoboes enrich our language will be of interest. A "harness bull" is a uniformed policeman, whereas a "dick" is a detective. Begging for food is also known as "scoffing." A lunch from a housewife, put in a bag, is known as a "lump," a "hand-out," a "poke-out," or a "dukee." When hoboes steal clothing off a line it is called "glomming the grapevine." An accomplished hobo is "blowed-in-the-glass." Mr. Mullin meets many of them—Frisco, Pennsylvania Shorty and Whaleoil Pete—and the adventures he gets into in this fair land of ours make you think that Sir A. Conan Doyle had a hand in the telling of the tale. (The Century Company.)

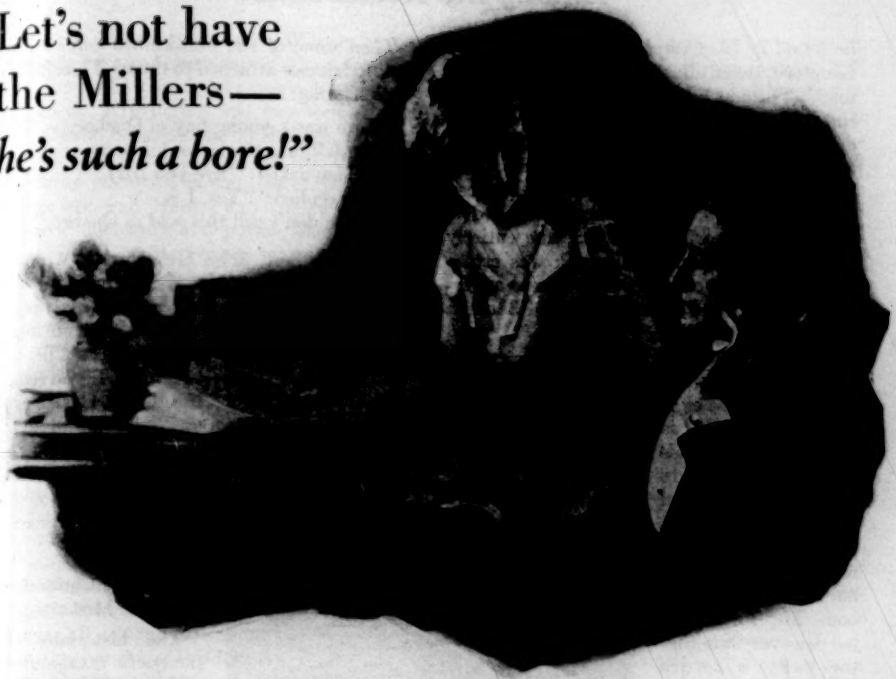


KNUT HAMSUN
Author of *Segelfoss Town*

Official History of the Limerick Craze

In these days when the cross-word puzzle is sweeping the country it is interesting to be reminded of the great limerick "boom" of 1907–8 in England. This information may

"Let's not have the Millers— *he's such a bore!*"



IT WAS a week before their wedding anniversary. They sat down to draw up a list of friends for the party.

Many names went down on the list without question. The Robinsons—Clark and May. Harry Parker, who from small beginnings had made himself into the best known architect in the State. The Browns—Mary Brown can always be relied upon to be the life of *any* party, and Bob Brown is being prominently mentioned for Congress.

Yes, it was an easy list to draw up; until it neared its end. And then, she suggested Joe Miller and his wife.

"You went to school with Joe," she said, "and he was at our wedding. Of course, I know he'll be a drag—but I think we *ought* to have him."

Her husband frowned. "We've given many a party for people we *ought* to invite," he said. "But this is our own party. Let's make it a real success. Let's not have the Millers—he's such a bore!"

In how many homes in America is this conversation repeated, whenever a party is planned! How many men go through life like Joe Miller—boring their friends, keeping their wives out of interesting invitations, and getting nowhere in particular in a business way?

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be found in *The Complete Limerick Book*, by Langford Reed, illustrated by H. M. Bateman. (Putnam.) It appears that a limerick competition was inaugurated by the editor of *London Opinion* and immediately followed by dozens of newspapers and periodicals. The postoffice, used to selling between 700,000 and 800,000 sixpenny postal orders in six months, sold 11,400,000, due entirely to the craze. Soon the limerick was established, and then came its diversion to advertising. A tobacco merchant named Samuda offered astounding prizes for a last line to a limerick extolling the merits of his cigarettes — in fact as much as three pounds per week for life to the winner — and when this contest ended initiated two more contests with baits just as marvelous. Mr. Reed tried to discover whether the lucky winners were still receiving their prizes but his inquiries met with no response. If the first winner is still living, "he can surely congratulate himself on having broken the world's record in respect of receipt of munificent remuneration for literary work, for already his reward averages about 450 pounds per word!"

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

His new book, *The Adventures of Wilbur the Hat*, is in his best ironical manner.

Mr. Reed publishes, among others, the famous series of Nan of Nantucket, which originated in the Princeton *Tiger* and ran through the newspapers of the United States, until fifteen limericks had been assembled. It is disconcerting to read that the original author of the famous verse is unknown; even today his identity should create a sensation for the Sunday supplements. He wrote, as many readers will remember:

There was once a man from Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,
  But his daughter named Nan,
  Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

Then some of the best-known come with honored names attached to them. Thus Rudyard Kipling:

There was a young boy of Quebec,
Who fell into the ice to his neck,
  When asked: "Are you friz?"
  He replied: "Yes, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

W. S. Gilbert, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Sir Gilbert Parker—they have all written limericks in their day. This book contains 400 examples, so I can't begin to quote. If you read the book through you'll be inoculated, and perhaps become a limerick-carrier. Probably it's the next stage after the crossword puzzle.

A Friendly Chronicle of the Moderns

The historians of the poetic renaissance of the last fifteen years are sharpening their pencils and recording their victories. The America they celebrate has little in common with the nation of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Charles Godfrey Leland and Julia Ward Howe. It is an America in transition. Alfred Kreymborg is probably as well fitted to tell its story as anyone. He has done so in his autobiography, *Troubadour* (Boni & Liveright). Born in 1883 in New York City, he has been a part of the poetic renaissance, and a close observer of the moderns. He grew up with the generation of poets, authors and editors that included Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, George Cram Cook, Carl Sandburg, Floyd Dell, Sherwood Anderson, Lola Ridge, Alfred Stieglitz, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Arthur Davison Ficke, Maxwell Bodenheim, Conrad Aiken, Witter Bynner, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, E. E. Cummings, Orrick Johns, Burton Rascoe, Ezra Pound, Harriet

Monroe, Margaret Anderson, William Marion Reedy—many more, some of whom now have names that are far from being unhonored and unsung. Kreymborg, too, has been a singer; in *Others* he edited an anthology of poetry even a little farther to the left than Miss Harriet Monroe's circle; his plays for puppets are well known and beloved, and his poetic duologues and poems show him possessed of a gentle, refined talent, even if not a robust one. What this man tells in his book is the story of how an impractical poet fares in an age when his singing is almost drowned out by the noise of riveters on great steel buildings. He never had much money to speak of, and his writings never won him huge editions, but he has kept alive a healthy curiosity in new writing, and especially in writing that did not conform to outworn standards. His sensitiveness to beauty runs through the book, and his undercurrent of optimism makes it unusual in this age when many of the younger and baffled writers turn to irony as a refuge in defeat. He is sympathetic always to experiment, and warmly supports all new movements that find no shelter in the haunts of tradition and convention, whether they be in poetry, music or in painting. The story of Mr. Kreymborg's literary flight to Rome to edit *Broom*, and of the effect of that old city on his modernistic leanings, is entertaining and sometimes exciting; there come fascinating chapters of his contacts in Paris, Munich and elsewhere; a charming visit to Rapallo, where he meets Gordon Craig and Max Beerbohm in their Italian haunts, is related with much skill. The literary movement that came out of Chicago and the Middle West finds in Mr. Kreymborg a sympathetic chronicler; his sketches of Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Sherwood Anderson, Harriet Monroe and many others are inimitable. I have yet to read a book by one of our younger literary artists that is so friendly, and so generous to all the workers of the present generation.

Knut Hamsun's *Segelfoss Town*

In *Segelfoss Town* Knut Hamsun completes the story that began in *Children of the Age*. Taken together, the two books are a study of the downfall of a feudal aristocracy and the rise of an industrial community, with the workingman holding the balance of power at the end. They should be read at one time; out of them the reader will gain a knowledge of Hamsun's style—his knowledge of humanity, his keen observation and his restraint. In the book published last year Hamsun told how the old Holmsen manor, although surrounded by land, was almost insolvent, and he pictured a remarkable character in the Lieutenant, who rode his acres with head erect and with no concessions to the precarious state he was in. Herr Holmengraa arrived—a man who had risen from the peasants and by dint of hard work had become able to barter with the Lieutenant. The latter conceded land to Holmengraa and soon the town of Segelfoss grew up, the mill became prosperous, and ships from ports far away tied up at the Segelfoss wharf. In the new book Herr Holmengraa has reached the end of his creative years and begins to lose his influence over the men, who are conscious of their growing power. The small merchant who becomes prosperous by trading occupies much of the book. The town is in itself a world. Lieutenant Holmsen's son, Willatz, now grown to manhood, is a musician, and about to wed the daughter of Herr Holmengraa; Daverdana, of the first book, is still in the village, now a middle-aged mother; Segelfoss becomes more and more a busy mart. Hamsun sees the whole from within, never from an aloof peak far above the community, and he writes in terms of the town's life. *Segelfoss Town* is one of the best novels of the spring; it will remind you much of Reymont's *The Peasants*, although the themes are not actually similar. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

In the Cornwall of King Arthur

There seems to be a perennial interest in books of travel, especially those that have a touch of romance about them. Woe to the author who writes an iconoclastic travel book!—unless it be of these United States—for I am sure that readers will have none of him. Mrs. F. C. Scott, writing from Miami, Florida, asks whether there are any new books available on English scenes, and adds that she is interested "both in the beaten paths and in the haunts that the tourist rarely visits." It seems that I am called upon to list travel books on England almost every month; again two new publications lie on my desk, and although one of them, *Days in Cornwall*, by C. Lewis Hind (Brentano), is not actually a new work but a new edition, it will probably fill Mrs. Scott's requirement for a book of distant haunts, while *London Alleys, Byways and Courts* will be excellent for the visitor in London. Mr. Hind is of

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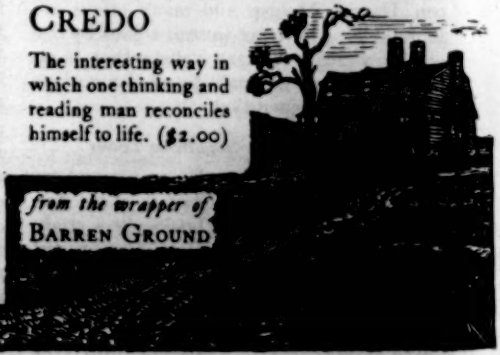

from the wrapper of BARREN GROUND

course widely known, both for his informing writing about books and authors and his literary reminiscences. He writes that *Days in Cornwall* was first published seventeen years ago; it is unlikely that Cornwall has changed much in that time, save for such innovations as were made to accommodate American submarine chasers during the War; certain it is that Mr. Hind's traveling is of the most delightful kind, for it combines information with adventure, and every vista is a new discovery. King Arthur lived in Cornwall, and as Mr. Hind approaches his castle at Tintagel he draws a pocket edition of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* from his knapsack, and reads the last chapter, and has the grace to let the reader read the lines over his shoulder. He goes back into secular and religious history and legendary lore, to the days of ancient friars whose monasteries are now heaps of crumbling ruins. Cornwall is a joy to the patient archaeologist and historian, for, as Robert Hunt remarked, there is scarcely a pile of rocks on the western shore upon which giants have not left their impress. Mr. Hind tells, among many other things, how he sought the lost land of Lyonnesse. He meets two coastguards at Cape Cornwall. "We foregathered and talked. Yes, that was Cape Cornwall, and yonder was Chapel Carn Brea, the last hill in England. Seaward, thirty-four and a half miles away, are the Scillies. Following the coastguard's direction I peered out over the blue ocean and saw them, fairy islands floating in a fairy sea.

"They say the lost land of Lyonnesse lies between," said I.

The coastguards were dubious. "There's deep sea there," said the bearded one, "though the Seven Stones between here and Scilly be land sure enough."

"We call the sea out yonder the Lioness," said the shaven one. "That sounds like Lyonnesse. . . . A chap told me that when the sea is quiet you can hear church bells ringing down below."

FREDERICK PALMER

His new novel, *Invisible Wounds*, is being published this Spring.

In the Footsteps of Michael Arlen

It happens that the other English book, *London Alleys, Byways and Courts*, described and illustrated by Alan Stapelton, is excellent for its own sake, but a friend directs my attention to the fact that those who are interested in Michael Arlen's London need this book for their guide. We have Dickens' London, and Thackeray's London, but no one so far has developed Michael Arlen's London for us, but here's the suggestion. With ready wit and a skillful pencil Mr. Stapelton introduces us to those quaint alleys and courts that have played so large a part in books about London. Here is sketched and described Shepherd's Market, now famous as the spot where Iris Storm of *The Green Hat* lingered and where Dikran lived. Here is Lansdowne Passage—need I refer to *These Charming People*, and add that here George Tarlyon met "the loquacious lady of Lansdowne Passage"? Seamore Place; Curzon Street; Park Lane; Market Street, Mayfair; White Horse Street, Shepherd's Market—those are familiar names to the Arlen followers. But Mr. Stapelton is not solely a guide to Arlen's London. He is at once story-teller and historian, and his book has material that many writers may profit by. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Outstanding Qualities in *Arrowsmith*

Sinclair Lewis' new novel, *Arrowsmith*, is easily the best of the three long novels of his new manner, beginning with *Main Street* and followed by *Babbitt*, but the thoroughness with which Mr. Lewis has described the work of the physician of today is likely to confuse

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many lay readers. They will understand, however, that Mr. Lewis is paying them a unique compliment; he regards them as mentally capable of meeting the scientist on his own ground, in his own laboratory, and not as ten-year-old children whose mental diet is a weak detective story or a flamboyant romance. *Arrowsmith* is not only the career of a man; it is the cross-section of an age, and it reveals an understanding of tendencies in American life that put Mr. Lewis far above the mere entertainer. Mr. Lewis leans to types, and his massing of details leads one to regard him more as a photographer than a selective artist, but his most severe critic must agree that he has an uncanny way of selecting just the right details, even when he overloads his book. The amount of space devoted to bacteriology in *Arrowsmith* may surprise the reader who seeks merely a light, machine-made story; it is probable that he will become interested in all of it and close the book a well-informed man. Sinclair Lewis points the way for many younger novelists whose themes have dealt superficially with marriage or college life. He rolls up his sleeves and goes to work, and he despises neither his material nor the hours of labor that it demands. He finds his themes in the American life round about us; Arrowsmith, the hesitant student who is trying to learn something, discover something and reconcile ideals and practice; Pickerbaugh, the blatant self-advertiser, who uses medicine as the stepping-stone to political preferment; Gottlieb, the distressed teacher in the medical school, and all the students and physicians with whom Martin Arrowsmith comes in contact. Mr. Lewis knows each man intimately and writes with the fullness of a Balzac, giving prodigally of all he has. Two women make the story memorable—Leora, Martin's first wife, and Joyce, his second, opposite types, and each strongly individualized. Mr. Lewis' irony is never bitter; much of it is good boyish fun, and some of it is distinctly subtle and of high quality, an advance over that of *Babbitt*. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

A Chronicle of Our Changing America

It is tragic that Samuel Gompers did not live to see the appearance of the autobiography on which he expended so much thought and care during a number of years. He died in December, on his way back to the United States from Mexico City, where he had been loaded with honors by the Mexican govern-

ment, and his book appeared in March. It is a long, detailed but tremendously interesting work, comprising two volumes of a total of 1,100 pages, called *Seventy Years of Life and Labor*. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Those interested in social and economic conditions in the United States will find it of engrossing interest, but aside from that it stands apart as the life story of an active and highly intelligent man. Gompers tells of his birth in the poor district of London and his arrival in America at the time of the Civil War. In his teens he became a cigarmaker and soon entered trade union work. His economic theories appear to have been formed early; he objected to the confusion of political platforms with social and labor issues, and fought organizations like the socialists and communists and the Knights of Labor, which endeavored to help the worker by political action. Throughout his career he was an exponent of craft unionism; he held that wages should never be cut and that labor should resist to the end any attempt to demean its position, and although he agreed that labor might use pressure on political leaders to gain its ends, he never tolerated its appearance as a political party. Gompers also believed that the ends of all were best served by co-operation between the employer and the workman, and in this book he defends his membership in the National Civic Federation with that argument. The book reveals how large a part art played in the life of this man; how he enjoyed grand opera even to the extent of slipping away from a labor conference to attend it when in New York City. He knew personally not only presidents and employers but artists like Caruso, and his book is filled with names. The whole last quarter century passes in review; his memories of the Presidents begin with Grant, and there are some interesting pages about Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson and the work for the League of Nations, in which he firmly believed. The book is more than a memoir; it should be consulted by students of American economic conditions, and especially by those interested in the relation of politics to labor, and of labor to capital.

An Important "Life" of Abraham Lincoln

It is rarely possible to fashion an accurate "life" of a great historical character in his own generation. What is written about him in that period is colored by partisanship

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MOTHER'S
RECOMPENSE

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and influenced by his personality. Succeeding generations have access to more documents, nor are they likely to be squeamish about the feelings of surviving members of the family. The study of Abraham Lincoln's career has now reached this point. The newest book, *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by William E. Barton, is likewise the most complete and easily the most reliable so far produced. It may not be filled with the eloquence of Lord Charnwood's epic, but it comes much closer to the man than that and earlier portraits. None of the contemporary accounts, of which that by William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, was the most comprehensive, could profit by documents and letters held inviolate by friends of Lincoln or buried deep in archives. Dr. Barton has built up his story from a careful examination of new material, resting in collections throughout America, or found personally by him. This gives unusual authority to the early part of his chronicle, the Kentucky and early Illinois periods. It happened that Dr. Barton began his career as a circuit rider in the Kentucky country where Lincoln lived, and where many Lincoln descendants live today. For most of his adult life he has been preparing this work. It is colorful, rich in anecdote, well proportioned, and best of all, it describes no plaster saint. The most significant contribution to our knowledge of Lincoln is the story of Lincoln's "lost grandmother," Lucy Hanks, whose fortunes have been somewhat obscured by ambitious biographers. Although Abraham Lincoln was a legitimate child—see *The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln*, also by Dr. Barton—Lucy Hanks, his mother's mother, was not married to Henry Sparrow until after Nancy Hanks, whose father presumably was a Virginia planter, was born. Dr. Barton has written fascinating chapters on Lincoln's boyhood, dwelling, with much joy in the telling, on the accident which caused the flatboat to get stuck on the dam at New Salem, Ill., where Lincoln became clerk at the general store and where the beautiful story of his affection for Ann Rutledge unfolds. Dr. Barton knows that Lincoln loved Ann, but he also feels that Mary Todd, despite her temper, played a great part in contributing to Lincoln's success. Dr. Barton is the author of a number of books and papers on Abraham Lincoln and has in his library many important Lincoln documents. Until recently he was pastor of the First Congregational Church at Oak Park, Ill., west of Chicago. He is now devoting himself to writing and travel. He has the satisfaction of knowing that his book is one of the most important ever written on Lincoln and that no student of the President will ever be able to ignore it. (The Bobbs Merrill Company.)

Another English Curate

Matty Fenwick was determined not to marry a parson, but when John Crawford came he took her unawares by leaving off the cloth while playing tennis. Matty had reasoned things out for herself and decided that established religion could not command her allegiance, but her emotions won over her doubts and she found happiness in John's love. He rose to become rector of Wyck, and in the book of that name, *The Rector of Wyck*, Miss May Sinclair has drawn his portrait. We have here an interesting study of the workings of faith. Through her love for John, Matty was able to forget her youthful doubts and to accept religion without further question. Doubt played no part in John's life, for he was able to justify his beliefs by his own brand of reasoning, which caused Philip Attwater, his brother-in-law, to remark that he never knew how unorthodox he really was. Apparently John and Matty lead blameless lives, exerting a fine influence on their community for thirty years. But their influence on their children is less happy. Milly goes into settlement work and exhibits the unconcern and directness of the younger generation; Derek is influenced by drink, but dies gloriously in battle. The book does not remind the reader of either *Harriett Frean* or *The Cure of Souls;* it is about a curate, it is true, but a different sort of man from the worldly churchman of the latter book. The writing is simple, without a touch of irony, but the book is among Miss Sinclair's most readable novels. (The Macmillan Company.)

Books for Varied Tastes

Of all the New York churches "The Little Church Around the Corner" is among the

best known. When it was founded, three-quarters of a century ago, it saw Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue as open country. The parishioners had an unobstructed view to Madison Square on the south and Murray Hill on the north. Today, standing on its original site, it is surrounded by tall buildings. But its story goes on. The interesting past is described in *The Little Church Around the Corner*, by George MacAdam, and, as may be supposed, the great actors who worshipped there, were married there and buried from there, play a big part in the chronicle. (Putnam.)

Magic in the Making is a practical book for boys and girls, and of use, no doubt, in schools. This "first book of conjuring" has been prepared by John Mulholland and Milton M. Smith, who are not only magicians but teachers in the Horace Mann School for Boys, Teachers' College, Columbia University. (Scribner.)

Another book that needs to be recommended to teachers and mothers and to all interested in the subject is *Basketry*, dealing with weaving and design, by Mrs. Edwin Lang. This book is well illustrated and discusses reed weaving, the use of wood beads with reeds, reed and raffia basketry and pine-needle basketry. (Scribner.)

Those who have already made the acquaintance of Donn Byrne's romantic style, which marries the humor of Ireland with the color of Venice, will be glad to know that *O'Malley of Shanganagh* is another tale done in this manner. The mystery of the old man of Dublin and of his youthful love-affair makes interesting reading after a day with the iconoclasts. (The Century Company.)

In Answer to Various Correspondents

Replying to R. A. McIntyre, Brooklyn, N. Y.: I have always preferred James Stephens' *The Demi-Gods* for its hilarious humor, although most readers will tell you that *The Crock of Gold* has never been surpassed. But what's in a title? James Stephens is one of those authors whose names are trade-marks; we read him for himself alone. If you will purchase *The Demi-Gods*, *The Crock of Gold* and *Deirdre* you will have no reason to regret your choice. His latest book is *In the Land of Youth*. . . . Mrs. Elaine King, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, asks "what can be done to stop the flood of foreign fiction, and why do publishers continue to introduce it when the market is notoriously overfilled with books?" This goes into the question of demand and supply, manufacturing costs and earnings, and is too deep for me. On the whole, foreign books are of a very high quality; surely Mrs. King welcomes the translations of Hamsun, Reymont and Anatole France? There is no way of stopping foreign books. Even Germany, which publishes more books by native writers than any other nation, reads all the important European authors in translation. . . . John C. Truman, Philadelphia, Pa.: The plays by Eugene O'Neill are practically all issued in book form, attractively and uniformly bound, by Boni & Liveright. You will also find *The Moon of the Caribbees* in the Modern Library. This is one of the group of one-act plays produced recently by the Provincetown Players under the general title of *S. S. Glencairn*. . . . I am glad to publish the correction that Gabriel Fauré, the composer who died in Paris two months ago, was not the Gabriel Faure who is writing the lovely travel books published by the Medici Society of America. Mr. R. T. Hale writes me that the composer spelled his name with an acute accent on the final letter. This travel series is exceptionally useful and it is good to know that this author will write more books for it.

Information About Books

You can obtain from all publishers complete information regarding their books and authors. If there are any additional questions you might desire to ask, feel perfectly free to write to Mr. Harry Hansen, care of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *49 East 33rd Street, New York.*

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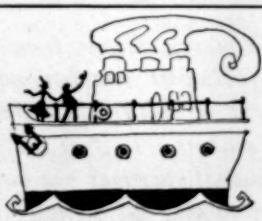

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CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE APACHE TRAIL

BY GIBSON LANSING

I SHALL never forget the happy Christmas Day my wife and I spent last year in touring the comfortable 120-mile automobile highway of the Apache Trail between Globe and Phoenix, Arizona. If business had not required me to be in Los Angeles on Thursday, December 27th, we might never have discovered the mystic beauty of this country where sharp canyons, sheer cliffs and strange cacti combine to form some of the most fantastic scenery in the United States.

As it was, we left New Orleans for Los Angeles on the Sunset Limited after an exhilarating voyage from New York by a Southern Pacific steamship. Looking over my shoulder as I write this, my wife insists that I state at this point that those winter tourists who fail to include the Apache Trail trip in their itinerary are missing one of the most interesting trips that America affords. On my own part, I might add that you will find the pleasantest of climates in this section of our radiant Southwest.

THE CHIEF'S TOWER—ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL POINTS OF INTEREST OF THE CLIFF-DWELLINGS ON THE APACHE TRAIL

It seems only yesterday that we stepped from our Pullman into the peace and glory of Christmas morning at Globe. Our companions in the comfortable 12-passenger motor car that was to take us on our day's trip were a jolly lot—two boys from Princeton and a boy from Yale, home for the holidays; a young couple on their honeymoon; four mining engineers and a fine, red-cheeked, white-haired, old gentleman who was joining his family in Phoenix. All seemed imbued with the holiday spirit and there were many "Merry Christmases" floating on the air as our motor car shot out from Globe.

Leaving giant copper mines behind us, we soared swiftly upward over Cemetery Hill into a land where every side of weird-shaped rock gave back the brilliant Arizona sunshine in a different dazzling color. Skirting the sides of sheer canyons—slipping under frowning, overhanging cliffs—we mounted the summit 3,988 feet above the sea. From this great, natural divide that separates the Gila from the Salt River Valley we saw the wonders of Apache Land spread out before us. Sparkling spires there were, needle-like shafts of rock and domes as rounded as a sugar-loaf, that alternately shimmered to gold and paled to silver. The dark canyons caught a purple haze in their cool depths. Set like a sapphire in the surrounding landscape was 30-mile long Roosevelt Lake. No wonder that the fierce Apache Indian fought valiantly for this region of romance!

From this point we made a rapid but comfortable descent to the Lake level, dropping 2,000 feet in six miles through a succession of whirling rushes down the smooth road. Just before the Dam was reached the odd homes of the cliff-dwellers appeared on the rocky buttress above the Trail. The Yale boy was the first to sight them and excitedly

called our attention to these strange cave houses.

After a short pause and a closer view of their peculiar masonry we motored westward to Apache Lodge, where an appetizing Christmas dinner satisfied our keen hunger. The walls of the Lodge were bedecked with the Christmas greens of Arizona and our party was as happy as a family reunion at home. Just south was Roosevelt Dam, holding back many million gallons of water for the irrigation of lands miles distant.

Resuming our ride after dinner, we glided through the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon and later looked into the dizzy depths of Hell's Canyon from a rocky eminence. Canyon Diablo, Niggerhead Mountain, Tortilla Rock, Whirlpool Rock and the Little Alps sped by in rapid succession.

WEIRD SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

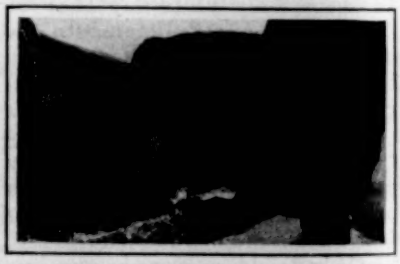
When the sun began to sink in golden splendor behind the purple hills, we passed weird Superstition Mountain—the last outpost of the range—and emerged into a smiling land of fertile fields and glowing gardens. Salt River Valley was certainly a vivid example of the creative effect of the irrigation from Roosevelt Dam. Everyone in the beautiful little towns of Mesa and Tempe seemed happy, and many joyous holiday greetings were exchanged with our party.

Then we slipped through the park-like streets of Phoenix. Here the old gentleman left for his home. The rest of us boarded the comfortable Pullman that was to bear us swiftly westward to Los Angeles. Thus ended one of the happiest Christmas Days that my wife and I have ever enjoyed.

MIGHTY ROOSEVELT DAM

If you are contemplating a tour west or a trip to the Coast this Winter, by all means take in the Apache Trail. It is easily and comfortably reached by the Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific. Through Pullman cars are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the east and between Los Angeles and Phoenix on the west. Your through ticket in either direction is honored for the side trip with an additional payment of only $20.00. There is a club car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service, an observation car with ladies' lounge, shower bath, maid, manicure and hair-dressing service, and there are sleeping cars of the latest type, and excellent diners.

Should you wish further information, you can obtain a very attractive booklet on the Apache Trail and all the facts pertaining to transportation facilities and schedules upon application to the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; Pan-American Bank Building, New Orleans; Southern Pacific Building, Houston; Score Building, Tucson; Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, or Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.



THE RIDE THROUGH FISH CREEK CANYON

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Principal, Yield, and Marketability

By PAUL TOMLINSON

THERE are certain tests which every investment must meet if it is to be considered desirable. There are certain features it must possess if it is to rank as a high-grade investment. The experienced investor knows all about these things; he has either learned them from someone else or from his own experience, and if from the latter it is entirely possible that his education has been difficult and expensive. Once he has learned his lesson well, however, it is improbable he will forget it or ever again deviate from the accepted standards of procedure.

INVESTING is, or should be, the most conservative of businesses. A man can without harm to himself and his family be radical in his speech or his dress, but if he extends his radicalism to the investment of his money, he and his family are liable to find themselves without funds in a very short time. Conservation means preservation, and the first objective of a good investment is the preservation of the money invested. This money is the principal, the original sum used for the purchase of a share of stock, or a bond, or a mortgage, or a piece of property—whatever it is that the investment may be. The probabilities are this money is the result of thrift, self-denial, and saving, and it is only prudent to wish to preserve it intact.

THE primary consideration, therefore, in the selection of an investment is the safety of the principal. The principal is like the foundation of a house; it must be strong and it must be kept strong or all the rest of the structure, no matter how charming it may be to look upon, will presently tumble into ruins and the foundation itself be destroyed.

SUPPOSE we take the case of a man with a thousand dollars who wishes to exchange this money for something which will yield him an income. He can put it into a savings bank and is reasonably certain it will be absolutely safe and returnable to him upon demand. However, he may prefer a bond, and if so he is wise if he investigates before making his purchase. What security has he for the repayment of his loan? The property pledged for the payment of the face value of the bonds is the answer to this question. If $2,000,000 of bonds are sold and the security for them is $1,500,000 worth of property, it is obvious that the principal of the bonds, while not unsecured, certainly is not protected by property of sufficient value to make it safe. Insurance companies are about the most conservative of investors, and they will not take a mortgage for more than sixty per cent of the value of a property. A bond buyer cannot go wrong if he buys

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only bonds which are secured by a mortgage drawn on the same basis. Certainly the value of the pledged property should considerably exceed the total of the bonds.

WHEN it comes to buying stock it is more difficult to be assured about the safety of the principal. A bondholder is a creditor of the corporation; a stockholder is merely entitled to a share in whatever profits there may be. Of course—and it is the case with many corporations—there may be a large equity for the stock and possibly the stockholders might fare very well in the event that the corporation's affairs were closed up, but no definite property is pledged for the protection of the stockholder's investment. When it comes to stock, therefore, safety of principal is determined by more intangible things—the corporation's management, earning power, past record, and future prospects. For these reasons it is evident why, generally speaking, bonds are rated as higher grade investments than stocks (which is, however, by the way). No matter what kind of an investment a man makes, unless his principal is safe the other things do not matter. If he is satisfied on the score of safety of principal, the next consideration is yield.

YIELD is the amount of money the owner of the principal of an investment receives for the use of his money. In the case of a bond the yield is known in advance and may be exactly determined; in the case of stock the present yield may be known, and on the other hand it may be changed without notice. A preferred stock will not pay more than the rate specified, but it may pay less; a common stock pays whatever the directors see fit to declare as a dividend.

NOW the yield is the attractive part of an investment. Naturally, everyone likes to get a high return on his money. It might be mentioned in passing, however, that the higher the yield the less safe the principal. If a bond paying $50 a year interest sells at 80, and another bond also paying $50 a year sells at par, it is fair to suppose that the second is considered a better investment; for if the first bond did not sell lower than the second and consequently yield a higher return, there would be no inducement for people to buy—but there are always many who are willing to assume risks for what looks like a bargain.

THE man who invests conservatively, however, does not pay so much attention to the size of the yield he gets. He wants yield, of course, else he would put his money in a sock and bury it in the back yard under the apple tree; but it is a sure yield which concerns him more than a big one. He wants his principal to be safe, and he wants his income to be safe too. He knows that the difference between 5½ and 6½ per cent on a thousand dollars is only ten dollars a year — less than a dollar a month—and not enough to take chances for. Consequently, if he is buying a

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bond he makes sure that the corporation's earnings are at least double its interest charges. If he is buying stock he satisfies himself that when interest charges have all been paid there is still an ample margin left over and above interest requirements for dividend purposes.

FURTHER, he carefully investigates the matter of earnings over a period of years. People who bet on horse races know that past performances are considered one of the best indications of what the future may hold in store, and this same test holds with even greater force in the case of investments. It is well known that investments prescribed as legal for savings banks and trust funds are most carefully hedged about with conditions precedent. One of these conditions always is that the corporations which issued the securities in question must have shown a certain record of earnings over a stated period of time. The individual investor who wants the best he can get will do very well to bear this fact in mind.

THE nature of the business in which a corporation is engaged also has an important bearing upon the safety of the principal of its investment, and upon earnings. Is the business one which depends upon a passing fad for its success or is the product a staple, a thing which will always be in demand? It is easy to see that a bicycle manufacturer who was very successful thirty years ago might later have failed utterly, while a steel company which was doing well thirty years ago might have increased its business with every succeeding year and be infinitely more successful now than ever before.

THE management of a company also is important. Is it a "one-man" concern or is there a strong and complete organization with a competent and far-seeing board of directors at the helm? Is the plant modern and up-to-date and in good repair? What about competition? Can the company meet its competitors on an equal footing and still make money? These and other questions are all pertinent to the subject. Certainly a man

who has invested money for the income it produces wants to have no doubts about the income being forthcoming.

NOW suppose a man has found an investment which answers all requirements as to safety of principal and assured income. Does he want to keep it as long as he lives? Probably he does not know, but the chances are that a time will come when he will want to sell it, perhaps because he needs the cash, or possibly because he thinks he can make a profitable exchange. Can he sell it? Some people have discovered that it may be one of the most difficult things in the world to find a buyer for what they have always considered highly desirable investments. Stock exchanges owe their origin to the demand for a place where securities could be bought and sold readily. Suppose, for instance, a man had a hundred shares of the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation; Steel common is generally regarded as the market leader, the stock most actively bought and sold of all the issues listed on the New York Exchange, but if the owner of the hundred shares had to go out on his own initiative and find a buyer he might find it difficult. He can, however, place an order to sell with any banker and in a very few minutes his stock will have been disposed of. Steel common, in other words, possesses the quality of marketability in marked degree, and owners of the stock know they need never worry about being able to sell on a moment's notice. This is a decided advantage, and one enjoyed by practically all the issues dealt in on the stock exchange.

IF anyone is interested enough to observe such things he can find in the financial pages of the newspapers quotations for many "unlisted" securities: that is to say, issues not bought and sold on the exchange itself but dealt in "over the counter," the transaction being the result of the would-be seller being able personally, or through his broker, to find a purchaser. Quotations for such issues are usually given in two columns, one "bid" and the other "asked." The seller offers to sell his stock at a certain

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Your Investment Problems

HARPER'S MAGAZINE takes special interest in presenting to its readers the advertisements of reputable investment bankers and in securing as wide a variety of sound investment offerings as possible.

Announcements of our financial advertisers are commended to the thoughtful attention of our readers. They form a directory of an important service. Readers are asked to study them and to use them to such an extent as they can. The Houses are carefully selected and we believe that we are justified in recommending them to our readers.

A list of informative booklets issued by these investment houses is given below. These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

COMMON SENSE IN INVESTING MONEY: A booklet setting forth the qualities in real estate mortgage bonds which commend them to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS: A booklet describing the various steps in the purchase of sound securities. Offered by George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

price and the possible purchaser offers to buy at another, and lower, figure. The sale price may be a compromise between the two, all of which takes longer and necessitates more work than a transaction in listed securities. And the less actively a stock is dealt in the greater the difference—"spread" it is called—between the bid and asked quotations.

WE heard a wealthy man say not long ago that he did not own a bond or a share of stock which could not be disposed of on an hour's notice. In other words, his holdings are readily marketable or highly liquid, to put it another way. And this has many advantages. First of all, it is a great satisfaction to know that one's investments can be quickly converted into cash, for one can never tell when it may be necessary to do this. For borrowing purposes, marketable securities are much more desirable than those for which there is small demand; lower rates can be arranged and a larger percentage of the face value of the securities obtained as a loan. Many investors will not consider bonds or stocks which do not have an active market, and frequently one of the most effective methods of dealing with the seller of questionable securities is to inquire about the market for them. A thing is worth what it can be sold for, and when (as sometimes happens) a purchaser cannot be found for certain securities, it is fair to suppose that the securities are worth nothing.

RECOURSE to investment bankers makes it easy for the inexperienced investor to find investments measuring up to the proper standards of safety of principal, assured yield, and ready marketability. There are scores of them which fulfill these requirements, and the investor who wishes to safeguard his interests to the best advantage will do well to bear them in mind. It is, of course, true that the man who insists upon these three qualities must sometimes sacrifice something in the way of yield and give up extravagant ideas of

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Your piano dealer is fully aware of the supremacy of this famous piano action. He will be glad to show you a Wessell, Nickel & Gross equipped piano, player or reproducing piano.

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profit. But, as we have already pointed out, differences in yield do not amount to so very much and if the emphasis is placed upon prevention of loss, the profit part will take care of itself. People who make big profits in securities usually suffer big losses too, and over a period of years it is doubtful if more than a handful of them make as much as the man who sticks to first principles, who realizes that the first aim of investing is to keep what one has, and that the chance of disproportionately large gains is practically always accompanied by an equal possibility of loss.

THE whole point is if an investor is sure of his ground so far as principal, yield, and marketability are concerned he has got the right kind of an investment, and there is really nothing that he need worry about. However, if he does not feel that he himself is qualified to choose investments which satisfactorily measure up to these three requirements the proper procedure is for him to lay his case before an investment banker and ask for recommendations. Bankers, of course, are no more infallible than doctors or lawyers, but if a man's business is investments it is fair to suppose that he knows more about securities than a man who earns his livelihood by some entirely different form of endeavor. When we are sick we go to a doctor, and we take our legal problems to a lawyer; when we have questions about the investing of money it seems logical to go to the man who can give us proper advice, and help. Such a man can be found in any one of a large number of investment bond houses, and there is no sum too small to claim his attention. Go to him, tell him the whole story, ask him questions, listen to what he has to say, and be guided by his suggestions. If you can't go to him, write to him. And just as a doctor must know all about your symptoms if he is to prescribe the right medicine, so the more a banker knows about your circumstances the better able he is to recommend the right investment for you.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

CAPITAL

By PAUL TOMLINSON

SUPPOSE you owned a business site on a city street and were desirous of erecting an office building on it. Your first problem would be to finance the undertaking, provided, of course, that you did not have sufficient money yourself. Your procedure would probably be to organize a corporation, and arrange to issue bonds secured by the land and building in question, and to sell shares of stock to provide whatever additional capital was necessary for the carrying out of your building program. You would sell the stock, and you would sell the bonds, and with the money so secured the building would become an accomplished fact. The bondholders would be entitled to regular interest payments at a specified rate, and to the face value of their bonds upon maturity; the owners of the shares of stock would receive their proportionate share of any profits remaining after the payment of interest charges and the expenses of operation and maintenance.

CONSIDER the number of people who are affected by an operation of this kind. There are the bondholders, who have invested their money for the interest they will receive, and because they think their principal will be safe during the life of the bonds; there are the stockholders, who believe the venture will be a successful one and have invested their money in the hope of receiving substantial dividends. There is the man who owned the site and who, because of the capital he secured from the sale of bonds and stock, was able to erect the building. Think of the people who worked on the construction of the building: the architect, the laborers, the contractors, all furnished with employment and the means of earning money. Finally, consider all the space made available for stores and for offices, the facilities offered for the doing of business and the gaining of livelihoods.

IT is capital which makes possible such enterprises in our rushing, bustling, present-day industrial civilization. One man borrows and another man loans. You go to your neighbor and you say to him, "Loan me a dollar, for I have urgent need of it in my business, and I will keep it safe for you and pay you well for the use of it." That, in effect, is what a corporation says to the investing public when it goes into the market seeking capital. And if the public is satisfied that the corporation will take good care of its money, and pay a reasonable sum for the use of it, the money is forthcoming and the corporation extends its business and growth and expansion are made possible. The borrower and the loaner are indispensable to each other in this modern world; if it were not for borrowers there would be no business, and there would be no business if it were not for people with money to loan.

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You can read the whole booklet in 10 or 15 minutes. But those few minutes can mean to you, as they have meant to so many others, years of perfect satisfaction and perfect safety in the investment of your savings. Mail the coupon for a copy of the booklet today.

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Canada	Germany	Samoa
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IN the earliest days of business and commerce, individuals were able to borrow all the money they needed from other individuals; later there were private bankers to supply the necessary funds; still later single banks could meet the demands of borrowers. These agencies still function, but when a corporation, or a city, or a government wants to borrow millions of dollars it takes thousands of individuals, and scores of banks and other moneyed institutions all banded together to make up the total of the amount desired. An opportunity to invest money in a high-grade security is a decided boon to such a group of people and institutions, and every person who buys a share of stock in a legitimate enterprise, or a sound bond, is contributing something to our civilization and helping to make industrial progress possible.

CAPITAL is accumulated wealth, and while some people still find it to their liking to attack those who possess it in large amounts, this practice is not as fashionable as it used to be. The reason for this change is probably to be found in the fact that the number of capitalists has increased so tremendously in the past few years. Any man with a bank balance, or a share of stock, or a bond, or a piece of real estate is a capitalist, and when he attacks capital he attacks himself. Also, it is a true statement that money makes money, and as more and more people appreciate this fact they have set themselves to the accumulation and preservation of some of it.

CAPITAL is no longer considered in the light of a menace. It makes work for millions of people and, set to work in proper lines, it benefits everyone who comes in contact with it. Lack of capital makes for hardships and suffering, and the plight of some of the countries of Europe following the War is a perfect example of this. Aside from the destruction of human lives, the worst thing the War did was to destroy capital, and until this capital is replaced, taxes must be high, business be curtailed, with a consequent lowering of the standards of living in the countries affected. To put it another way, it is capital which

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constitute the highest type of real estate mortgage security obtainable in any market. A few reasons for this Nation-wide endorsement are found in these facts:

1—First mortgages are accepted on completed and occupied structures only.

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3—All mortgages underwritten by this Corporation have first been guaranteed and underwritten by approved mortgage companies in the cities from which mortgages originate.

4—The Mortgage Security Corporation of America guarantees by endorsement on each mortgage bond payment of both principal and interest.

5—The National Surety Company, the world's largest surety company, endorses on each Insured Mortgage Bond its insurance against loss of principal and interest from date of issue to date of payment.

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1. **Independent Appraisals:** The property securing every issue of Miller First Mortgage Bonds is appraised, not only by our own experts, but by independent, local authorities who submit written estimates of value and earnings. Through Independent Appraisals you can own a nationally known investment paying up to 7% with as much assurance of safety as though you had inspected the property yourself and had obtained disinterested opinions on it.

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A HIGHER YIELD:—Investors obtain a yield from 1% to 1½% greater than that obtainable from other guaranteed first mortgage investments.

CONVERTIBLE TO A 7% YIELD:—The investor may at any time secure a 7% yield by dispensing with the guarantee.

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makes production possible, and it is upon production that the bodily welfare of the world depends. The more there is produced the more there is for everybody to share, and the man seeking legitimate capital is therefore planning not only to benefit himself but the world generally, whether or not he is conscious of this latter purpose. And some of the credit must go to the people who supply the capital—an interesting thing to think about when you are considering the purchase of bonds and stocks. The man who saves money is a real factor in the march of civilization, while the spendthrift is just as surely an obstacle in its path.

CAPITAL represented by sound investments is wonderful insurance, and true investors always regard it in this light. It is not profit which interests them so much as the income they will receive, and the safeguards they are providing for the protection of their families and for themselves in their old age. Statistics show that as men advance in years their earning power usually declines, and it is a fact that as they get on in life they must depend more and more upon the things that money can buy, not only for their amusements but for the necessities as well. And the moral is obvious.

NOW all of this about contributing to the world's welfare and progress does not mean to imply that we consider the accumulation and investing of money a philanthropic enterprise. Certainly protection afforded one's family is not philanthropy, and to safeguard one's old age is merely to obey the law of self-preservation, and it seems to us perfectly fair to put the whole matter squarely on this basis. Keep these objectives in mind and work towards them constantly. How to do it and how one should do it depend upon the condition and circumstances of the individual. One man's meat may be another man's poison, and for this reason it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules. For instance, to cite an exaggerated example: Suppose a bachelor with an income of sixty thousand dollars a year, derived from tax-exempt government bonds, wishes to risk ten thousand dollars of his income in some question-

ROBERT MORRIS was the financial backer of the American War of Independence. When the Continental Congress needed money to finance the Revolution, he offered it his personal fortune. He not only had the patriotism to do so; he had the money. He was reputed to be the richest man of his day, having built up a fortune through years of financial acumen and energetic conduct of his business. When this great opportunity presented itself, he was ready.

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FEW PEOPLE realize how steadily and how quickly an investment fund grows at compound interest. It DOUBLES every ten years at 7%; every twelve years at 6%; every fourteen years at 5%; provided the fund is safely invested and the interest is steadily reinvested.

Think of the opportunity thus afforded for acquiring a competence.

For the average man, dependent upon his own effort, this is the surest way of building up a substantial surplus. And bonds are his most suitable investment. They are safe and they are negotiable. He can sell them if he wishes. He can borrow money on them. He can depend upon a fixed income. The interest comes due twice a year. To collect it he merely has to present the coupon for payment.

How to Select Safe Bonds

It is a simple matter to select desirable issues if you are the customer of a good bond house. It knows all about the issues it underwrites. If you frankly tell it about your own circumstances it can suggest bonds which fit into them and properly diversify your holdings. That makes security even more secure.

The banker and the experienced investor rely largely on the bond house recommending the issue. They know it is best equipped to ascertain the real values back of the bonds which it offers.

Protecting the Investor

The inexperienced investor can protect himself in the same way. He should select a house whose business is extensive, whose experience is wide, the quality of whose issues is well known.

May we send you a diversified list of our own issues? They have been underwritten and purchased by us after the most searching investigation an experienced staff can put them to. We are glad to help you invest $1,000 or $50,000. The amount makes no difference in our service. You can purchase our bonds on the partial payment plan if you wish

Our booklet, "A SURE ROAD TO FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE," deals in a practical way with the interesting subject of systematic investing—shows what can be accomplished on YOUR income. Write for booklet HM-45

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Resources more than $10,000,000

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Caution, Care, Investigation and, above all, consultation with your investment banker will reveal safe and profitable investment opportunities for you.

The Financial Article that appears in this issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.

Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

able oil stock; there is no real reason, at least no real personal reason, why he should not do it; if he wins, all right, and if he loses he will suffer no hardship, and having no one dependent on him, no one else will suffer. Suppose, however, that a man dependent on a small salary for the support of himself and his wife and two children takes ten thousand dollars—which may be his entire capital—and risks it in some questionable oil stock; if he wins, he is luckier than he deserves; but if he loses, his family may be faced with real hardship, and their future (and his own) placed in jeopardy.

THERE is an investment for everybody, and if you do not feel absolutely confident of your own ability to choose the right one, it is prudent to consult an expert in an investment banking house. Remember that just because your friend Robinson bought stock in the Salt Water Oil Corporation is no reason for your emulating his example. And, on the other hand, the fact that Mr. Soandso puts his money into the highest grade municipal bonds is no reason for your doing what he does.

CAPITAL takes an almost endless variety of forms, and when a man wants to exchange his money for some other form of capital he has the widest choice imaginable. There are bonds secured by railroad property—terminals, rights of way, equipment and rolling stock; bonds secured by public utility properties of every sort and description; bonds of towns, cities, counties, states, and national governments; bonds of industrial enterprises secured by factories, mills, collieries, and shipbuilding plants; real-estate mortgage bonds secured by hotels, apartment houses, and office buildings. There are first mortgage bonds, second mortgage bonds, refunding bonds, improvement, adjustment, and income bonds; general mortgage bonds, convertible bonds, and equipment bonds. Property of every sort and description is pledged for the payment of bond interest and principal; customs duties may be allocated to this purpose, taxes on certain properties or commodities, income of all sorts or a special sort—in fact, there are practically no restrictions on the kinds of properties which can be pledged under a bond indenture, nor on

IMPORTANT

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Free: Mail coupon below for valuable new book on "How to Make Money Go Farther."

An Untouched Gold Mine for You

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You will find much valuable information on this subject, and on "How to Make Money Go Farther," in a new book we've had published. A free copy for you. Just mail the coupon today.

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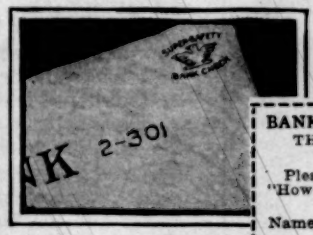

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the sources of income which may be tapped for the payment of interest and principal.

IF a man wants to buy stocks he has a choice fully as wide in range as in the case of bonds. There is practically no kind of corporation which does not have shares of stock for sale, and of course the two main divisions are preferred and common. Some preferred issues may be entitled to a specified dividend, and sometimes this dividend is cumulative and sometimes not. Sometimes there may be two classes of preferred stock, and perhaps the holders of one do not have any voting power, and one class may be cumulative and the other not. Sometimes provision is made that after the specified dividend has been paid on a preferred issue and a specified amount on the common, the earnings available for dividends over and above these amounts may be divided equally between the preferred and common stockholders. There may be various classes of common stocks, some with voting power, some without, one entitled to dividends ahead of another—variations almost without limit.

THIS may all sound bewildering to the inexperienced investor, and if it does, that fact may possibly be of advantage to him. A little knowledge is often considered a dangerous thing, so that the man who knows nothing about investments, who admits it, and who seeks expert advice and assistance in the selection of investments, frequently does better than his neighbor who thinks—and too often wrongly—that he is competent to choose for himself.

THERE are, therefore, certain cardinal points to keep in mind when capital investments in the form of stocks and bonds are being considered. First, and perhaps incidental from the buyer's standpoint, that a good investment is a contribution to the industrial welfare of the world. Second, that a good investment is excellent protection for the buyer and his family against the ever-threatening rainy day. Third, and not the least important, is to make certain that when you acquire capital investments you are getting the right kind, the kind suited to your individual requirements.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

IT is amazing to realize that there is living to-day a man who was with General and Mrs. Grant on the day of Lincoln's assassination; who can add first-hand evidence to the mystery discussed by Mr. Shepherd in his recent article on John Wilkes Booth; and who was once pursued on horseback by Lincoln and Grant together! But ***Jesse Grant,*** youngest son of the great General, is not only vigorously alive but hardly looks his sixty-six years. His present article is the first of a series of intimate recollections of his father.

"Wavering Gold," by ***Edwina Stanton Babcock,*** contributor of many an excellent HARPER story in the past few years, was awarded a Second Prize in the second competition of the Short Story Contest.

Not long ago ***Louise Collier Willcox*** (Mrs. Westmore Willcox, of Norfolk, Virginia—author, translator of many books from the French, and compiler of an excellent anthology of poems for boys and girls entitled *The Torch*) received a letter from a friend who told her he had lost interest in living. Her reply was a virtual confession of faith. Later, feeling that the world-weariness which beset her friend must inevitably have other victims, she expanded her letter into an article and sent it to us. If it brings to any readers a new sense of the meaning and beauty of life we shall count its publication worth while.

To millions of Americans whose homes will be darkened by the shadow of the moon on January 24, the solar eclipse will be a memorable experience—if only the weather behaves! We have asked ***Professor Harlow Shapley,*** director of the Harvard College Observatory, for authoritative comment on eclipses and their significance; and we print his article in ample season in order that HARPER readers may be forearmed with his expert information.

"Sons," the story of a college professor, is written by a professor: ***B. H. Lehman,*** of the English department of the University of California, whose first novel, *Wild Marriage,* will appear in a few months. "Sons" is another Contest story; it was awarded honorable mention in the third competition, as announced on the preceding page.

Christopher Morley, former conductor of "The Bowling Green" column in the *New York Evening Post* and author of *Where the Blue Begins* and numerous other volumes of prose and verse, has recently returned from a sojourn in France, of which "Baedeker Fibbed" is a delightful and amusing record.

It is always stimulating to hear an experienced observer of world politics discourse upon recent events and their future significance. ***Henry W. Bunn,*** of New York, retired from active service in the Army some years ago. Since then he has kept in touch with public affairs in both hemispheres; and at our request he has written a survey of the political high-spots of 1924, enlivened by frank expressions of opinion.

How many practicing lawyers also write fiction? None, we believe, with greater skill than ***Arthur Johnson,*** of Boston. "Mrs. Eben Paul" won honorable mention in the Short Story Contest.

The MacDowell Society of Cincinnati recently offered a prize for the best essay written by an Ohioan. There were more than a hundred contestants. The prize was wisely awarded to ***Gilbert P. Symons,*** rector of Christ Episcopal Church at Glendale, for "A Gentle Passion for Mending Things." Since we accepted the essay (without being aware of the honor it had won), Mr. Symons has been temporarily released by his congregation to take charge of the department of pastoral theology and homiletics in the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Connecticut.

The impressions of Palm Beach contributed by ***W. L. George,*** the English novelist,

will heighten the pleasure of those who are able to go South this winter, and enable the rest of us to bask vicariously in the Florida sunshine and the glitter of affluence.

Sheila Kaye-Smith was recently married, and now signs her letters Sheila Fry. Again and again her masterpiece of Sussex life, *Joanna Godden*, has been referred to as one of the great novels of this century, and every time we hear it praised we are more grateful for the opportunity to present "The George and The Crown" to the HARPER public.

The poets this month include ***Virginia Watson,*** a member of the editorial staff of HARPER'S; ***W. H. Davies,*** one-time tramp, who is now recognized as one of the outstanding British lyricists; and ***Lizette Woodworth Reese,*** of Baltimore, a frequent and welcome contributor to the Magazine.

The Lion is fed this month by ***Irwin Edman,*** of the philosophy department of Columbia University; ***H. A. Thomas,*** a Detroit business man whose real name we may not divulge; ***George Meason Whicher,*** of New York, who tells us he has followed HARPER'S MAGAZINE for sixty years; and ***William McFee,*** who is widely known for his distinguished novels and sea stories.

❖ ❖ ❖

The painting by Ivan G. Olinsky, reproduced on the cover, is the first of our new series of modern masterpieces. Mr. Olinsky was born in Russia in 1878 and came to this country at the age of thirteen. He received his training in America at the National Academy of Design and with John La Farge: thus he may fairly be considered an American artist. He became an Academician in 1919. His daughter posed for "Tosca in Orange."

❖ ❖ ❖

We have received the following letter from the president of the Miller-Reed Company, New York, builders and contractors:—

> We note in your October issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, page 616, that you state:
>
> > The beautiful Abyssinian Church on West 138th Street was designed by a negro architect, built by a negro contractor, with negro labor, and money collected from negroes in the City. Not a thing within the church but was done by negro hands.
>
> May we call to your attention that the architect of the Abyssinian Baptist Church was Chas. W. Bolton & Son, of Philadelphia (a white architect), and we were the contractors (also white)? All of the work was constructed by white labor, with the exception of several colored laborers, and we believe in justice to the architect, ourselves, and sub-contractors, that a statement should be made correcting the erroneous statement.

We regret that Mr. Bercovici was misinformed on this point and hasten to publish the correction.

❖ ❖ ❖

Only last month we were remarking the fact that so far the Judges in the Short Story Contest had preferred the work of established authors to that of newcomers. Within a fortnight they had returned their verdict in the third competition; and not only was it unanimous (for the first time), but it gave First Prize to a new writer, ***Ada Jack Carver,*** (Mrs. J. B. Snell) of Minden, Louisiana. She had already, it is true, had experience in prize-winning: she had been awarded second prize in a story contest conducted by the *Southern Women's Magazine* and second prize in a scenario contest held by the Chicago *Daily News*. But she had never before contributed to HARPER'S or, so far as we are aware, to any other magazine of national circulation.

"This is a singularly fascinating story," wrote Professor Bliss Perry (who does not often indulge in superlatives) when he wrote us recommending "Redbone" for First Prize. "Novel and rich in its setting and atmosphere, and superbly dramatic in its close, it is nothing less than a masterpiece."

We shall publish "Redbone" in the February issue.

❖ ❖ ❖

Here is our space at an end, and no chance to comment, as we should like to, on some extraordinarily interesting letters about the strange myth of John Wilkes Booth's escape which we have received since the appearance of Mr. Shepherd's article. Next month we hope to quote from them.

Americans will not wait

Accustomed to instant communication by telephone and telegraph, our military authorities realized in the late war that the American Expeditionary Forces could not depend on the communication services of Europe.

The necessary plans, materials and engineers were sent over in ship loads. A world record was made by the Signal Corps in establishing lines of communication indispensable to every branch of the army. In a surprisingly short time, every American general in France had at his instant disposal the communication facilities and service to which, in America, he had been accustomed.

Europe was sometimes startled by the amazing methods of the telephone workers from overseas. The American-trained Signal Corps units invariably sought the shortest way, overcoming all natural obstacles to extend the needed means of communication.

The Americans were not content to wait. They expected and demanded the same ever-ready telephone connections which they had at home. The Bell System has set a world standard for prompt attention and continuous service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

INDIANA LIMESTONE

Interesting Facts about INDIANA LIMESTONE

Number Two

The quarrying of Indiana Limestone is a fascinating spectacle, where powerful hydraulic stripping machines rip off the top earth like autumn leaves before a gale; where chanelling machines with mighty thrusts cut great grooves into the stone; where huge derricks, with apparent ease lift enormous blocks of stone from the quarries. When operations are in full swing, the country-side around Bedford and Bloomington, Indiana, forms a stupendous stage on which thousands of visitors each year witness a thrilling display of engineering skill.

STONE walls bring to a home the charm of old forgotten far-off things—ivied castles of other days, and dim cathedrals in distant lands.

Like the stone used in these storied walls, Indiana Limestone will impart to *your* home the same old-time, elusive charm. Its mellow richness of coloring, its smoothness of texture, its rugged endurance will make of *your* home a citadel of beauty and strength that will live proudly through the years.

Our handsomely illustrated booklet, "Distinctive Houses of Indiana Limestone," will be sent free upon request. Address, Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association, Box 753, Bedford, Indiana

Wm. H. Noll Residence, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
C. R. Weatherhogg, Architect

Start May First

LAST year two and a half million babies were born in the United States—our future citizens—the men and women who are to be entrusted with the affairs of tomorrow. Precious as these little lives were, not only to their parents but to the country itself, *one* out of every *thirteen* died before its first birthday.

This tragic waste of human material must be checked. A plan is under way to bring this about. Every mother and father, everyone in America who loves children and his country, is asked to help.

May Day, which has always been one of the banner days of childhood with its picnics and its gayly-ribboned May-poles will hereafter be known as National Child Health Day.

May-Poles—Symbols of Health

When you see the May-poles, think of them as symbols of sound health for children.

All over the country members of religious, business, fraternal, patriotic, labor and other organizations are working to make Child Health Day a success.

There will be celebrations and festivals, public gatherings and speech making. Stores from coast to coast will have special window displays calling attention to Child Health Day. Business concerns, mills and factories will have important health demonstrations.

The men and women who are working for an improvement in child-health are taking steps to safeguard the right of every child to reach maturity in good condition physically, mentally and morally.

Find out what your community is doing to celebrate May Day. Let's not have a slacker town or city in all the country.

Herbert Hoover's Plea

The purpose of the May Day Celebration is to focus attention upon our most precious national asset—our children . . .

The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

It is for the reiteration of this truth, for the celebration of it until it shall have become a living fact, that we urge all people of good will to join in the celebration of May Day as Child Health Day.

Herbert Hoover.

Every Home a Health Center

Have your boys and girls physically examined at least once a year. See that they eat the right body-building food. Make certain that they play every day in the fresh air, sleep long hours with open windows and establish healthy body-habits. Give them buoyant, joyous health. Endow them with strong, sturdy bodies.

But remember that the dreams you dream on May First and the plans you make must be carried out every day in the year to give your children the best possible chance in life.

There are upward of 35 million children in the United States who are subject to dangers in many communities by failure of community safeguards. In some sections of the country impure water and impure milk are supplied. In other communities inadequate provisions for health inspection are made. Again, too few playgrounds are opened or too many children are permitted by law to be at work in factories when they should be in school.

Six countries have lower infant mortality rates than the United States. There are many countries which lose fewer mothers in childbirth.

We need more prenatal and maternity care and instruction; closer supervision of health in schools; nutrition classes; more playgrounds and a wider system of public health measures.

The New May Day brings a plea for safeguarding the welfare of our children. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published a booklet, "The Child", which is a guide and help to mothers. It will be mailed free, to any one who asks for it, together with a Child Health Day program prepared by the American Child Health Association.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

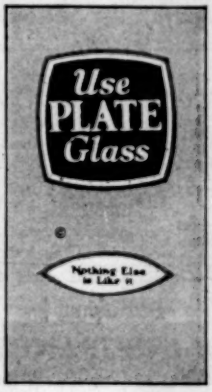
Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

A window frame is a picture frame

A WINDOW frames thousands of changing pictures—the intimate charm of a garden, the vista of a curving road, the first faint flush of green in the spring. Plan that your client may view the pageant of the seasons through the perfect clarity of Plate Glass. The surfaces of Plate Glass are flat, parallel and polished. They present no obstruction to the eye. The wavy distortions of ordinary window glass are notably absent in Plate Glass. Viewed from the outside, Plate Glass enhances the appearance of any house. Its brilliant surface is quickly and easily cleaned. It adds beauty and distinction wherever used.



To glaze a house, large or small, with Plate Glass costs less than one per cent of the total cost of the house, and it invariably pays for itself in increased selling or renting value. Specify Plate Glass. Your architect will give you comparative figures.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS of AMERICA

Overseas Trade

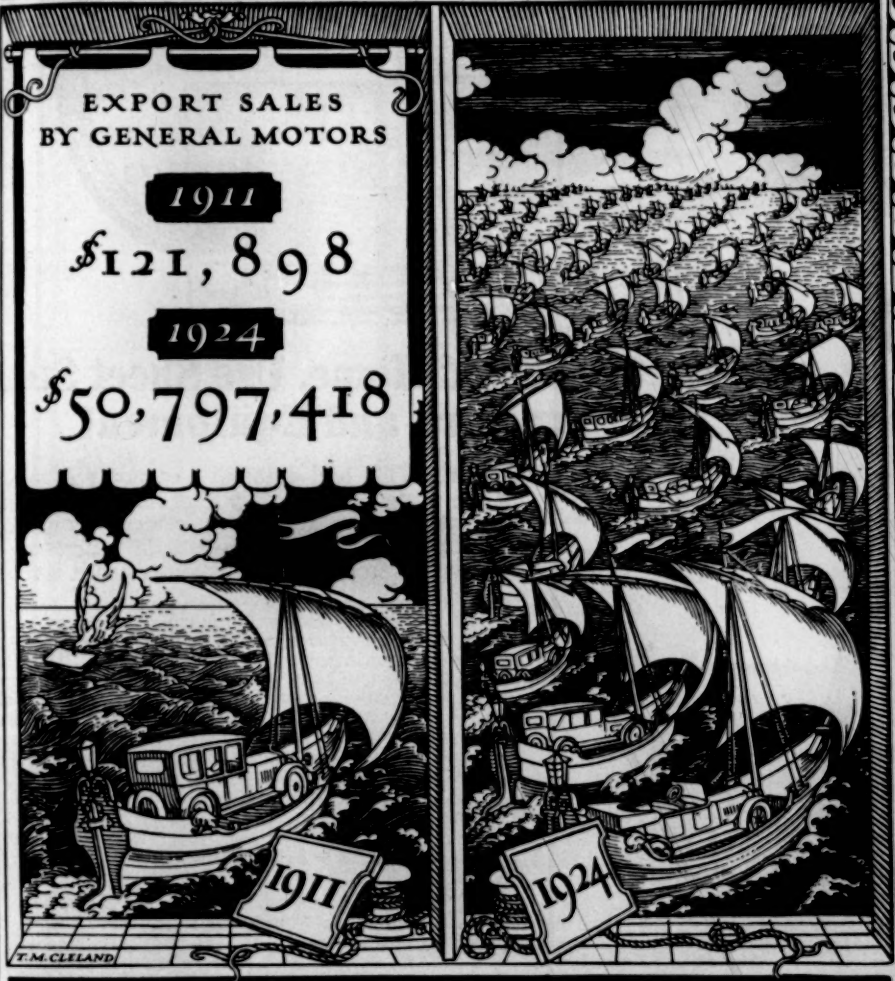
EXPORT SALES
BY GENERAL MOTORS

1911

£121,898

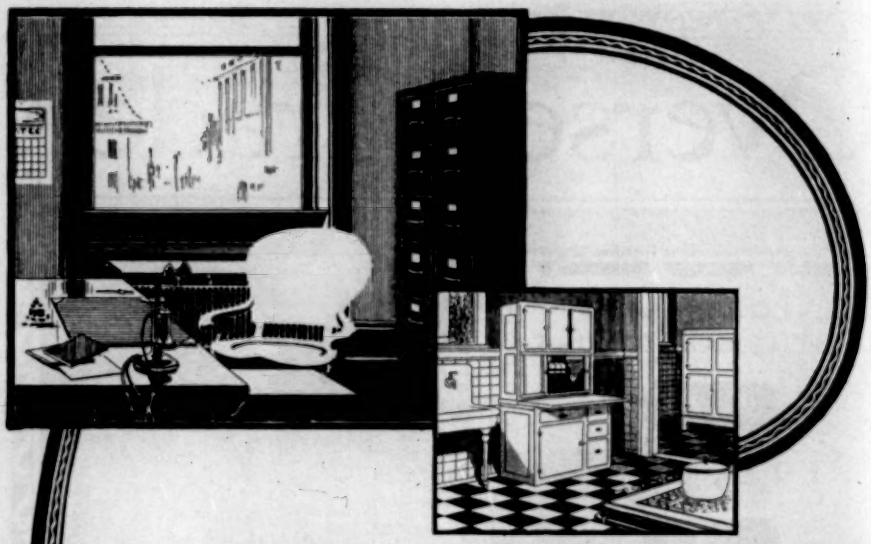
1924

£50,797,418



GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · GMC TRUCKS



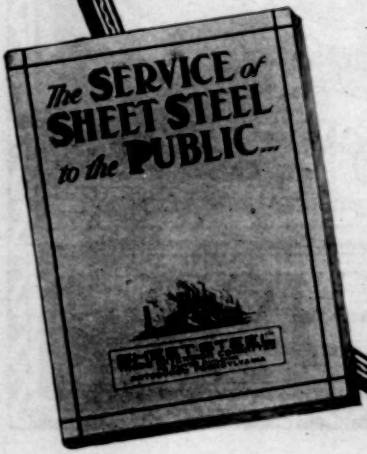
For Office and Home, Use Sheet Steel Furniture and Equipment

STRENGTH and durability, economy of space, fire protection, sanitary cleanliness, handsome appearance—these are the requirements for modern office furniture and equipment. And you get all of these values from such equipment when it is made of sheet steel.

Steel desks, tables, filing and safe cabinets, lockers, partitions and shelving, insure safety, economy, long life. They take up less space in proportion to their capacity. There are no cracks or crevices for lodgment of dust and dirt. They can be kept always clean, merely by passing a damp cloth over them. And you can now get them in a wide variety of beautiful designs and color effects.

For the same reasons, steel bedroom furniture and kitchen and refrigerating equipment are rapidly becoming the first choice of interior decorators and domestic science authorities. For wall paneling in kitchens and bathrooms, sheet steel is excellent. It is fire-resisting—cannot crack. Is water and stain-proof and can always be kept immaculate with ease.

Ask for the booklet, "The Service of Sheet Steel to the Public." It will show you many ways that probably have never occurred to you in which sheet steel and its products can serve and save for you.



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PITTSBURGH PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh Proof Products

Glass
Paint-Varnish
Brushes

THERE'S a fine home feeling in the rooms of the Hotel Ansley, Atlanta, Ga., largely due to the soft tones of the walls which, as in many of the finest buildings in America, are finished with

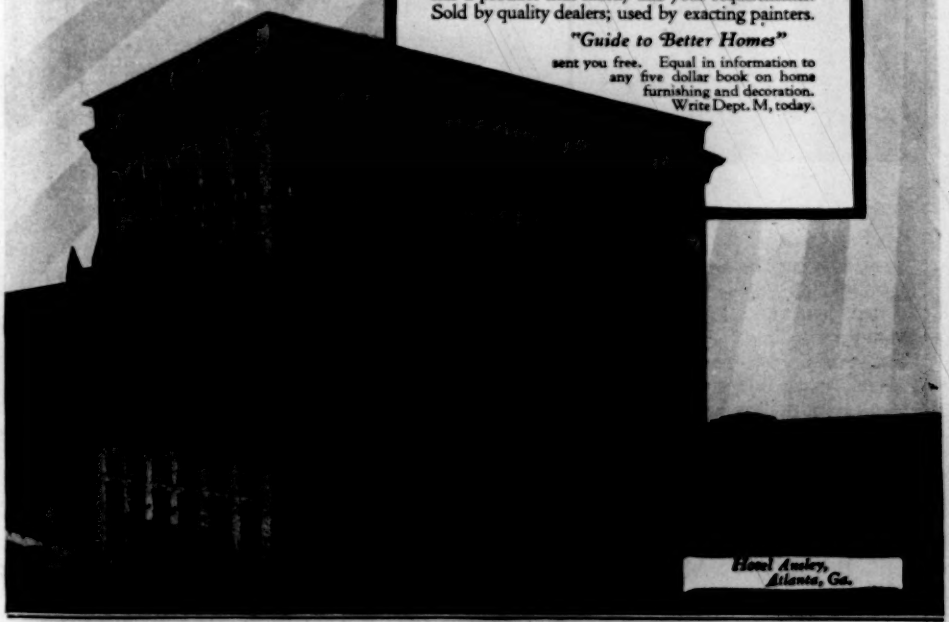
Velumina
Washable Wall Paint

No disturbing gloss, no laps or brush marks! It gives walls a smooth, poreless surface which dirt and grime cannot penetrate. Washing takes the place of redecorating. Seventeen soft tones for homes, business buildings, churches, etc.

Whatever you need — Glass, Paint, Varnish, Brushes — the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that exactly fills your requirements. Sold by quality dealers; used by exacting painters.

"Guide to Better Homes"

sent you free. Equal in information to any five dollar book on home furnishing and decoration. Write Dept. M, today.



Hotel Ansley, Atlanta, Ga.

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for permanence in paint

LAUREATE WHITE ENAMEL

Exquisite whiteness that endures—a robust body that defies wear, tear and abuse,—a density that prevents chipping and dark spots showing through—a thoroughly honest content of the world's finest ingredients—these make Laureate White Enamel the perfect product for inside and outside use. It is supreme in quality. There is no substitute for Laureate. Ask the Masury dealer about it.

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The Perfect Complement—Perfection Flat for Walls
Laureate White Enamel for Trim

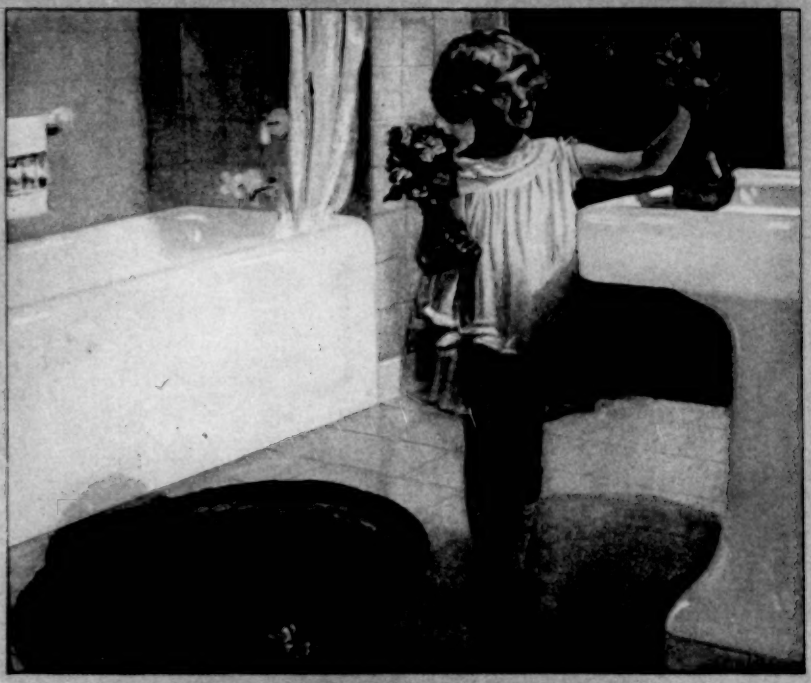
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Custom-Built Exclusiveness Without Excessive Cost

Men and women who have the means to acquire the fine things of life have also, as a rule, the judgment to make their selections wisely. ¶ They demand the best that money can buy, but are unwilling to buy at the highest prices that manufacturers can demand, simply for the sake of paying more. ¶ Cadillac has made it possible for these men and women to purchase finer Custom-Built motor cars without paying the usual penalties of an excessive price and wasteful depreciation. ¶ Five Custom-Built Cadillac models in twenty-four master color harmonies and ten upholstery patterns—possessed of those higher performance qualities found only in the Cadillac—are obtainable at prices consistent with wise investment.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation



The Public School at Kohler

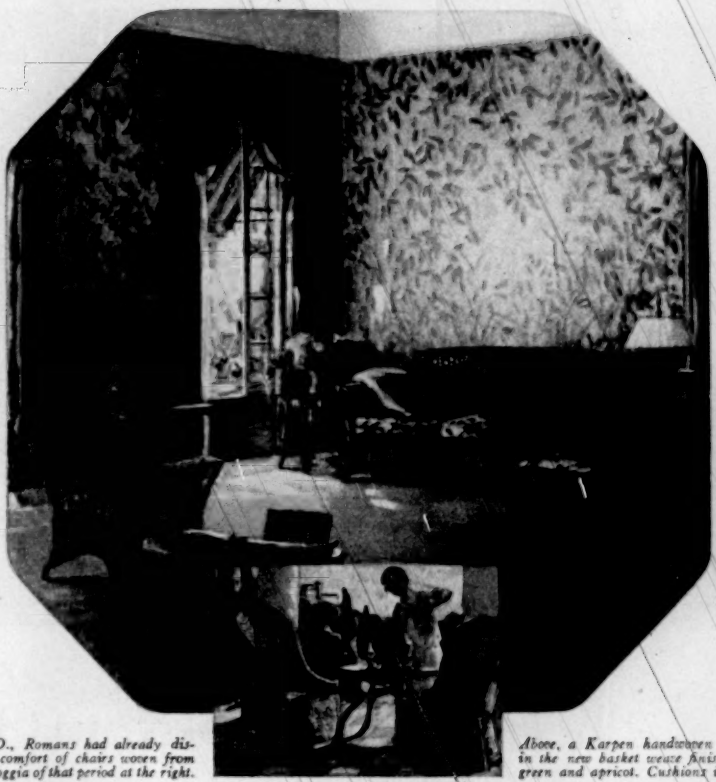
It is no ordinary school. But Kohler is no ordinary village. We are as proud of Kohler as we are of the quality of Kohler enameled plumbing ware and private electric plants

A TINY garden will fill the house with lovely flowers. Just so, a simple bathroom, an inexpensive one, a little one if need be, can bring the thrill of clean, fine living. For it may have the same choice fixtures of Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware that are used in costliest bathrooms. No other good ware is priced more moderately. Yet no fixtures can surpass in alluring grace or lustrous beauty those which bear the name "Kohler," faintly fused into snowy enamel. . . . Please write for Booklet E. It shows fine fixtures for bathroom, kitchen, and laundry.

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Plumbing Ware



In 300 A.D., Romans had already discovered the comfort of chairs woven from rushes. A loggia of that period at the right.

Above, a Karpen handwoven fiber suite in the new basket weave finished in leaf green and apricot. Cushions in cretonne.

For summer, brighten your home with this gay, airy furniture

IN planning a cool, inviting retreat for hot days of summer ahead, you can create a room equally cheerful in spring, autumn and winter.

Karpen handwoven fiber furniture is designed to make any room that kind of room. When you see its engaging styles and gay colors, when you experience its comfort, study its durable materials and compare its value, you will prefer it—with no second choice.

Graceful lines express that informal character now so greatly desired. Resilient construction and deep cushions tempt you to relax in easy luxury. In pastel tints and deeper shades, plain or blended, there is a finish to match any fancy. Covers ranging from damasks and tapestries to velours and special cretonnes make your cherished decorative scheme possible.

Find a Karpen nameplate on every piece.

Beneath this surface beauty are frames of seasoned hardwood. The tough fiber does not grow brittle, crack or creak. Steel cores lend extra strength. The Karpenesque spring cushions neither pack nor sag.

You can get these qualities only in Karpen handwoven fiber pieces. They reflect Karpen's experience as the world's largest maker of fine upholstered furniture. Yet for surprisingly little money you can furnish your sun room, porch or living room throughout.

Let a Karpen merchant show you the suites and single pieces he offers. For "Livable Rooms," a new and interesting booklet of new color suggestions for home decoration, write to S. Karpen & Bros., 801-811 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, or 37th Street and Broadway, New York.

FREE: WRITE FOR NEW BOOK Q-M OF COLOR IDEAS ON HOME DECORATION

Karpen
FURNITURE

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America's Most Enchanting Vacation Land—Now Open

Here in Southern Utah are canyons preserving the flaming sunsets of a million years! Mountains of vermilion! Mountains white as marble! Vast amphitheatres of filigreed stone stained with uncounted colors and studded with jewelled statues! Cathedrals, castles, pyramids, temples! Nowhere else are scenes so marvelous as in

Zion National Park

Bryce Canyon – Cedar Breaks

Season May 15 to October 15

Send For Free Booklet In Natural Colors

It is the only way we can tell you of the unbelievable coloring of this unique land; also contains complete practical information.

See them this summer! Not far, doesn't cost much to go. Only a few have been there—the trip was too arduous. Now the Union Pacific opens the way with through Pullmans, motor tours over good roads and the latest style of National Park lodges and dining rooms.

Side trip may be arranged to North Rim of Grand Canyon through the Kaibab Forest.

This is a memorable vacation adventure in itself, or may be made in connection with trips to Salt Lake City, Yellowstone or the Pacific Coast.

Ask about low summer fares and personally escorted all-expense tours.

Address nearest Union Pacific Representative, or General Passenger Agent at Omaha, Neb. ▸ Salt Lake City, Utah ▸ Portland, Ore. ▸ Los Angeles, Cal.

Union Pacific

HOPE

BUILDS ON SAND

planning to protect them tomorrow

WISDOM

acting to protect them today

BUILDS ON THE ROCK

The
PRUDENTIAL
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Edward D. Duffield, President
Home Office, Newark, New Jersey

WHAT'S INSIDE *your* MATTRESS

A STOREHOUSE *of* HEALTH

SLEEP. Gather health and vigor for another day, in deep, dreamless slumber on a mattress built with Nachman Spring Units. Soft, billowy, buoyantly delightful in their comforting luxuriousness, mattresses built with Nachman Spring Units lull you to rest. Hundreds of tiny resilient springs hidden in soft felted cotton or hair, minister to the comfort of every tired muscle, bringing restful, luxurious slumber.

In choosing a mattress, ask "What's Inside?" Be sure to look for the name, "NACHMAN," together with the maker's name on the label. Made in tufted or no-tuft type. Send for our booklet, "SLEEP YOUR CARES AWAY"—invaluable to light, fitful sleepers. Upholstered furniture, too, is built with Nachman Spring Units. Our booklet, "WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW," contains interesting, helpful facts about home furnishing and arrangement. Both booklets are free.

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Nachman Spring Units

There are 15,000,000 Nachman Spring Units in America's 25,000,000 homes

"Our guests are amazed that so simple a device can so completely relieve us of all care of the furnace"

You Can Prove This Is the Right Way to Heat with Oil

Torn bits of paper light and burn easily.

Law No. 1—
Oil Must Be
Broken Up.

Held this way, the flame of a match is clean and does not smoke.

Law No. 2—
Oil Must Burn
in Mid-Air.

A match held in the air on a pin will burn completely.

Law No. 3—
Oil Must Be
Mixed with Air.

Reflected heat makes it hotter between big buildings

Law No. 4—
Oil Burns Best
in Reflected
Heat.

Only one right way to heat with oil

THIS is to people who loathe coal. but continue to use it. Who want an oil burner but are slow to accept them. Particularly to those who do not realize that the oil burner problem was solved six years ago.

Proved for six winters

In more than 20,000 homes, Oil-O-Matic holds the same balmy temperature from fall to spring. Sudden zero blasts register no decline on their indoor thermometers. All this without their giving it a thought.

Their homes, they boast, are brighter and cleaner. No odor pervades their homes. No unpleasant noise is heard.

This is what Oil-O-Matic offers you and everyone with any type of good heating plant. In any size home or building.

Six years ago our engineers found four principles that were being disregarded. These explained the difficulties others were having in trying to heat with oil. No oil burner can ever be made to work right if its principle is wrong.

Then we built Oil-O-Matic. It was the first to make use of these laws. It cost us $250,000 before we installed a single one in anyone's home. But now it has proved these laws for six winters. Not one single important change has ever been necessary.

There's no continuous pilot light. No adjustment is necessary if you change from one grade of oil to another. No worry about the oil not lighting or blowing out.

Nothing but constant, automatic heat, pure and simple.

Every installation guaranteed

So Oil-O-Matic is unlike any other device that burns oil. It will interest you to see this burner that has finally solved the problem. There is an authorized dealer near you. Let him give you a demonstration. He guarantees every installation he makes.

Oil-O-Matic is sold and serviced by trained heating men in about 800 cities. Most of them are graduates of the Williams Institute of Heat Research. They have experience, facilities, organization, and financial responsibility. They are backed by the largest producer of automatic oil burners in the world.

Send the coupon now for your copy of "New Facts About Oil Heating." After you read it you will never be content with any other way of heating your home.

This Coupon Brings the Book Free!

Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp.
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Send me FREE and POSTPAID your library edition of "New Facts About Oil Heating" and special basement plans for new homes.

Name .....

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Our Heating Plant is ☐ Steam
☐ Hot Water ☐ Hot Air

WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING

Capitol Boilers

Capitol Boilers are made in a wide variety of types and sizes to meet the requirements of any heating need.

You will find them in great modern apartment buildings and modest cottages. Large or small, these boilers conform to one high standard of efficiency and one manufacturing ideal.

No heating plants can offer greater economy of operation or more impressive service records because Capitol engineering is as old as the industry—and as modern as current heating science.

A Capitol is a safe boiler to buy and a comfortable boiler to own. Many thousands of users will tell you just that—and any heating contractor will confirm it.

Branch and Sales Offices

*Boston	*Baltimore	*Louisville
*Springfield, Mass.	Buffalo	*St. Paul
*Portland, Me.	Pittsburgh	*St. Louis
*Providence, R. I.	*Cleveland	*Kansas City
*Troy, N. Y.	*Columbus	*Des Moines
New York	*Cincinnati	*Omaha
*Brooklyn	*Detroit	*Denver
*Harrison, N. J.	*Chicago	*Seattle
*Philadelphia	*Milwaukee	*Portland, Ore.
	*Indianapolis	

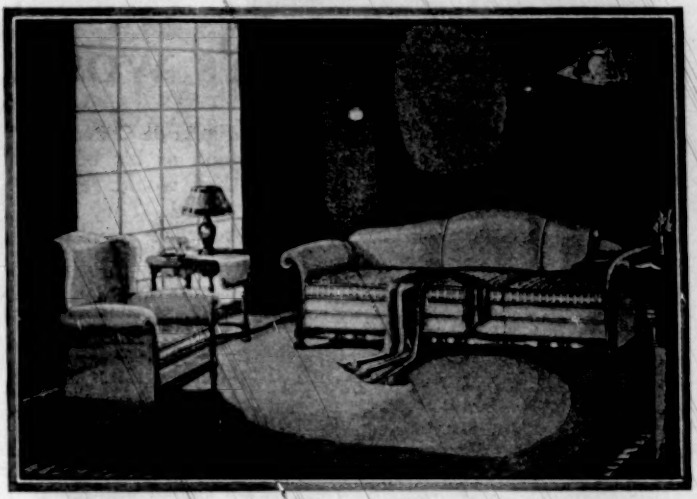
*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

PULLMAN
DAVENPORT BED



Suite No. 4913

The Room That Says—"Welcome"

To reflect a sincere spirit of hospitality is the living room's foremost mission. The embodiment of attractiveness and comfort in this room is, in itself, an invitation for the guest to enter and enjoy its pleasures.

A Pullman-equipped living room mirrors its owner's desire to achieve a maximum of charm and coziness. The spacious davenport-bed with soft resilient cushions and yielding upholstered back seems to beckon one to share its lazy restfulness. Carefully designed chairs to match the Pullman complete a setting of appealing grace and lasting comfort.

Pullman designers have perfected the revolving seat davenport-bed to its present high degree of beauty and utility. As a result, the Pullman davenport-bed is equivalent in comfort and beauty to the most expensive "one purpose" davenport, plus the fact that it also contains a full size bed.

Your local furniture dealer will proudly show you his complete Pullman exhibit. This includes davenport-bed suites, revolving seat day beds and chaise lounges, living room furniture and hand-decorated pieces.

PULLMAN COUCH COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

One simple operation converts the beautiful Pullman davenport into a full size restful bed, with regular bed spring and removable mattress.

At the left is shown the same room illustrated above, ready for night-time duty. The Pullman now serves as a "guest room."

Pullman DAVENPORT BED

Pullman DAVENPORT BED

An honest man's word

MORE than three hundred years ago, Miguel de Cervantes said: "An honest man's word is as good as his bond." Advertisers must be honest men, if they would remain advertisers. Their announcements are signed. They must tell the truth in their advertising. For their *own* protection, as well as yours.

What would it profit a man to advertise "Pure, virgin-wool suits," only to have you discover they were shoddy? You would soon separate the sheep from the cotton. And you would never deal with that man again. And, further, you would tell all your acquaintances what a skinflint he was.

As a matter of business, if not of personal principle, an advertiser must tell the truth in his signed announcements. That's what makes the advertising columns such reliable guides to honest merchandise. The printed announcements are bonds between you and the advertiser.

Read the advertisements. Read them regularly. To be informed on the newest and best in everything. To save hours of shopping. To make the family purse do a bigger, better job. To get goods of known quality at the most attractive price.

You would not plan a motor trip without first consulting road-maps and guide-books. Is it logical to plan a shopping trip without first consulting the advertisements? Read the advertisements. Then go to the stores with your mind more than half made up.

A signed advertisement is,
in effect, a sealed bond between you
and the advertiser

Did she cut him off?

FOR months he had followed a most carefully laid plan to meet this girl under just the right circumstances.

His first engagement with her was a great triumph—the girl was one of the most sought-after in town.

But each time he 'phoned her after that, he was coldly rebuffed. He couldn't imagine what the reason might be.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

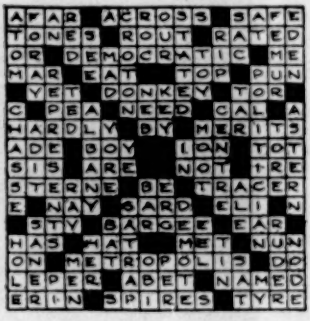
Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

Makes Cross Word Puzzles Easy



ALLEN'S SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS

By F. STURGES ALLEN

Late General Editor, Webster's International Dictionary

TO SOLVE puzzles you don't need a ten-pound, ten-dollar dictionary. Ruth Von Phul, Cross Word Puzzle Champion and constructor of nationally syndicated puzzles, says: "'Allen's Synonyms and Antonyms' seems to me to be more complete than any book of its kind I have seen. It appeals to me as a way to cut down solving time. It enables one to know at the first finding of a word exactly where its synonyms are—and they are *all* there."

F. Sturges Allen, the author, was for twenty years General Editor of Webster's International Dictionary, an experience which resulted in what is probably the most complete book of synonyms available to-day.

You can get a copy for $3.00 at any bookstore.

HARPER & BROTHERS *Publishers* NEW YORK, N. Y.

Canadian Representative: The Musson Book Company, Ltd., 263 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

See Harper's Magazine for Announcements of the better Schools and Colleges

New Conditions Revolutionize Motor Car Design

TRAFFIC conditions are changing fast—cars built almost yesterday are now out of date.

Thousands of miles of hard, fast roads tempt you to set your speedometer at 50 miles, hour after hour.

The old-type lubrication, three-bearing crankshaft, mechanical brakes, are not adequate for modern traffic strains. The four-bearing crankshaft of the new Moon eliminates all vibration. Moon's new pressure lubrication system stops undue wear at sustained high speed.

All Moon cars have six cylinders, improved four-wheel hydraulic brakes, with special patented steering gear, balloon tires and Duco finish.

Balloon tires have come to stay—but with the old steering gear they "shimmy" and turn hard in traffic. With Moon's new patented steering gear, you can park downtown in a 14-foot space with one light twirl of the wheel.

Bold, progressive in design, the beauty of the new Sedan body tells its own story. You will find it the last word in "smartness" and comfort. See this new car and decide for yourself how well Moon has met the new style and engineering demands in a fine car at an economical price.

MOON

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED

Mr. Fairbanks has won immense success in many roles, Chesterfield in but one. ~ Yet the same simple maxim accounts for both—the surest way to win success is to deserve it.

St. Johns Tables

Illustration shows St. Johns Davenette, patent extension table, with concealed folding leaf beneath top.

Ask your favorite dealer about St. Johns Tables, and meanwhile write us for booklet on home decoration.

Now that numerous tables are considered so necessary in the living room, it is an advantage to know that St. Johns Tables excel in beauty of design and proportion, yet are priced within the reach of every home.

They are sold by nearly all good stores everywhere. Dining tables, davenport, library and extension tables of St. Johns make are widely known for their attractive designs, fine construction, excellent finish and modest prices.

The latest St. Johns productions include very attractive coffee tables, occasional, wandering, end tables and consoles in great variety. Designs in early American, English and Italian Renaissance.

St. Johns Table Company

CADILLAC P. O. BOX 837 MICHIGAN

THERE'S A ST. JOHNS TABLE FOR EVERY HOME

MIFFLIN ALKOHOL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

The penetrating qualities of Mifflin Alkohol recommend it as a rub-down when muscles are tired and sore. Invigorating and refreshing after exercise; ideal as a bath substitute when travelling. Apply with cupped hand or on wash-cloth.

At all drug stores

Handy-grip full pint bottles

the external tonic

Look inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

A Quality Action Means A Quality Piano

THE most vital part of *any* piano is the piano action. Upon it depend the control of tone and touch and, in a large measure, the durability of the instrument.

Your purchase of a piano, player or reproducing piano will bring lasting satisfaction if you insist upon the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action. For you will find this famous action only in instruments of established worth.

The Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action is built by the oldest, the largest and the foremost maker of piano actions in the world. *It is the highest priced action built today.* Look for the octagonal trade-mark (shown above) which identifies the Wessell, Nickel & Gross equipped instrument.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS

Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano— Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action

There and back . . . . *through coupons*

A trip, a holiday, a tour or a journey through life becomes plain sailing through the coupons of well-secured bonds—the result of investment guided by experienced counsel. We will gladly assist you in selecting carefully investigated issues from our regular lists. Information and advice at your command through offices in 50 leading cities.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

A BILLION A YEAR

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IT is estimated that the American people pay on an average one billion dollars a year for worthless securities. Which is another way of stating that investors residing in these United States *lose* that much every year in fake investments. A billion dollars is a great deal of money—nearly ten dollars apiece for every man, woman, and child in the country, and more than the assessed valuation of all the real estate in almost a score of states.

AN advertisement containing a statement almost identical with this one in the foregoing paragraph was recently issued by HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It attracted much attention, and a number of people wrote letters about it to the Magazine, one of the letter writers making the statement that he was glad our publication had "nerve enough to publish and advise and familiarize the public of the dangers of investing money in stocks." In other words, it would seem as if this gentleman had the idea that all stocks are bad investments, and, of course, this is not the case. Moody, for example, gives many stock issues a rating of AAA, the highest there is, and many stocks are very much better investments than many bonds. The warning HARPER'S was sounding was not against all stocks, any more than against all bonds, and as a matter of fact the word used in the advertisement was "securities," which includes both stocks and bonds.

IF people would view with a certain amount of suspicion all proposals that they buy securities, get dependable advice as to what they ought to do, and investigate carefully and cautiously before they commit themselves, the loss of the thousand million dollars a year would be tremendously reduced. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that it could be reduced twenty per cent; that would mean two hundred million dollars, and put into productive enterprises this sum would accomplish definite good for the whole country.

NOW when it is said that a billion dollars a year is lost in worthless securities, this means, as we have already stated, fake securities, those sold by the financial swindlers. These parasites always follow in the wake of outstanding legitimate successes, and prey upon the enthusiasm and gullibility of a public eager for easy money. Mining has been a profitable field for the promoter of fraudulent enterprises; oil has been exploited to an enormous extent; the telephone, the talking machine, the automobile, the radio—all have been used by the financial swindler for his own dishonest ends. When one stops to think that out of every seven new enterprises an average of only one succeeds it is

No Matter Where You Live

You Can Invest with Safety at 7%

Send Today for these two new booklets about SMITH BONDS

WHETHER you are investing $10 a month or $10,000 outright, whether you live 10 miles or 10,000 miles from Washington, D.C., you can invest at 7% in Smith Bonds and have the protection of Smith safeguards and the satisfaction of Smith service.

Smith Bonds are owned today by investors in every State in the Union and in 30 countries and territories abroad. Every day the mails bring evidence of world-wide confidence in the fact that *Smith Bonds are Safe Bonds*. From far away Yung Chun, a little inland city in South China, an investor in Smith Bonds recently wrote:

"Your partial payment plan of investment appeals to me as being the ideal method of safe and profitable investment."

Two new booklets, which are now being distributed, will tell you the facts you want to know about Smith Bonds.

"How to Build an Independent Income" tells how you can buy Smith Bonds with savings of $10 or more a month, and get the full rate of bond interest on every payment. It also tells how large investors can profit by using our Investment Savings Plan for investing odd sums, such as the income from securities which they already own.

"Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety" tells why Smith Bonds are safe bonds, how Smith Bonds are safeguarded, and how we have attained our record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years.*

Mail the coupon for these booklets today.

THE F. H. SMITH COMPANY
85B Smith Building, Washington, D.C.

Please send me, without obligation, copies of your two new booklets.

Name .....

Address .....

THE F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

No Loss to Any Investor in 52 Years

SMITH BUILDING WASHINGTON, D.C.

easy to realize that an investment in any new undertaking is always more or less of a gamble. And practically all fake securities are of new enterprises. Because the enterprise is new, statistics show that the chances are seven to one against the securities being worth anything, and if dishonesty is also present it does not require an expert statistician to figure out what is to become of the purchaser's money.

ONE of the most distressing features about money lost to the financial swindler is that it most often comes from people who can least afford to lose. The rich man, from the very fact that he is rich, becomes familiar with investing money, and learns what to buy, and what not to buy. Not so the little fellow; he listens to the glib talk of the crooked salesman, and he does not know enough to realize that the plausible arguments being advanced cannot possibly be sound. His cupidity is aroused, and the opportunity of making money without working for it so excites him that presently he signs away the little hoard he has worked and slaved to gather together. In a small town of our acquaintance a salesman peddling shares in a copper mining company left a well-marked trail of hardship, suffering, and misery in his wake, departing with several thousand dollars of small savings accounts—gone forever. A friend of ours not long ago was approached by a salesman peddling shares of similar worth, and when he would not buy, the salesman offered him a hundred shares of the stock in exchange for the names of fifteen people who might be persuaded.

HOW can this evil be combated? There are two ways, it seems to us, and be it said that both of them are being tried, and with some success. In the first place, if there were no dishonest salesmen, it would not be necessary to warn the public against fake securities. But this is a rich country, the many fat savings accounts are enticing to the crooked promoter, and in spite of prosecutions and occasional convictions the field remains an attractive one, and is constantly being exploited. The government does a great deal to fight this evil, the Post Office Department being especially active; but it is difficult to get people to report losses incurred in this way; they dislike the publicity, and they do not want anyone to know they have been cheated. There are Better Business Bureaus located in many of the leading cities, and they devote themselves to the apprehension and prosecution of all kinds of sharpers. The New York Stock Exchange has for some time been actively engaged in a fight against crooked promoters. The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have accomplished much good in the same fight. Chambers of Commerce throughout the country are always on the alert for the swindler. The Investment Bankers Association is persistently on the hunt for the crooked dealer in stocks and bonds. These agencies are all doing excellent work. The evil still persists, however, and probably always will so long as people have money, are gullible, and unfamiliar with purchasing securities.

A BEGINNING has been made at removing the cause of the evil, but only a beginning, and it may be that the best way to put these rogues out of business is by educating the public. A gigantic task, to be sure, but perhaps not hopeless. So many more people have money nowadays than used to be the case, and the result is many more investors than formerly, which means more victims for the swindlers to prey upon. Any man's judgment may prove to be at fault, and there is scarcely an investor who has not had an unfortunate experience at some time in his career, but it would seem as if a reasonable amount of caution would disclose dishonesty or absolute worthlessness, and these are the two factors which cause most of the trouble. If people would observe the advice to investigate before they invest, the majority of needless losses unquestionably would be prevented. The dishonest salesman, of course, always counsels haste, for the reason that he knows an investigation means no sale. Haste in investing, however, is very bad practice, and no one need think that because he passes up what may seem an opportunity that no other will ever present itself. There are

Important Information for INVESTORS

WRITE TODAY for facts about a new type of First Mortgage Bond recently introduced. Safer and more profitable than any similar security heretofore obtainable.

Extraordinary protection given to the investor by an unqualified guarantee from one of the country's strongest Surety Companies. Ask for information about

6½% Guaranteed BONDS

Address our nearest office. Dept. D-2

Adair Realty & Trust Company

The South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House
Founded 1865 ATLANTA
PHILADELPHIA, Packard Bldg.
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Adair Realty & Mortgage Co., Exclusive Distributors
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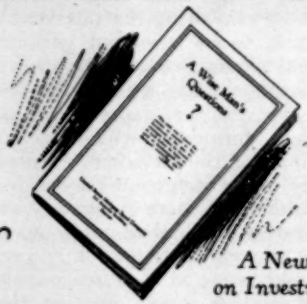


A New Book on Investments

This book is now available. We invite you to send for a copy. It tells you what security should be behind First Mortgage Bonds; what you should know about these bonds in order to select them wisely.

Write for this book—you will find it interesting and full of profitable information.

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND CO. LIMITED
Howard C. Wade, President
318 U. S. Mortgage Bond Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Capital $1,000,000

6½% UNITED BONDS

Resources more than $10,000,000

always hundreds of good investments available, and as somebody once stated it: "Never run after a trolley-car or an investment, because there'll be another one along in a moment."

NOT everyone, of course, can be expected to qualify as an expert in the matter of investments. There would seem to be no reason, however, why practically everyone could not have a few fundamental facts at his command, and by bearing them in mind when the subject of investing is broached, pretty certainly eliminate the possibility of buying fake securities. We shall therefore attempt to outline briefly what these facts are, together with a word of explanation where necessary. And we confine our remarks to stocks, not only because of somewhat limited space, but because it is in stocks that most of the billion dollars a year is lost.

FIRST of all, is the stock preferred or common—we take it for granted the difference is known—and if preferred, is it cumulative, and if common, is it full paid and non-assessable? Have the shares a par value or not? We are putting these remarks in the form of questions, because they are questions which every prudent investor should ask before he commits himself to anything.

FIND out about the total issue of stock, both common and preferred, and ask the salesman to state how many shares of each issue are authorized, and how many shares are to be issued at the present time. The reason for these questions is obvious if one will stop to think for a moment, and they are most important. For example, if you buy a hundred shares of stock and only a thousand shares are authorized, your interest is ten per cent; if, however, you buy a hundred shares and the shares number one hundred thousand, your interest amounts to one-tenth of one per cent, quite a different matter.

INQUIRE as to whether any stock is being given for property, that is, in exchange for land and buildings or equipment. This is frequently done, and the purchaser should know about it. It is

STARTLING!

"Bankers estimate that Americans pay out one billion dollars a year for worthless securities. Think of it—nearly $10.00 apiece for every man, woman and child in the United States... And yet, such losses can be avoided: Caution, care, investigation and, above all, consultation with your investment banker will reveal safe and profitable investment opportunities for you"—*An editorial from March issue Harper's magazine.*

INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS

A National Security

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

afford the ideal selection to thoughtful investors. Insured Mortgage Bonds are recommended by conservative investment bankers throughout the nation.

They are first guaranteed by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America and then further safeguarded by the joint guarantees of this Institution and the National Surety Company—the world's largest surety company.

These guarantees are endorsed on the bonds and cover full payment of principal and interest from date of issue to date of maturity.

Insured Mortgage Bonds are issued to investors through established Investment Bankers as arranged by this Institution's fiscal agents,

STEIN BROS. & BOYCE

Investment Bankers Since 1871

6 So. Calvert Street - Baltimore, Md.,

to whom orders for bonds and inquiries for pamphlet "The Highest Level of Safety" should be sent.

INSURED Mortgage Bonds — MORTGAGE SECURITY CORPORATION OF AMERICA NORFOLK, VIRGINIA — INSURED Mortgage Bonds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Beginning *the* Child's Education

By ELLA FRANCES LYNCH

Founder of the National League of Teacher-Mothers

HERE is the actual record of the pre-school training of a typical healthy and intelligent three-year-old. Esther's mother and Miss Lynch work out together the daily problems of work and play, obedience, nature lessons and books, and the many other questions which arise in the all-important formative years before Esther is old enough to go to school. *$2.00*

Wherever Books Are Sold

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers

Blue Sky Pays No Dividends

FINANCIAL swindling is on the increase. It has grown in proportion to our national wealth and hard-earned savings. Most victims do not realize very quickly that they have been tricked and are apt to conceal their chagrin.

Such Losses are Easily Avoided

For after all good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation and, above all, consultation with your investment banker will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in the May issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.

Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable. All advertisements carefully censored.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

One of the Quality Group

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N.Y.

8% Safely Earned

Baldwin protected, first mortgage real estate bonds offer a wholly sound, 8% investment.

Loans inflexibly limited to 50% of value of rapidly-enhancing, income earning properties. Rigid appraisals. We have been in Florida for years and know the real value of Florida properties.

Florida's colossal development program opens the way for capital to earn 8% with **unusual safety and protection.**

We serve many Insurance companies as Fiscal Agents and guarantee the utmost conservatism in every loan handled.

Denominations $100, $500, $1,000. Deferred payment purchasers receive 8% on progressive payments.

Write for descriptive folders.

BALDWIN MORTGAGE CO.

MIAMI, WEST PALM BEACH, ORLANDO

Address
320 Congress Building
MIAMI, FLORIDA

X means *Certified by a Bank*

Bank Certification is the second of the Four Distinguishing Marks of Miller First Mortgage Bonds. It means that every bond bears a signed certificate, stating that the bank or its attorney has examined the bond and deed of trust. You get an interest rate up to 7%, with four positive checking points, in Miller First Mortgage Bonds.

Write today for description of attractive 7% issue, with folder B-7605 on the Four Distinguishing Marks.

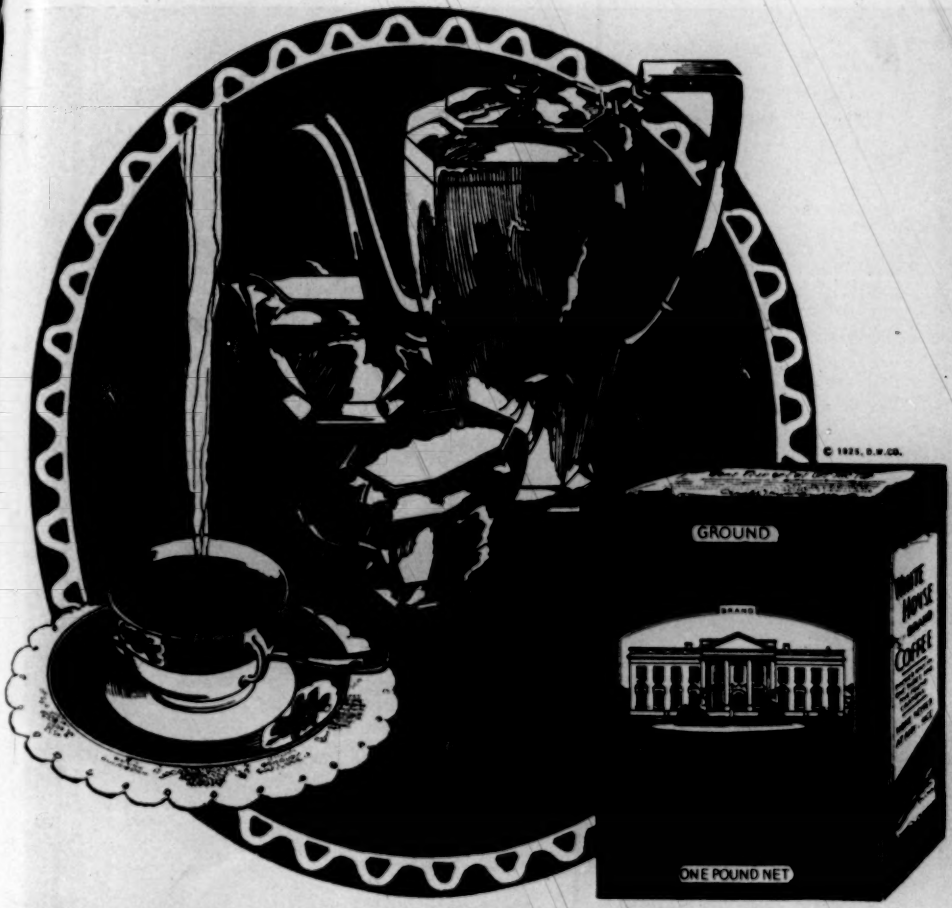
G. L. MILLER & CO.
(INCORPORATED)
30 E. 42nd Street, New York

No Investor Ever Lost a Dollar in
MILLER BONDS

evident that every business enterprise, and every new enterprise in particular, needs cash, and a large proportion of it should be raised by selling stock. If stock is given away for services or property there is no cash return and the company's working capital is correspondingly reduced. Suppose, for instance, that of an issue of one hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock, half is sold and half is given away. Those who pay money for their shares have no greater interest than those who get theirs for nothing, and yet they are supplying the working capital. The fact that stock is given away is not in itself an indication that anything is wrong, for certain property, or a patent right, or a building, or services rendered, for that matter, may be so valuable as to be worth almost anything, but it is just as well for the purchaser to inquire into such matters, and he will want to assure himself before parting with his money that a disproportionately large amount of stock is not going in this way.

OF recent years stock salesmen have been very willing to take Liberty Bonds in payment for shares. If this offer is made it is prudent to inquire at what price they will be accepted. Everyone knows that these bonds are as good as cash, and that they usually sell at a premium. It would obviously be folly to turn them in, say at ninety, when they are being quoted on the New York Stock Exchange at one hundred or better. It would be silly to trade such a high-grade investment on any basis whatever, unless there were no question about what was to be received in exchange. And no security should be offered at less than the current market price, which can always be found, either by reference to the financial section of a good newspaper or by asking your banker.

FIND out about the par value of the stock offered you. Is it one, ten, fifty, or one hundred dollars a share? Perhaps there is no par value, but in any event you should be informed on this point. You also want to know what a stock is worth, and never forget that stock is worth only what you can sell it for. Inquire, therefore, where there is a



The Flavor is Roasted In!

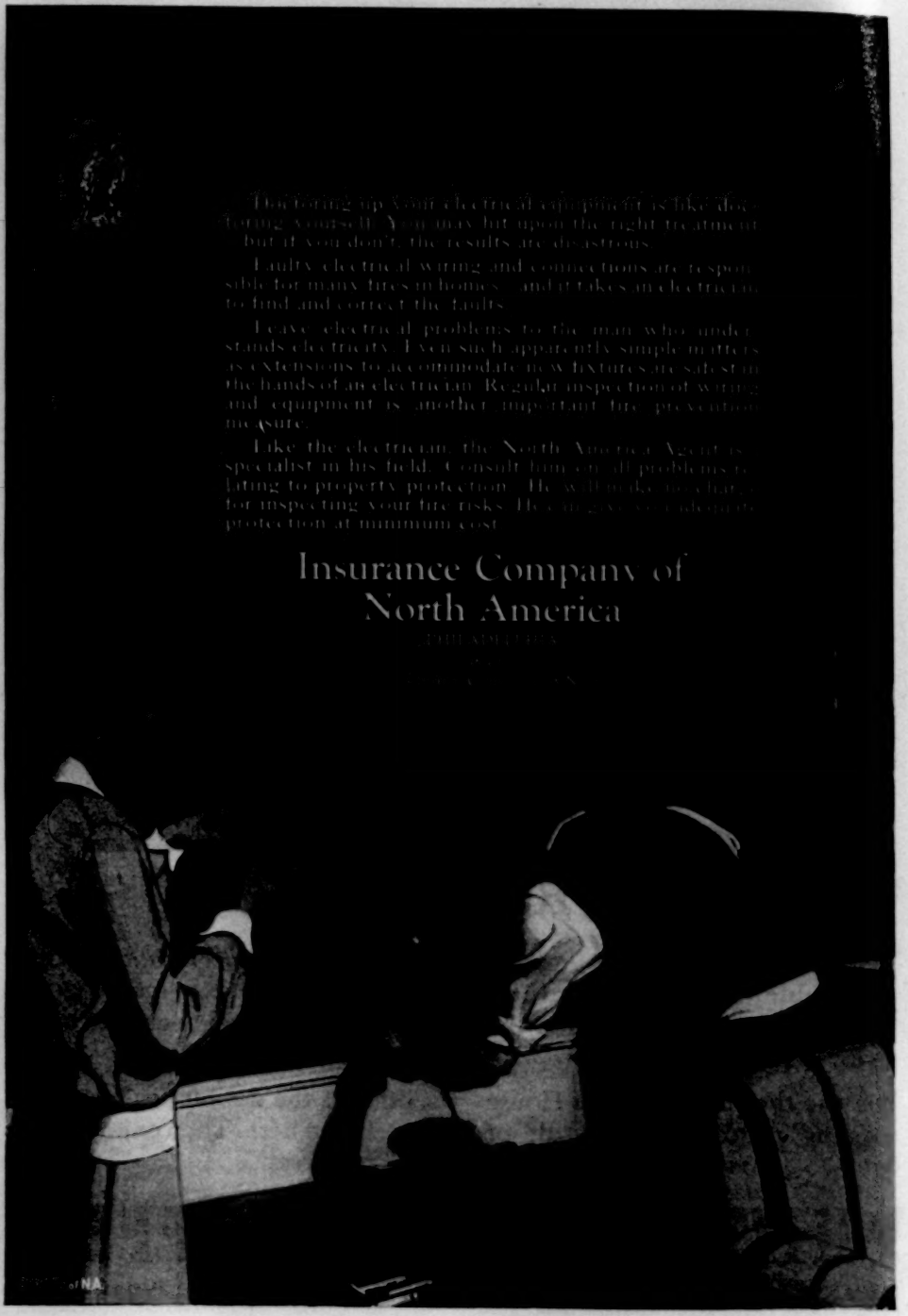
WHITE House Coffee comes to your table with all its natural fragrance preserved. Because the flavor is roasted in.

Because the special White House roasting process — the result of over 75 years of coffee roasting experience — *saves* that golden coffee aroma which makes good coffee taste so delicious.

Insist on genuine White House Coffee in the double-sealed package shown here. Then enjoy coffee that *is* coffee!

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY · *Boston, Mass.* · *Chicago, Ill.* · *Portsmouth, Va.*


Tinkering up your electrical equipment is like doctoring yourself. You may hit upon the right treatment but if you don't, the results are disastrous.
Faulty electrical wiring and connections are responsible for many fires in homes . . . and it takes an electrician to find and correct the faults.
Leave electrical problems to the man who understands electricity. Even such apparently simple matters as extensions to accommodate new fixtures are safest in the hands of an electrician. Regular inspection of wiring and equipment is another important fire prevention measure.
Like the electrician, the North America Agent is specialist in his field. Consult him on all problems relating to property protection. He will make arrangements for inspecting your fire risks. He can give you advice on protection at minimum cost.
Insurance Company of North America
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J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Wall Street, Corner of Broad

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DREXEL & CO., PHILADELPHIA

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Securities bought and sold on Commission.
Foreign Exchange, Commercial Credits.
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Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.

Your Investment Problems

HARPER'S MAGAZINE takes special interest in presenting to its readers the advertisements of reputable investment bankers and in securing as wide a variety of sound investment offerings as possible.

Announcements of our financial advertisers are commended to the thoughtful attention of our readers. They form a directory of an important service. Readers are asked to study them and to use them to such an extent as they can. The Houses are carefully selected and we believe that we are justified in recommending them to our readers.

A list of informative booklets issued by these investment houses is given below. These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

COMMON SENSE IN INVESTING MONEY: A booklet setting forth the qualities in real estate mortgage bonds which commend them to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR BUYERS OF BONDS: An interesting and helpful booklet which will be appreciated by investors. Offered by the National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS: A booklet describing issues of real estate bonds which offer to investors the unique advantage of insurance as to payment of both principal and interest by an independent guaranteeing corporation. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

INVESTMENT ASSURANCE: A booklet describing United First Mortgage Bonds, and investment opportunities in Detroit, Mich. Offered by the United States Mortgage Bond Co., Ltd., 320 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet of interest to investors who wish to know more about the public utility investment field. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WHY THE SOUTH OFFERS INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: An interesting discussion of economic and business factors in the South from an investment point of view. Offered by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 30 East 42nd St., New York City.

INVESTMENT SAFETY IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL: A booklet describing investment opportunities in the District of Columbia. Offered by F. H. Smith Co., 815 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS: A booklet describing the various steps in the purchase of sound securities. Offered by George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

market for the stock, and bear in mind that many a seller of questionable stocks has been utterly confounded by such a question. He can give you plenty of reasons why you should buy, but is not always prepared to be of much assistance in case you should wish to sell. And do not be content with a statement that the stock is "going to be" listed on such and such an exchange. "Listed," of course, means licensed to be bought and sold on a recognized exchange, and if it is listed you know where to go for quotations, and where you can sell if you so desire. The inexperienced investor who wants to play safe might well confine all his purchases to securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange, where the governors scrutinize very carefully every application for listing submitted to them.

IF a bank will accept stock as collateral for a loan, that is good evidence that the stock has value. Ask the salesman if the shares he is offering you can be used for such a purpose, and if he answers in the affirmative, ask him to name the particular banks which have already accepted it—and check up on him.

INQUIRE about net earnings available for dividends, a question which presupposes that the company is already in existence and operating. If it is not yet in existence it is not probable you will miss much if you decline to buy, for, as already mentioned, new enterprises are risky and seldom suitable for the small investor. Remember that the less you have the less you can afford to take chances.

GET a bank reference from the salesman, and with that and the answers to the questions you have put to him, you are in a position either to decide for yourself what you ought to do, or to lay all the facts before some investment banker and get his advice. Certainly if this procedure were followed by everyone solicited to buy stocks, the loss of a billion dollars a year now estimated as the price paid for worthless securities would dwindle almost to nothing.

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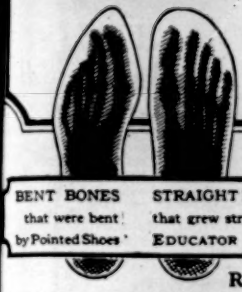

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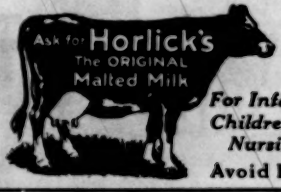

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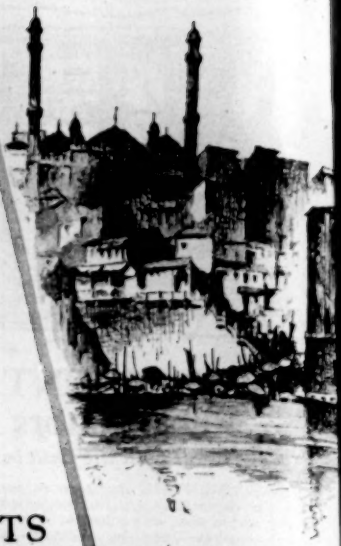

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*ASSYRIA	May 9	June 6	July 4
*COLUMBIA	May 16	June 13	
CAMERONIA	May 23	June 20	
CALIFORNIA	June 27		

Montreal to Glasgow

*SATURNIA	May 1	May 29	June 26
*LETITIA	May 8	June 5	
*CASSANDRA	May 15	June 12	
*ATHENIA	May 22	June 19	

Atlantic Transport — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y.—Cherbourg–London

MINNETONKA (new)	May 9	June 6	July 4
MINNEKAHDA	†Apr. 4	†May 2	May 30
MINNEWASKA (new)	Apr. 25	May 23	June 20

†Omits Cherbourg Calls at Plymouth-Boulogne.

Canadian Pacific Windsor Station, Montreal

Montreal to Liverpool

*MONTCLARE	May 8	June 5	July 3
*MONTROSE	May 15	June 12	July 10
*MONTROYAL	‡May 22	‡June 19	July 17
*MONTCALM	May 1	May 29	June 26

‡Sail from Quebec.

Montreal to Belfast and Glasgow

*MONTLAURIER	‡May 7	‡June 4	July 2
*MONTREAL	May 14	June 11	July 9
*METAGAMA	May 21	June 18	July 14
*MARBURN	May 28	June 27	July 23

‡Sail from Quebec.

Montreal to Cherbourg, Southampton and Antwerp

*MINNEDOSA	‡May 5	June 3	July 1
*MELITA	May 20	June 17	July 15

‡Via Pauilac.

Montreal to Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg

EXPRESS OF SCOTLAND	‡May 13	‡June 10	July 8
*MARLOCH	May 30	July 2	Aug. 20

‡Sail from Quebec.

Montreal to Southampton

EMPRESS OF FRANCE	May 26	*June 30	July 22

‡Sail from New York. *Via Cherbourg.

Cunard Line — **25 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y.–Cherbourg–Southampton

BERENGARIA	May 6	May 27	June 17
MAURETANIA	†May 13	†June 3	†June 24
AQUITANIA	May 20	June 10	

†Also calls at Plymouth.

N. Y.–Cobh (Queenstown)–Liverpool

*CARMANIA	‡May 2	May 30	June 27
*CARONIA	May 16	June 13	
SAMARIA	May 9		
LACONIA	May 23	June 20	

N. Y. to Plymouth–Cherbourg–London

*ALBANIA	June 13		

Boston to Cobh (Queenstown)–Liverpool

*CARMANIA	May 3		
SAMARIA	May 10	June 6	July 2
SCYTHIA	May 21	June 20	July 14

Montreal to Cobh (Queenstown)–Liverpool

*AURANIA. May 1 & 29	LANCASTRIA.		May 15

N. Y. to Plymouth–Cherbourg–Hamburg

*ARABIC	May 6	June 10	
*ANDANIA (new)	May 23	June 27	

Montreal to Plymouth–Cherbourg–London

*ASCANIA	May 2	June 6	
ANTONIA	May 9	June 19	
*AUSONIA	May 23	June 27	

French Line — **19 State St., N. Y.**

New York–Plymouth–Havre–Paris

FRANCE	May 9	May 30	June 20
PARIS	May 16	June 6	June 27

New York–Havre–Paris

*LA SAVOIE	May 6	June 4	July 2
*DE GRASSE (new)	May 14	June 11	
*SUFFREN	May 27	June 30	
*ROCHAMBEAU	June 17	July 16	

New York–Vigo (Spain)–Bordeaux

*LA BOURDONNAIS	May 4	June 16	June 27
*ROUSSILLON	May 25	July 13	
*CHICAGO	July 4	Aug. 17	Sept. 28

Holland America Line — **24 State St., N. Y.**

N. Y. to Plymouth–Boulogne-sur-Mer–Rotterdam

ROTTERDAM	May 2	June 6	July 11
VEENDAM (new)	May 9	June 13	July 18
VOLENDAM	May 16	June 20	
NEW AMSTERDAM	May 23	June 27	
*RYNDAM	May 30	July 4	

Italian Line (N. G. I.) — **1 State St., N. Y.**

N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

DUILIO	May 9	June 20	July 25
*COLOMBO	May 23	June 30	
GIULIO CESARE	July 7	Sept. 22	

North German Lloyd — **32 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y.–Plymouth–Cherbourg–Bremen

STUTTGART	May 5	COLUMBUS	June 9
COLUMBUS	May 14	STUTTGART	June 16
MUENCHEN	May 26	MUENCHEN	June 30

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown)–Bremen

*BREMEN	May 19	*LUETZOW	June 2

Norwegian America Line — **22 Whitehall St.,**

New York–Norway–Sweden–Denmark–Finland

*STAVANGERFJORD	May 5	June 12	July 10
BERGENSFJORD	May 23	June 27	

Red Star Line — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y.–Plymouth–Cherbourg–Antwerp

*ZEELAND	May 7	June 4	
*PITTSBURGH	May 21	June 18	
BELGENLAND	May 28	June 25	
LAPLAND	June 9	July 7	

Royal Mail — **26 Broadway, N. Y.**

New York–Cherbourg–Southampton–Hamburg

*ARAGUAYA	‡May 2		
*ORBITA	‡May 16	‡June 13	
*ORCA	‡May 23	‡June 20	
*ORDUNA	‡May 30	‡June 27	
*OHIO	June 4	July 2	July 30

‡Omits Hamburg.

United American Lines — **35-39 Broadway**
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N. Y. to Cherbourg–Southampton–Hamburg

RESOLUTE	May 5	June 2	June 30
DEUTSCHLAND	May 14	June 25	
RELIANCE	May 19	June 16	
*CLEVELAND	May 28	July 9	
ALBERT BALLIN	June 11	July 23	

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) and Hamburg

*MOUNT CLAY	Apr. 9	May 21	July 2
*WESTPHALIA	Apr. 23	June 4	July 16
*THURINGIA	May 7	June 18	July 30

United States Line — **45 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

LEVIATHAN	May 2	May 23	June 13

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown)–Plymouth–Cherbourg–Bremen

PRES. HARDING	†May 6	June 3	
*REPUBLIC	†May 13	†June 16	
GEO. WASHINGTON	†May 16	†June 10	
*AMERICA	May 20	June 20	
PRES. ROOSEVELT	†May 30	†June 27	

†Omits Cobh (Queenstown). ‡Calls at Antwerp.

White Star Line — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y.–Cherbourg–Southampton

OLYMPIC	May 9	May 30	June 20
HOMERIC	May 16	June 6	June 27
MAJESTIC	May 2	May 23	June 13

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) and Liverpool

CEDRIC	‡May 30	‡June 27	‡July 25
BALTIC	May 2	June 6	
CELTIC	‡May 16	‡June 13	
*MEGANTIC	May 30	June 27	
ADRIATIC	May 23	June 20	

†Calls at Halifax ‡Calls at Boston *Fro.n N. Y.

N. Y.–Liverpool via Glasgow

*CANOPIC	July 8	Aug. 15 (from Boston)	

Montreal to Liverpool

*MEGANTIC	†May 2	*DORIC	May 23
*REGINA	May 9	*REGINA	June 6
*CANADA	May 16	*CANADA	June 13

†Via Cobh (Queenstown).

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TOURS AND CRUISES LISTED ON NEXT PAGE

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ROUND the WORLD —	Oct. 10, 1925	S.S. CARINTHIA	Raymond & Whitcomb
	Oct. 24, 1925	S.S. RESOLUTE	United American Lines
	Nov. 25, 1925	S.S. BELGENLAND	Red Star Line
	Dec. 3, 1925	S.S. EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND	Canadian Pacific
	Jan. 14, 1926	S.S. FRANCONIA	Thos. Cook & Son
	Jan. 20, 1926	S.S. LACONIA	Frank C. Clark
	Feb. 9, 1926	S.S. RESOLUTE	United American Lines
MEDITERRANEAN —	June 27, 1925	S.S. ORONSAY	Raymond & Whitcomb
	July 4, 1925	S.S. TUSCANIA	Thos. Cook & Son
	Jan. 23, 1926	S.S. HOMERIC	Thos. Cook & Son
	Jan. 30, 1926	S.S. TRANSYLVANIA	Frank C. Clark
	Jan. —, 1926	S.S. SCYTHIA	Frank Tourist Co.
	Feb. 9, 1926	S.S. EMPRESS OF FRANCE	Canadian Pacific
	Feb. —, 1926	S.S. ROTTERDAM	Holland America Line
WEST INDIES —	Jan. & Feb. 1926	S.S. MONTROYAL	Canadian Pacific
	Jan. & Feb. 1926	S.S. TUSCANIA	Cunard and Anchor Line
	Jan. & Feb. 1926	S.S. ORCA	Royal Mail
MIDNIGHT SUN —	June 30, 1925	S.S. FRANCONIA	Raymond & Whitcomb
	July 10, 1925	S.S. STAVANGERFJORD	Norwegian America Line

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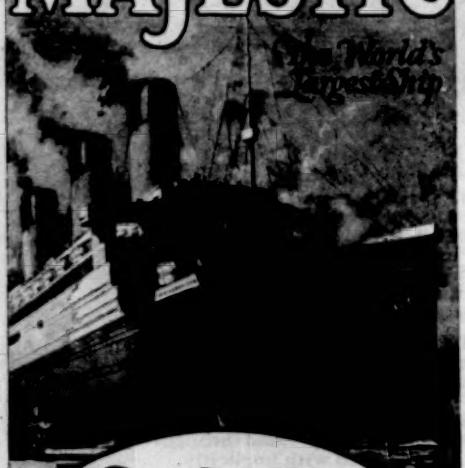

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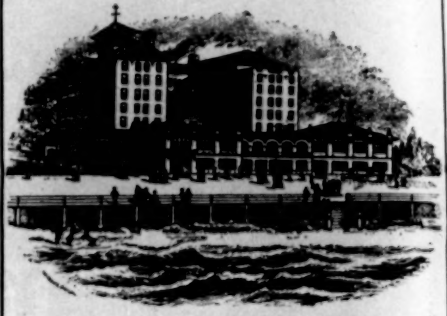

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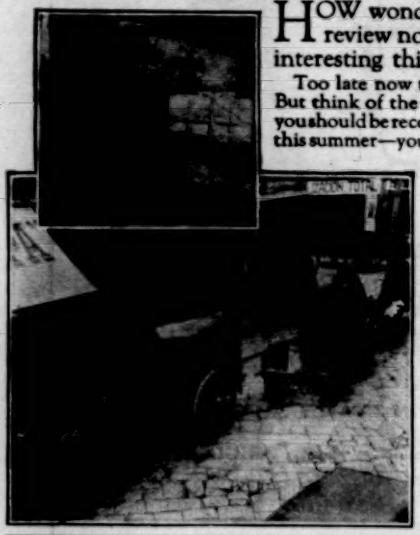

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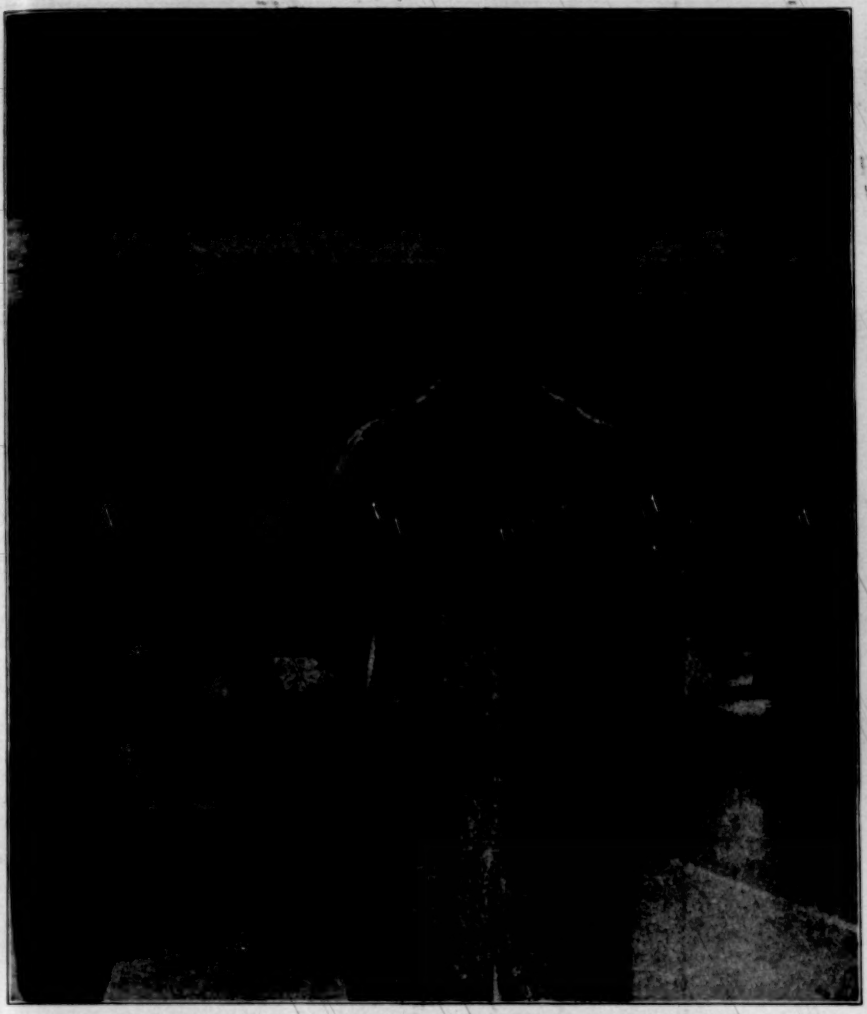

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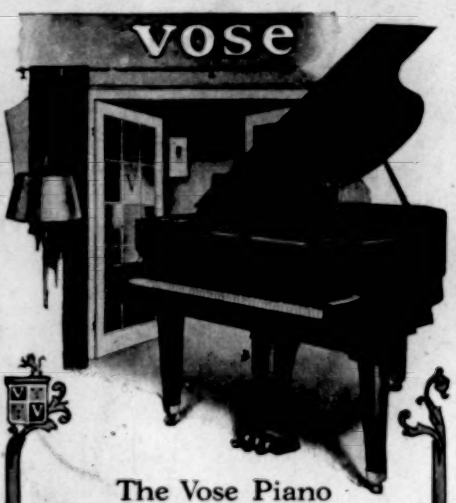

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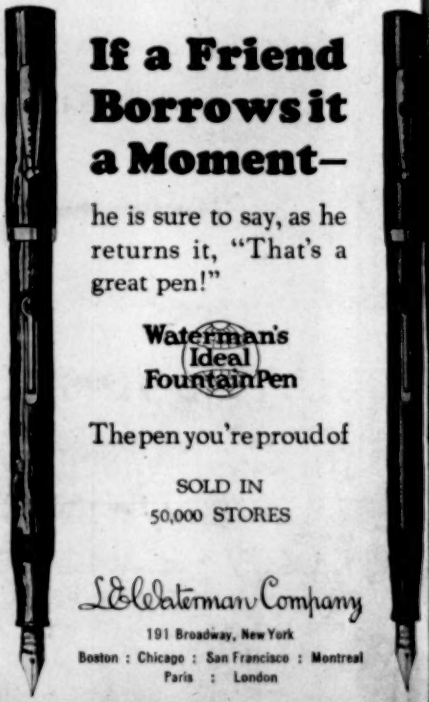

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